
The Tragedy of
OTHELLO
The Moor of Venice
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

<http://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org>

Contents

Front Matter	From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library Textual Introduction Synopsis Characters in the Play
ACT 1	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3
ACT 2	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3
ACT 3	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4
ACT 4	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3
ACT 5	Scene 1 Scene 2

From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your

right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

In Venice, at the start of *Othello*, the soldier Iago announces his hatred for his commander, Othello, a Moor. Othello has promoted Cassio, not Iago, to be his lieutenant.

Iago crudely informs Brabantio, Desdemona's father, that Othello and Desdemona have eloped. Before the Venetian Senate, Brabantio accuses Othello of bewitching Desdemona. The Senators wish to send Othello to Cyprus, which is under threat from Turkey. They bring Desdemona before them. She tells of her love for Othello, and the marriage stands. The Senate agrees to let her join Othello in Cyprus.

In Cyprus, Iago continues to plot against Othello and Cassio. He lures Cassio into a drunken fight, for which Cassio loses his new rank; Cassio, at Iago's urging, then begs Desdemona to intervene. Iago uses this and other ploys—misinterpreted conversations, insinuations, and a lost handkerchief—to convince Othello that Desdemona and Cassio are lovers. Othello goes mad with jealousy and later smothers Desdemona on their marriage bed, only to learn of Iago's treachery. He then kills himself.

Characters in the Play

OTHELLO, a Moorish general in the Venetian army

DESDEMONA, a Venetian lady

BRABANTIO, a Venetian senator, father to Desdemona

IAGO, Othello's standard-bearer, or "ancient"

EMILIA, Iago's wife and Desdemona's attendant

CASSIO, Othello's second-in-command, or lieutenant

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman

Duke of Venice

LODOVICO } *Venetian gentlemen, kinsmen to Brabantio*
GRATIANO }

Venetian senators

MONTANO, an official in Cyprus

BIANCA, a woman in Cyprus in love with Cassio

Clown, a comic servant to Othello and Desdemona

Gentlemen of Cyprus

Sailors

Servants, Attendants, Officers, Messengers, Herald, Musicians,
Torchbearers.

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

RODERIGO

FTLN 0001 ⟨Tush,⟩ never tell me! I take it much unkindly
FTLN 0002 That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
FTLN 0003 As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

FTLN 0004 IAGO ⟨'Sblood,⟩ but you'll not hear me!
FTLN 0005 If ever I did dream of such a matter, 5
FTLN 0006 Abhor me.

RODERIGO

FTLN 0007 Thou toldst me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

FTLN 0008 IAGO Despise me
FTLN 0009 If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
FTLN 0010 In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, 10
FTLN 0011 Off-capped to him; and, by the faith of man,
FTLN 0012 I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
FTLN 0013 But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
FTLN 0014 Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
FTLN 0015 Horribly stuffed with epithets of war, 15
FTLN 0016 ⟨And in conclusion,⟩
FTLN 0017 Nonsuits my mediators. For “Certes,” says he,
FTLN 0018 “I have already chose my officer.”
FTLN 0019 And what was he?
FTLN 0020 Forsooth, a great arithmetician, 20
FTLN 0021 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
FTLN 0022 A fellow almost damned in a fair wife,

FTLN 0023	That never set a squadron in the field,	
FTLN 0024	Nor the division of a battle knows	
FTLN 0025	More than a spinster—unless the bookish theoric,	25
FTLN 0026	Wherein the ⟨togèd⟩ consuls can propose	
FTLN 0027	As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice	
FTLN 0028	Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election;	
FTLN 0029	And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof	
FTLN 0030	At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on ⟨other⟩ grounds	30
FTLN 0031	Christened and heathen, must be beleed and	
FTLN 0032	calmed	
FTLN 0033	By debtor and creditor. This countercaster,	
FTLN 0034	He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,	
FTLN 0035	And I, ⟨God⟩ bless the mark, his Moorship's ancient.	35
	RODERIGO	
FTLN 0036	By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.	
	IAGO	
FTLN 0037	Why, there's no remedy. 'Tis the curse of service.	
FTLN 0038	Preferment goes by letter and affection,	
FTLN 0039	And not by old gradation, where each second	
FTLN 0040	Stood heir to th' first. Now, sir, be judge yourself	40
FTLN 0041	Whether I in any just term am affined	
FTLN 0042	To love the Moor.	
	RODERIGO	
FTLN 0043	I would not follow him, then.	
FTLN 0044	IAGO O, sir, content you.	
FTLN 0045	I follow him to serve my turn upon him.	45
FTLN 0046	We cannot all be masters, nor all masters	
FTLN 0047	Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark	
FTLN 0048	Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave	
FTLN 0049	That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,	
FTLN 0050	Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,	50
FTLN 0051	For naught but provender, and when he's old,	
FTLN 0052	cashiered.	
FTLN 0053	Whip me such honest knaves! Others there are	
FTLN 0054	Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,	
FTLN 0055	Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,	55

FTLN 0056 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 FTLN 0057 Do well thrive by them; and when they have lined
 FTLN 0058 their coats,
 FTLN 0059 Do themselves homage. These fellows have some
 FTLN 0060 soul, 60
 FTLN 0061 And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
 FTLN 0062 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 FTLN 0063 Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.
 FTLN 0064 In following him, I follow but myself.
 FTLN 0065 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, 65
 FTLN 0066 But seeming so for my peculiar end.
 FTLN 0067 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 FTLN 0068 The native act and figure of my heart
 FTLN 0069 In complement extern, 'tis not long after
 FTLN 0070 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve 70
 FTLN 0071 For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.
 RODERIGO
 FTLN 0072 What a ⟨full⟩ fortune does the ⟨thick-lips⟩ owe
 FTLN 0073 If he can carry 't thus!
 FTLN 0074 IAGO Call up her father.
 FTLN 0075 Rouse him. Make after him, poison his delight, 75
 FTLN 0076 Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
 FTLN 0077 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 FTLN 0078 Plague him with flies. Though that his joy be joy,
 FTLN 0079 Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't
 FTLN 0080 As it may lose some color. 80
 RODERIGO
 FTLN 0081 Here is her father's house. I'll call aloud.
 IAGO
 FTLN 0082 Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
 FTLN 0083 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 FTLN 0084 Is spied in populous cities.
 RODERIGO
 FTLN 0085 What ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho! 85
 IAGO
 FTLN 0086 Awake! What ho, Brabantio! Thieves, thieves!

FTLN 0087 Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
 FTLN 0088 Thieves, thieves!

Enter Brabantio, above.

BRABANTIO

FTLN 0089 What is the reason of this terrible summons?
 FTLN 0090 What is the matter there? 90

RODERIGO

FTLN 0091 Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO

FTLN 0092 Are your doors locked?

FTLN 0093 BRABANTIO Why, wherefore ask you this?

IAGO

FTLN 0094 *⟨Zounds,⟩* sir, you're robbed. For shame, put on your
 FTLN 0095 gown! 95

FTLN 0096 Your heart is burst. You have lost half your soul.

FTLN 0097 Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

FTLN 0098 Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise!

FTLN 0099 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

FTLN 0100 Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you. 100

FTLN 0101 Arise, I say!

FTLN 0102 BRABANTIO What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO

FTLN 0103 Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

FTLN 0104 BRABANTIO Not I. What are you?

RODERIGO

FTLN 0105 My name is Roderigo. 105

FTLN 0106 BRABANTIO The worser welcome.

FTLN 0107 I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.

FTLN 0108 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

FTLN 0109 My daughter is not for thee. And now in madness,

FTLN 0110 Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts, 110

FTLN 0111 Upon malicious *⟨bravery⟩* dost thou come

FTLN 0112 To start my quiet.

FTLN 0113 RODERIGO Sir, sir, sir—

FTLN 0114 BRABANTIO But thou must needs be sure

FTLN 0115	My <i>spirit</i> and my place have in <i>them</i> power	115
FTLN 0116	To make this bitter to thee.	
	RODERIGO	
FTLN 0117	Patience, good sir.	
FTLN 0118	BRABANTIO What tell'st thou me of robbing?	
FTLN 0119	This is Venice. My house is not a grange.	
FTLN 0120	RODERIGO Most grave Brabantio,	120
FTLN 0121	In simple and pure soul I come to you—	
FTLN 0122	IAGO <i>Zounds,</i> sir, you are one of those that will not	
FTLN 0123	serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to	
FTLN 0124	do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll	
FTLN 0125	have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse,	125
FTLN 0126	you'll have your nephews neigh to you, you'll have	
FTLN 0127	coursers for cousins and jennets for Germans.	
FTLN 0128	BRABANTIO What profane wretch art thou?	
FTLN 0129	IAGO I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter	
FTLN 0130	and the Moor are <i>now</i> making the beast with	130
FTLN 0131	two backs.	
FTLN 0132	BRABANTIO Thou art a villain.	
FTLN 0133	IAGO You are a senator.	
	BRABANTIO	
FTLN 0134	This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.	
	RODERIGO	
FTLN 0135	Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,	135
FTLN 0136	[If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent—	
FTLN 0137	As partly I find it is—that your fair daughter,	
FTLN 0138	At this odd-even and dull watch o' th' night,	
FTLN 0139	Transported with no worse nor better guard	
FTLN 0140	But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,	140
FTLN 0141	To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:	
FTLN 0142	If this be known to you, and your allowance,	
FTLN 0143	We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs.	
FTLN 0144	But if you know not this, my manners tell me	
FTLN 0145	We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe	145
FTLN 0146	That from the sense of all civility	
FTLN 0147	I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.	

FTLN 0148 Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
 FTLN 0149 I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
 FTLN 0150 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes 150
 FTLN 0151 In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
 FTLN 0152 Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.]
 FTLN 0153 If she be in her chamber or your house,
 FTLN 0154 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 FTLN 0155 For thus deluding you. 155
 FTLN 0156 BRABANTIO Strike on the tinder, ho!
 FTLN 0157 Give me a taper. Call up all my people.
 FTLN 0158 This accident is not unlike my dream.
 FTLN 0159 Belief of it oppresses me already.
 FTLN 0160 Light, I say, light! *He exits.* 160
 FTLN 0161 IAGO, [to Roderigo] Farewell, for I must leave you.
 FTLN 0162 It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
 FTLN 0163 To be producted, as if I stay I shall,
 FTLN 0164 Against the Moor. For I do know the state,
 FTLN 0165 However this may gall him with some check, 165
 FTLN 0166 Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embarked
 FTLN 0167 With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
 FTLN 0168 Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,
 FTLN 0169 Another of his fathom they have none
 FTLN 0170 To lead their business. In which regard, 170
 FTLN 0171 Though I do hate him as I do hell {pains,}
 FTLN 0172 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 FTLN 0173 I must show out a flag and sign of love—
 FTLN 0174 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
 FTLN 0175 him, 175
 FTLN 0176 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
 FTLN 0177 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *He exits.*

*Enter Brabantio {in his nightgown,} with Servants and
Torches.*

BRABANTIO

FTLN 0178 It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
 FTLN 0179 And what's to come of my despised time

FTLN 0180 Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo, 180
 FTLN 0181 Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
 FTLN 0182 With the Moor, sayst thou?—Who would be a
 FTLN 0183 father?—
 FTLN 0184 How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives
 FTLN 0185 me 185
 FTLN 0186 Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more
 FTLN 0187 tapers.
 FTLN 0188 Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think
 FTLN 0189 you?
 FTLN 0190 RODERIGO Truly, I think they are. 190
 BRABANTIO
 FTLN 0191 O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
 FTLN 0192 Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 FTLN 0193 By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
 FTLN 0194 By which the property of youth and maidhood
 FTLN 0195 May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo, 195
 FTLN 0196 Of some such thing?
 FTLN 0197 RODERIGO Yes, sir, I have indeed.
 BRABANTIO
 FTLN 0198 Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
 FTLN 0199 Some one way, some another.—Do you know
 FTLN 0200 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor? 200
 RODERIGO
 FTLN 0201 I think I can discover him, if you please
 FTLN 0202 To get good guard and go along with me.
 BRABANTIO
 FTLN 0203 Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call.
 FTLN 0204 I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
 FTLN 0205 And raise some special officers of ⟨night⟩.— 205
 FTLN 0206 On, good Roderigo. I will deserve your pains.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

IAGO

FTLN 0207 Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 FTLN 0208 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience
 FTLN 0209 To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity
 FTLN 0210 ⟨Sometimes⟩ to do me service. Nine or ten times
 FTLN 0211 I had thought t' have yerked him here under the
 FTLN 0212 ribs. 5

OTHELLO

FTLN 0213 'Tis better as it is.

FTLN 0214 IAGO Nay, but he prated
 FTLN 0215 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 FTLN 0216 Against your Honor, 10
 FTLN 0217 That with the little godliness I have
 FTLN 0218 I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,
 FTLN 0219 Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
 FTLN 0220 That the magnifico is much beloved,
 FTLN 0221 And hath in his effect a voice potential 15
 FTLN 0222 As double as the Duke's. He will divorce you
 FTLN 0223 Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
 FTLN 0224 The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
 FTLN 0225 Will give him cable.

FTLN 0226 OTHELLO Let him do his spite. 20
 FTLN 0227 My services which I have done the signiory
 FTLN 0228 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
 FTLN 0229 (Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
 FTLN 0230 I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
 FTLN 0231 From men of royal siege, and my demerits 25
 FTLN 0232 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
 FTLN 0233 As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,
 FTLN 0234 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 FTLN 0235 I would not my unhousèd free condition
 FTLN 0236 Put into circumscription and confine 30
 FTLN 0237 For the sea's worth. But look, what lights come
 FTLN 0238 yond?

IAGO

FTLN 0239 Those are the raised father and his friends.

FTLN 0240 You were best go in.

FTLN 0241 OTHELLO Not I. I must be found. 35

FTLN 0242 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul

FTLN 0243 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

FTLN 0244 IAGO By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, with 〈Officers, and〉 Torches.

OTHELLO

FTLN 0245 The servants of the 〈Duke〉 and my lieutenant!

FTLN 0246 The goodness of the night upon you, friends. 40

FTLN 0247 What is the news?

FTLN 0248 CASSIO The Duke does greet you, general,

FTLN 0249 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,

FTLN 0250 Even on the instant.

FTLN 0251 OTHELLO What is the matter, think you? 45

CASSIO

FTLN 0252 Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.

FTLN 0253 It is a business of some heat. The galleys

FTLN 0254 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers

FTLN 0255 This very night at one another's heels,

FTLN 0256 And many of the Consuls, raised and met, 50

FTLN 0257 Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly

FTLN 0258 called for.

FTLN 0259 When, being not at your lodging to be found,

FTLN 0260 The Senate hath sent about three several quests

FTLN 0261 To search you out. 55

FTLN 0262 OTHELLO 'Tis well I am found by you.

FTLN 0263 I will but spend a word here in the house

FTLN 0264 And go with you. [He exits.]

FTLN 0265 CASSIO Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO

FTLN 0266 Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land carrack. 60

FTLN 0267 If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

FTLN 0268 CASSIO I do not understand.

FTLN 0269 IAGO He's married.
 FTLN 0270 CASSIO To who?
 FTLN 0271 IAGO Marry, to— 65

「Reenter Othello.」

FTLN 0272 Come, captain, will you go?
 FTLN 0273 OTHELLO Have with you.
 CASSIO
 FTLN 0274 Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

IAGO
 FTLN 0275 It is Brabantio. General, be advised,
 FTLN 0276 He comes to bad intent. 70
 FTLN 0277 OTHELLO Holla, stand there!
 FTLN 0278 RODERIGO Signior, it is the Moor.
 FTLN 0279 BRABANTIO Down with him,
 FTLN 0280 thief!

「They draw their swords.」

IAGO
 FTLN 0281 You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you. 75
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 0282 Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
 FTLN 0283 them.
 FTLN 0284 Good signior, you shall more command with years
 FTLN 0285 Than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO
 FTLN 0286 O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my 80
 FTLN 0287 daughter?
 FTLN 0288 Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her!
 FTLN 0289 For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
 FTLN 0290 [If she in chains of magic were not bound,]
 FTLN 0291 Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy, 85
 FTLN 0292 So opposite to marriage that she shunned
 FTLN 0293 The wealthy curlèd <darlings> of our nation,
 FTLN 0294 Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,

FTLN 0295 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
 FTLN 0296 Of such a thing as thou—to fear, not to delight! 90
 FTLN 0297 [Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
 FTLN 0298 That thou hast practiced on her with foul charms,
 FTLN 0299 Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
 FTLN 0300 That weakens motion. I'll have 't disputed on.
 FTLN 0301 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking. 95
 FTLN 0302 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee]
 FTLN 0303 For an abuser of the world, a practicer
 FTLN 0304 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
 FTLN 0305 Lay hold upon him. If he do resist,
 FTLN 0306 Subdue him at his peril. 100
 FTLN 0307 OTHELLO Hold your hands,
 FTLN 0308 Both you of my inclining and the rest.
 FTLN 0309 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 FTLN 0310 Without a prompter.—Whither will you that I go
 FTLN 0311 To answer this your charge? 105
 FTLN 0312 BRABANTIO To prison, till fit time
 FTLN 0313 Of law and course of direct session
 FTLN 0314 Call thee to answer.
 FTLN 0315 OTHELLO What if *⟨I⟩* do obey?
 FTLN 0316 How may the Duke be therewith satisfied, 110
 FTLN 0317 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 FTLN 0318 Upon some present business of the state,
 FTLN 0319 To bring me to him?
 FTLN 0320 OFFICER 'Tis true, most worthy signior.
 FTLN 0321 The Duke's in council, and your noble self 115
 FTLN 0322 I am sure is sent for.
 FTLN 0323 BRABANTIO How? The Duke in council?
 FTLN 0324 In this time of the night? Bring him away;
 FTLN 0325 Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
 FTLN 0326 Or any of my brothers of the state, 120
 FTLN 0327 Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own.
 FTLN 0328 For if such actions may have passage free,
 FTLN 0329 Bondslaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

DUKE, *「reading a paper」*

FTLN 0330 There's no composition in *⟨these⟩* news
FTLN 0331 That gives them credit.

FIRST SENATOR, *「reading a paper」*

FTLN 0332 Indeed, they are disproportioned.
FTLN 0333 My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE

FTLN 0334 And mine, a hundred forty. 5

SECOND SENATOR, *「reading a paper」*

FTLN 0335 And mine, two hundred.

FTLN 0336 But though they jump not on a just account
FTLN 0337 (As in these cases, where the aim reports
FTLN 0338 'Tis oft with difference), yet do they all confirm
FTLN 0339 A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus. 10

DUKE

FTLN 0340 Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.
FTLN 0341 I do not so secure me in the error,
FTLN 0342 But the main article I do approve
FTLN 0343 In fearful sense.

FTLN 0344 SAILOR, *within* What ho, what ho, what ho! 15

Enter Sailor.

FTLN 0345 OFFICER A messenger from the galleys.

FTLN 0346 DUKE Now, what's the business?

SAILOR

FTLN 0347 The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.
FTLN 0348 So was I bid report here to the state
FTLN 0349 By Signior Angelo. *「He exits.」* 20

DUKE

FTLN 0350 How say you by this change?

FTLN 0351 FIRST SENATOR This cannot be,

FTLN 0352 By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant
FTLN 0353 To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
FTLN 0354 Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 25

FTLN 0355 And let ourselves again but understand
 FTLN 0356 That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
 FTLN 0357 So may he with more facile question bear it,
 FTLN 0358 [For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 FTLN 0359 But altogether lacks th' abilities 30
 FTLN 0360 That Rhodes is dressed in—if we make thought of
 FTLN 0361 this,
 FTLN 0362 We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
 FTLN 0363 To leave that latest which concerns him first,
 FTLN 0364 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain 35
 FTLN 0365 To wake and wage a danger profitless.]

DUKE
 FTLN 0366 Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
 FTLN 0367 OFFICER Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER
 FTLN 0368 The Ottomites, Reverend and Gracious,
 FTLN 0369 Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes, 40
 FTLN 0370 Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

[FIRST SENATOR
 FTLN 0371 Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?]

MESSENGER
 FTLN 0372 Of thirty sail; and now they do restem
 FTLN 0373 Their backward course, bearing with frank
 FTLN 0374 appearance 45
 FTLN 0375 Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
 FTLN 0376 Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
 FTLN 0377 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 FTLN 0378 And prays you to believe him. *[He exits.]*

DUKE 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus. 50
 FTLN 0379 Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
 FIRST SENATOR
 FTLN 0381 He's now in Florence.
 DUKE Write from us to him.
 FTLN 0383 Post-post-haste. Dispatch.

FIRST SENATOR

FTLN 0384 Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor. 55

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

DUKE

FTLN 0385 Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
FTLN 0386 Against the general enemy Ottoman.
FTLN 0387 *['To Brabantio.']* I did not see you. Welcome, gentle
FTLN 0388 signior.
FTLN 0389 We lacked your counsel and your help tonight. 60

BRABANTIO

FTLN 0390 So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me.
FTLN 0391 Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
FTLN 0392 Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general
FTLN 0393 care
FTLN 0394 Take hold on me, for my particular grief 65
FTLN 0395 Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature
FTLN 0396 That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
FTLN 0397 And it is still itself.

FTLN 0398 DUKE Why, what's the matter?
FTLN 0399 BRABANTIO My daughter! O, my daughter! 70
FTLN 0400 *['FIRST SENATOR']* Dead?

FTLN 0401 BRABANTIO Ay, to me.
FTLN 0402 She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
FTLN 0403 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
FTLN 0404 For nature so prepost'rously to err— 75
FTLN 0405 Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense—
FTLN 0406 Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE

FTLN 0407 Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
FTLN 0408 Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
FTLN 0409 And you of her, the bloody book of law 80
FTLN 0410 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
FTLN 0411 After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
FTLN 0412 Stood in your action.

FTLN 0413	BRABANTIO	Humbly I thank your Grace.	
FTLN 0414		Here is the man—this Moor, whom now it seems	85
FTLN 0415		Your special mandate for the state affairs	
FTLN 0416		Hath hither brought.	
FTLN 0417	ALL	We are very sorry for 't.	
	DUKE, <i>['to Othello']</i>		
FTLN 0418		What, in your own part, can you say to this?	
FTLN 0419	BRABANTIO	Nothing, but this is so.	90
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 0420		Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,	
FTLN 0421		My very noble and approved good masters:	
FTLN 0422		That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,	
FTLN 0423		It is most true; true I have married her.	
FTLN 0424		The very head and front of my offending	95
FTLN 0425		Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,	
FTLN 0426		And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;	
FTLN 0427		For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,	
FTLN 0428		Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used	
FTLN 0429		Their dearest action in the tented field,	100
FTLN 0430		And little of this great world can I speak	
FTLN 0431		More than pertains to feats of <i>broil</i> and battle.	
FTLN 0432		And therefore little shall I grace my cause	
FTLN 0433		In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious	
FTLN 0434		patience,	105
FTLN 0435		I will a round unvarnished tale deliver	
FTLN 0436		Of my whole course of love—what drugs, what	
FTLN 0437		charms,	
FTLN 0438		What conjuration, and what mighty magic	
FTLN 0439		(For such proceeding I am charged withal)	110
FTLN 0440		I won his daughter.	
FTLN 0441	BRABANTIO	A maiden never bold,	
FTLN 0442		Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion	
FTLN 0443		Blushed at herself. And she, in spite of nature,	
FTLN 0444		Of years, of country, credit, everything,	115
FTLN 0445		To fall in love with what she feared to look on!	
FTLN 0446		It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect	

FTLN 0447 That will confess perfection so could err
 FTLN 0448 Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
 FTLN 0449 To find out practices of cunning hell 120
 FTLN 0450 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
 FTLN 0451 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 FTLN 0452 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
 FTLN 0453 He wrought upon her.
 FTLN 0454 ⟨DUKE⟩ To vouch this is no proof 125
 FTLN 0455 Without more wider and more ⟨overt⟩ test
 FTLN 0456 Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
 FTLN 0457 Of modern seeming do prefer against him.
 FTLN 0458 ⟨FIRST SENATOR⟩ But, Othello, speak:
 FTLN 0459 Did you by indirect and forcèd courses 130
 FTLN 0460 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 FTLN 0461 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 FTLN 0462 As soul to soul affordeth?
 FTLN 0463 OTHELLO I do beseech you,
 FTLN 0464 Send for the lady to the Sagittary 135
 FTLN 0465 And let her speak of me before her father.
 FTLN 0466 If you do find me foul in her report,
 FTLN 0467 [The trust, the office I do hold of you,]
 FTLN 0468 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 FTLN 0469 Even fall upon my life. 140
 FTLN 0470 DUKE Fetch Desdemona hither.
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 0471 Ancient, conduct them. You best know the place.
['Iago and Attendants exit.']
 FTLN 0472 And ⟨till⟩ she come, as truly as to heaven
 FTLN 0473 [I do confess the vices of my blood,]
 FTLN 0474 So justly to your grave ears I'll present 145
 FTLN 0475 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 FTLN 0476 And she in mine.
 FTLN 0477 DUKE Say it, Othello.
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 0478 Her father loved me, oft invited me,
 FTLN 0479 Still questioned me the story of my life 150

FTLN 0480	From year to year—the ⟨battles,⟩ sieges, ⟨fortunes⟩	
FTLN 0481	That I have passed.	
FTLN 0482	I ran it through, even from my boyish days	
FTLN 0483	To th' very moment that he bade me tell it,	
FTLN 0484	Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:	155
FTLN 0485	Of moving accidents by flood and field,	
FTLN 0486	Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly	
FTLN 0487	breach,	
FTLN 0488	Of being taken by the insolent foe	
FTLN 0489	And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,	160
FTLN 0490	And portance in my traveler's history,	
FTLN 0491	Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,	
FTLN 0492	Rough quarries, rocks, ⟨and⟩ hills whose ⟨heads⟩	
FTLN 0493	touch heaven,	
FTLN 0494	It was my hint to speak—such was my process—	165
FTLN 0495	And of the cannibals that each ⟨other⟩ eat,	
FTLN 0496	The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads	
FTLN 0497	⟨Do grow⟩ beneath their shoulders. These things to	
FTLN 0498	hear	
FTLN 0499	Would Desdemona seriously incline.	170
FTLN 0500	But still the house affairs would draw her ⟨thence,⟩	
FTLN 0501	Which ever as she could with haste dispatch	
FTLN 0502	She'd come again, and with a greedy ear	
FTLN 0503	Devour up my discourse. Which I, observing,	
FTLN 0504	Took once a pliant hour, and found good means	175
FTLN 0505	To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart	
FTLN 0506	That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,	
FTLN 0507	Whereof by parcels she had something heard,	
FTLN 0508	But not ⟨intently.⟩ I did consent,	
FTLN 0509	And often did beguile her of her tears	180
FTLN 0510	When I did speak of some distressful stroke	
FTLN 0511	That my youth suffered. My story being done,	
FTLN 0512	She gave me for my pains a world of ⟨sighs.⟩	
FTLN 0513	She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing	
FTLN 0514	strange,	185
FTLN 0515	'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.	

FTLN 0516 She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
 FTLN 0517 That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked
 FTLN 0518 me,
 FTLN 0519 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her, 190
 FTLN 0520 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 FTLN 0521 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
 FTLN 0522 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
 FTLN 0523 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 FTLN 0524 This only is the witchcraft I have used. 195
 FTLN 0525 Here comes the lady. Let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

DUKE

FTLN 0526 I think this tale would win my daughter, too.
 FTLN 0527 Good Brabantio,
 FTLN 0528 Take up this mangled matter at the best.
 FTLN 0529 Men do their broken weapons rather use 200
 FTLN 0530 Than their bare hands.

FTLN 0531 BRABANTIO I pray you hear her speak.
 FTLN 0532 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 FTLN 0533 Destruction on my head if my bad blame
 FTLN 0534 Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress. 205
 FTLN 0535 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 FTLN 0536 Where most you owe obedience?

FTLN 0537 DESDEMONA My noble father,
 FTLN 0538 I do perceive here a divided duty.
 FTLN 0539 To you I am bound for life and education. 210
 FTLN 0540 My life and education both do learn me
 FTLN 0541 How to respect you. You are the lord of duty.
 FTLN 0542 I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my
 FTLN 0543 husband.
 FTLN 0544 And so much duty as my mother showed 215
 FTLN 0545 To you, preferring you before her father,
 FTLN 0546 So much I challenge that I may profess
 FTLN 0547 Due to the Moor my lord.

FTLN 0548 BRABANTIO God be with you! I have done.

FTLN 0549	Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs.	220
FTLN 0550	I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—	
FTLN 0551	Come hither, Moor.	
FTLN 0552	I here do give thee that with all my heart	
FTLN 0553	[Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart]	
FTLN 0554	I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,	225
FTLN 0555	I am glad at soul I have no other child,	
FTLN 0556	For thy escape would teach me tyranny,	
FTLN 0557	To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.	
DUKE		
FTLN 0558	Let me speak like yourself and lay a sentence,	
FTLN 0559	Which as a grise or step may help these lovers	230
FTLN 0560	⟨Into your favor.⟩	
FTLN 0561	When remedies are past, the griefs are ended	
FTLN 0562	By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.	
FTLN 0563	To mourn a mischief that is past and gone	
FTLN 0564	Is the next way to draw new mischief on.	235
FTLN 0565	What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,	
FTLN 0566	Patience her injury a mock'ry makes.	
FTLN 0567	The robbed that smiles steals something from the	
FTLN 0568	thief;	
FTLN 0569	He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.	240
BRABANTIO		
FTLN 0570	So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,	
FTLN 0571	We lose it not so long as we can smile.	
FTLN 0572	He bears the sentence well that nothing bears	
FTLN 0573	But the free comfort which from thence he hears;	
FTLN 0574	But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow	245
FTLN 0575	That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.	
FTLN 0576	These sentences to sugar or to gall,	
FTLN 0577	Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.	
FTLN 0578	But words are words. I never yet did hear	
FTLN 0579	That the bruised heart was piercèd through the	250
FTLN 0580	⟨ear.⟩	
FTLN 0581	I humbly beseech you, proceed to th' affairs of	
FTLN 0582	state.	

FTLN 0583	DUKE	The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes	
FTLN 0584		for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is	255
FTLN 0585		best known to you. And though we have there a	
FTLN 0586		substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a	
FTLN 0587		sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer	
FTLN 0588		voice on you. You must therefore be content to	
FTLN 0589		slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this	260
FTLN 0590		more stubborn and boist'rous expedition.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 0591		The tyrant custom, most grave senators,	
FTLN 0592		Hath made the flinty and steel "couch" of war	
FTLN 0593		My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize	
FTLN 0594		A natural and prompt alacrity	265
FTLN 0595		I find in hardness, and do undertake	
FTLN 0596		This present wars against the Ottomites.	
FTLN 0597		Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,	
FTLN 0598		I crave fit disposition for my wife,	
FTLN 0599		Due reference of place and exhibition,	270
FTLN 0600		With such accommodation and besort	
FTLN 0601		As levels with her breeding.	
	DUKE		
FTLN 0602		Why, at her father's.	
FTLN 0603	BRABANTIO	I will not have it so.	
FTLN 0604	OTHELLO	Nor I.	275
FTLN 0605	DESDEMONA	Nor would I there reside	
FTLN 0606		To put my father in impatient thoughts	
FTLN 0607		By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,	
FTLN 0608		To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear	
FTLN 0609		And let me find a charter in your voice	280
FTLN 0610		T' assist my simpleness.	
FTLN 0611	DUKE	What would you, Desdemona?	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 0612		That I <did> love the Moor to live with him	
FTLN 0613		My downright violence and storm of fortunes	
FTLN 0614		May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued	285
FTLN 0615		Even to the very quality of my lord.	

FTLN 0616 I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
 FTLN 0617 And to his honors and his valiant parts
 FTLN 0618 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 FTLN 0619 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind, 290
 FTLN 0620 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 FTLN 0621 The rites for why I love him are bereft me
 FTLN 0622 And I a heavy interim shall support
 FTLN 0623 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.
 FTLN 0624 OTHELLO Let her have your voice. 295
 FTLN 0625 Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
 FTLN 0626 To please the palate of my appetite,
 FTLN 0627 Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
 FTLN 0628 In 'me' defunct) and proper satisfaction,
 FTLN 0629 But to be free and bounteous to her mind. 300
 FTLN 0630 And heaven defend your good souls that you think
 FTLN 0631 I will your serious and great business scant
 FTLN 0632 'For' she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
 FTLN 0633 Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness
 FTLN 0634 My speculative and officed 'instruments,' 305
 FTLN 0635 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 FTLN 0636 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 FTLN 0637 And all indign and base adversities
 FTLN 0638 Make head against my estimation.
 DUKE
 FTLN 0639 Be it as you shall privately determine, 310
 FTLN 0640 Either for her stay or going. Th' affair cries haste,
 FTLN 0641 And speed must answer it.
 FTLN 0642 'FIRST' SENATOR You must away tonight.
 FTLN 0643 OTHELLO With all my
 FTLN 0644 heart. 315
 DUKE
 FTLN 0645 At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
 FTLN 0646 Othello, leave some officer behind
 FTLN 0647 And he shall our commission bring to you,
 FTLN 0648 'With' such things else of quality and respect
 FTLN 0649 As doth import you. 320

FTLN 0650 OTHELLO So please your Grace, my
 FTLN 0651 ancient.
 FTLN 0652 A man he is of honesty and trust.
 FTLN 0653 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 FTLN 0654 With what else needful your good Grace shall think 325
 FTLN 0655 To be sent after me.

FTLN 0656 DUKE Let it be so.
 FTLN 0657 Good night to everyone. *['To Brabantio.']* And, noble
 FTLN 0658 signior,
 FTLN 0659 If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 330
 FTLN 0660 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

⟨FIRST⟩ SENATOR
 FTLN 0661 Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

BRABANTIO
 FTLN 0662 Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see.
 FTLN 0663 She has deceived her father, and may thee. *He exits.*

OTHELLO
 FTLN 0664 My life upon her faith! 335
 ['The Duke, the Senators, Cassio, and Officers exit.']
 FTLN 0665 Honest Iago,
 FTLN 0666 My Desdemona must I leave to thee.
 FTLN 0667 I prithee let thy wife attend on her,
 FTLN 0668 And bring them after in the best advantage.—
 FTLN 0669 Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour 340
 FTLN 0670 Of love, of ⟨worldly matters,⟩ and direction
 FTLN 0671 To spend with thee. We must obey the time.
 ⟨Othello and Desdemona⟩ exit.

FTLN 0672 RODERIGO Iago—
 FTLN 0673 IAGO What sayst thou, noble heart?
 FTLN 0674 RODERIGO What will I do, think'st thou? 345
 FTLN 0675 IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep.
 FTLN 0676 RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself.
 FTLN 0677 IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why,
 FTLN 0678 thou silly gentleman!
 FTLN 0679 RODERIGO It is silliness to live, when to live is torment, 350
 FTLN 0680 and then have we a prescription to die when death is
 FTLN 0681 our physician.

FTLN 0682 IAGO O, villainous! I have looked upon the world for
 FTLN 0683 four times seven years, and since I could distinguish
 FTLN 0684 betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found 355
 FTLN 0685 man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say
 FTLN 0686 I would drown myself for the love of a guinea hen, I
 FTLN 0687 would change my humanity with a baboon.

FTLN 0688 RODERIGO What should I do? I confess it is my shame
 FTLN 0689 to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it. 360

FTLN 0690 IAGO Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or
 FTLN 0691 thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our
 FTLN 0692 wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles
 FTLN 0693 or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme,
 FTLN 0694 supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it 365
 FTLN 0695 with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or
 FTLN 0696 manured with industry, why the power and corrigible
 FTLN 0697 authority of this lies in our wills. If the *balance*
 FTLN 0698 of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise
 FTLN 0699 another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our 370
 FTLN 0700 natures would conduct us to most prepost'rous
 FTLN 0701 conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging
 FTLN 0702 motions, our carnal stings, *our* unbitted lusts—
 FTLN 0703 whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect, or
 FTLN 0704 scion. 375

FTLN 0705 RODERIGO It cannot be.

FTLN 0706 IAGO It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission
 FTLN 0707 of the will. Come, be a man! Drown thyself? Drown
 FTLN 0708 cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy
 FTLN 0709 friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving 380
 FTLN 0710 with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never
 FTLN 0711 better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse.
 FTLN 0712 Follow thou the wars; defeat thy favor with an
 FTLN 0713 usurped beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It
 FTLN 0714 cannot be that Desdemona should *long* continue 385
 FTLN 0715 her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—
 FTLN 0716 nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in
 FTLN 0717 her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration

FTLN 0718	—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are	
FTLN 0719	changeable in their wills. Fill thy purse with money.	390
FTLN 0720	The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts	
FTLN 0721	shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.	
FTLN 0722	She must change for youth. When she is sated	
FTLN 0723	with his body she will find the ⟨error⟩ of her choice.	
FTLN 0724	Therefore, put money in thy purse. If thou wilt	395
FTLN 0725	needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than	
FTLN 0726	drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony	
FTLN 0727	and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian	
FTLN 0728	and ⟨a⟩ supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my	
FTLN 0729	wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her.	400
FTLN 0730	Therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself!	
FTLN 0731	It is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be	
FTLN 0732	hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned	
FTLN 0733	and go without her.	
FTLN 0734	RODERIGO Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I depend on	405
FTLN 0735	the issue?	
FTLN 0736	IAGO Thou art sure of me. Go, make money. I have	
FTLN 0737	told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I	
FTLN 0738	hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no	
FTLN 0739	less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge	410
FTLN 0740	against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost	
FTLN 0741	thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many	
FTLN 0742	events in the womb of time which will be delivered.	
FTLN 0743	Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more	
FTLN 0744	of this tomorrow. Adieu.	415
FTLN 0745	RODERIGO Where shall we meet i' th' morning?	
FTLN 0746	IAGO At my lodging.	
FTLN 0747	RODERIGO I'll be with thee betimes.	
FTLN 0748	IAGO Go to, farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?	
FTLN 0749	⟨RODERIGO What say you?	420
FTLN 0750	IAGO No more of drowning, do you hear?	
FTLN 0751	RODERIGO I am changed.	
FTLN 0752	IAGO Go to, farewell. Put money enough in your	
FTLN 0753	purse.⟩	

FTLN 0754	<p> [RODERIGO I'll sell all my land.] <i>He exits.</i> </p>	425
	IAGO	
FTLN 0755	Thus do I ever make my fool my purse.	
FTLN 0756	For I mine own gained knowledge should profane	
FTLN 0757	If I would time expend with such ⟨a⟩ snipe	
FTLN 0758	But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,	
FTLN 0759	And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets	430
FTLN 0760	'Has done my office. I know not if 't be true,	
FTLN 0761	But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,	
FTLN 0762	Will do as if for surety. He holds me well.	
FTLN 0763	The better shall my purpose work on him.	
FTLN 0764	Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now:	435
FTLN 0765	To get his place and to plume up my will	
FTLN 0766	In double knavery—How? how?—Let's see.	
FTLN 0767	After some time, to abuse Othello's ⟨ear⟩	
FTLN 0768	That he is too familiar with his wife.	
FTLN 0769	He hath a person and a smooth dispose	440
FTLN 0770	To be suspected, framed to make women false.	
FTLN 0771	The Moor is of a free and open nature	
FTLN 0772	That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,	
FTLN 0773	And will as tenderly be led by th' nose	
FTLN 0774	As asses are.	445
FTLN 0775	I have 't. It is engendered. Hell and night	
FTLN 0776	Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.	
	⟨ <i>He exits.</i> ⟩	

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

MONTANO

FTLN 0777 What from the cape can you discern at sea?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0778 Nothing at all. It is a high-wrought flood.

FTLN 0779 I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main

FTLN 0780 Descry a sail.

MONTANO

FTLN 0781 Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land. 5

FTLN 0782 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.

FTLN 0783 If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,

FTLN 0784 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,

FTLN 0785 Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0786 A segregation of the Turkish fleet. 10

FTLN 0787 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

FTLN 0788 The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,

FTLN 0789 The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous

FTLN 0790 mane,

FTLN 0791 Seems to cast water on the burning Bear 15

FTLN 0792 And quench the guards of th' ever-fixèd pole.

FTLN 0793 I never did like molestation view

FTLN 0794 On the enchafèd flood.

FTLN 0795 MONTANO If that the Turkish fleet

FTLN 0796 Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned. 20

FTLN 0797 It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a ⟨third⟩ Gentleman.

FTLN 0798	THIRD GENTLEMAN	News, lads! Our wars are done.	
FTLN 0799		The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks	
FTLN 0800		That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice	
FTLN 0801		Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance	25
FTLN 0802		On most part of their fleet.	
	MONTANO		
FTLN 0803		How? Is this true?	
FTLN 0804	THIRD GENTLEMAN	The ship is here put in,	
FTLN 0805		A Veronesa. Michael Cassio,	
FTLN 0806		Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,	30
FTLN 0807		Is come on shore; the Moor himself at sea,	
FTLN 0808		And is in full commission here for Cyprus.	
	MONTANO		
FTLN 0809		I am glad on 't. 'Tis a worthy governor.	
	THIRD GENTLEMAN		
FTLN 0810		But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort	
FTLN 0811		Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly	35
FTLN 0812		And ⟨prays⟩ the Moor be safe, for they were parted	
FTLN 0813		With foul and violent tempest.	
FTLN 0814	MONTANO	Pray ⟨heaven⟩ he be;	
FTLN 0815		For I have served him, and the man commands	
FTLN 0816		Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!	40
FTLN 0817		As well to see the vessel that's come in	
FTLN 0818		As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,	
FTLN 0819		[Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue	
FTLN 0820		An indistinct regard.]	
FTLN 0821	⟨THIRD⟩ GENTLEMAN	Come, let's do so;	45
FTLN 0822		For every minute is expectancy	
FTLN 0823		Of more ⟨arrivance.⟩	

Enter Cassio.

CASSIO

FTLN 0824	Thanks, you the valiant of ⟨this⟩ warlike isle,
FTLN 0825	That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens

FTLN 0826 Give him defense against the elements, 50
FTLN 0827 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

FTLN 0828 MONTANO Is he well shipped?

CASSIO

FTLN 0829	His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot	
FTLN 0830	Of very expert and approved allowance;	
FTLN 0831	Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,	55
FTLN 0832	Stand in bold cure.	

「Voices cry」 within. “A sail, a sail, a sail!”

《Enter a Messenger.》

FTLN 0833 CASSIO What noise?

《MESSENGER》

FTLN 0834 The town is empty; on the brow o' th' sea
FTLN 0835 Stand ranks of people, and they cry "A sail!"

CASSIO

FTLN 0836 My hopes do shape him for the Governor. 60

⟨A shot.⟩

《SECOND》 GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0837 They do discharge their shot of courtesy.

FTLN 0838 Our friends, at least.

FTLN 0839 CASSIO I pray you, sir, go forth,

FTLN 0840 And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

FTLN 0841 ⟨SECOND⟩ GENTLEMAN I shall. *He exits.* 65

MONTANO

FTLN 0842 But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

CASSIO

FTLN 0843 Most fortunately. He hath achieved a maid
FTLN 0844 That paragons description and wild fame,
FTLN 0845 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
FTLN 0846 And in th' essential vesture of creation 70
FTLN 0847 Does tire the ingener.

Enter *Second Gentleman*.

FTLN 0848

How now? Who has put in?

《SECOND》 GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0849 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the General.

CASSIO

FTLN 0850 'Has had most favorable and happy speed!

FTLN 0851 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds, 75

FTLN 0852 The guttered rocks and congregated sands

FTLN 0853 (Traitors ensteeped to ⟨clog⟩ the guiltless keel),

FTLN 0854 As having sense of beauty, do omit

FTLN 0855 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by

FTLN 0856 The divine Desdemona. 80

FTLN 0857 MONTANO What is she?

CASSIO

FTLN 0858 She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

FTLN 0859 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,

FTLN 0860 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts

FTLN 0861 A sennight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard, 85

FTLN 0862 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,

FTLN 0863 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

FTLN 0864 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,

FTLN 0865 Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,

FTLN 0866 ⟨And bring all Cyprus comfort!⟩ 90

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.

FTLN 0867 O, behold,

FTLN 0868 The riches of the ship is come on shore!

FTLN 0869 You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

〔He kneels.〕

FTLN 0870 Hail to thee, lady, and the grace of heaven,

FTLN 0871 Before, behind thee, and on every hand 95

FTLN 0872 Enwheel thee round. *〔He rises.〕*

FTLN 0873 DESDEMONA I thank you, valiant Cassio.

FTLN 0874 What tidings can you tell of my lord?

CASSIO

FTLN 0875 He is not yet arrived, nor know I aught

FTLN 0876 But that he's well and will be shortly here. 100

DESDEMONA

FTLN 0877 O, but I fear—How lost you company?

CASSIO

FTLN 0878 The great contention of sea and skies
 FTLN 0879 Parted our fellowship.

Within "A sail, a sail!" "A shot."

FTLN 0880 But hark, a sail!

⟨SECOND⟩ GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0881 They give ⟨their⟩ greeting to the citadel. 105

FTLN 0882 This likewise is a friend.

FTLN 0883 CASSIO See for the news.

"Second Gentleman exits."

FTLN 0884 Good ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.

"He kisses Emilia."

FTLN 0885 Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

FTLN 0886 That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding 110

FTLN 0887 That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

IAGO

FTLN 0888 Sir, would she give you so much of her lips

FTLN 0889 As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

FTLN 0890 You would have enough.

DESDEMONA

FTLN 0891 Alas, she has no speech! 115

FTLN 0892 IAGO In faith, too much.

FTLN 0893 I find it still when I have ⟨list⟩ to sleep.

FTLN 0894 Marry, before your Ladyship, I grant,

FTLN 0895 She puts her tongue a little in her heart

FTLN 0896 And chides with thinking. 120

FTLN 0897 EMILIA You have little cause to say so.

FTLN 0898 IAGO Come on, come on! You are pictures out of door,

FTLN 0899 bells in your parlors, wildcats in your kitchens,

FTLN 0900 saints in your injuries, devils being offended, players

FTLN 0901 in your huswifery, and huswives in your beds. 125

FTLN 0902 DESDEMONA Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer.

IAGO

FTLN 0903 Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.

FTLN 0904 You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

FTLN 0905 EMILIA You shall not write my praise.

FTLN 0906	IAGO	No, let me not.	130
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 0907		What wouldst write of me if thou shouldst praise	
FTLN 0908		me?	
	IAGO		
FTLN 0909		O, gentle lady, do not put me to 't,	
FTLN 0910		For I am nothing if not critical.	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 0911		Come on, assay.—There's one gone to the harbor?	135
FTLN 0912	IAGO	Ay, madam.	
	DESDEMONA,	<i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 0913		I am not merry, but I do beguile	
FTLN 0914		The thing I am by seeming otherwise.—	
FTLN 0915		Come, how wouldst thou praise me?	
FTLN 0916	IAGO	I am about it, but indeed my invention comes	140
FTLN 0917		from my pate as birdlime does from frieze: it	
FTLN 0918		plucks out brains and all. But my muse labors, and	
FTLN 0919		thus she is delivered:	
FTLN 0920		<i>If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,</i>	
FTLN 0921		<i>The one's for use, the other useth it.</i>	145
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 0922		Well praised! How if she be black and witty?	
	IAGO		
FTLN 0923		<i>If she be black, and thereto have a wit,</i>	
FTLN 0924		<i>She'll find a white that shall her blackness <i>⟨hit.⟩</i></i>	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 0925		Worse and worse.	
FTLN 0926	EMILIA	How if fair and foolish?	150
	IAGO		
FTLN 0927		<i>She never yet was foolish that was fair,</i>	
FTLN 0928		<i>For even her folly helped her to an heir.</i>	
FTLN 0929	DESDEMONA	These are old fond paradoxes to make	
FTLN 0930		fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise	
FTLN 0931		hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?	155
	IAGO		
FTLN 0932		<i>There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,</i>	
FTLN 0933		<i>But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.</i>	

FTLN 0934 DESDEMONA O heavy ignorance! Thou praisest the
 FTLN 0935 worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on
 FTLN 0936 a deserving woman indeed, one that in the authority 160
 FTLN 0937 of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very
 FTLN 0938 malice itself?

IAGO

FTLN 0939 *She that was ever fair and never proud,*
 FTLN 0940 *Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,*
 FTLN 0941 *Never lacked gold and yet went never gay,* 165
 FTLN 0942 *Fled from her wish, and yet said "Now I may,"*
 FTLN 0943 *She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,*
 FTLN 0944 *Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,*
 FTLN 0945 *She that in wisdom never was so frail*
 FTLN 0946 *To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,* 170
 FTLN 0947 *She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,*
 FTLN 0948 *[See suitors following and not look behind,]*
 FTLN 0949 *She was a wight, if ever such ⟨wight⟩ were—*

FTLN 0950 DESDEMONA To do what?

IAGO

FTLN 0951 *To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.* 175

FTLN 0952 DESDEMONA O, most lame and impotent conclusion!

FTLN 0953 —Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
 FTLN 0954 husband.—How say you, Cassio? Is he not a most
 FTLN 0955 profane and liberal counselor?

FTLN 0956 CASSIO He speaks home, madam. You may relish him 180
 FTLN 0957 more in the soldier than in the scholar.

〔Cassio takes Desdemona's hand.〕

FTLN 0958 IAGO, *〔aside〕* He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said,
 FTLN 0959 whisper. With as little a web as this will I ensnare as
 FTLN 0960 great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do. I will
 FTLN 0961 *〔gyve〕* thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis 185
 FTLN 0962 so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of
 FTLN 0963 your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not
 FTLN 0964 kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again
 FTLN 0965 you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well
 FTLN 0966 kissed; ⟨an⟩ excellent courtesy! 'Tis so, indeed. Yet 190

FTLN 0967 again your fingers to your lips? Would they were
 FTLN 0968 〈clyster〉 pipes for your sake! 〈Trumpets within.〉
 FTLN 0969 The Moor. I know his trumpet.
 FTLN 0970 CASSIO 'Tis truly so.
 FTLN 0971 DESDEMONA Let's meet him and receive him. 195
 FTLN 0972 CASSIO Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

OTHELLO
 FTLN 0973 O, my fair warrior!
 FTLN 0974 DESDEMONA My dear Othello!
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 0975 It gives me wonder great as my content
 FTLN 0976 To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! 200
 FTLN 0977 If after every tempest come such calms,
 FTLN 0978 May the winds blow till they have wakened death,
 FTLN 0979 And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
 FTLN 0980 Olympus high, and duck again as low
 FTLN 0981 As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 205
 FTLN 0982 'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
 FTLN 0983 My soul hath her content so absolute
 FTLN 0984 That not another comfort like to this
 FTLN 0985 Succeeds in unknown fate.
 FTLN 0986 DESDEMONA The heavens forbid 210
 FTLN 0987 But that our loves and comforts should increase
 FTLN 0988 Even as our days do grow!
 FTLN 0989 OTHELLO Amen to that, sweet powers!
 FTLN 0990 I cannot speak enough of this content.
 FTLN 0991 It stops me here; it is too much of joy. 〈They kiss.〉 215
 FTLN 0992 And this, and this, the greatest discords be
 FTLN 0993 That e'er our hearts shall make!
 FTLN 0994 IAGO, [aside] O, you are well tuned now,
 FTLN 0995 But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
 FTLN 0996 As honest as I am. 220
 FTLN 0997 OTHELLO Come. Let us to the castle.—
 FTLN 0998 News, friends! Our wars are done. The Turks are
 FTLN 0999 drowned.

FTLN 1000	How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—	
FTLN 1001	Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus.	225
FTLN 1002	I have found great love amongst them. O, my sweet,	
FTLN 1003	I prattle out of fashion, and I dote	
FTLN 1004	In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,	
FTLN 1005	Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.	
FTLN 1006	Bring thou the master to the citadel.	230
FTLN 1007	He is a good one, and his worthiness	
FTLN 1008	Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona.	
FTLN 1009	Once more, well met at Cyprus.	

「*All but Iago and Roderigo*」 exit.

FTLN 1010	IAGO, <i>['to a departing Attendant']</i> Do thou meet me presently	
FTLN 1011	at the harbor. <i>['To Roderigo.']</i> Come <i>⟨hither.⟩</i> If	235
FTLN 1012	thou be'st valiant—as they say base men being in	
FTLN 1013	love have then a nobility in their natures more than	
FTLN 1014	is native to them—list me. The Lieutenant tonight	
FTLN 1015	watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee	
FTLN 1016	this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.	240

FTLN 1017	RODERIGO	With him? Why, 'tis not possible.	
FTLN 1018	IAGO	Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed.	
FTLN 1019		Mark me with what violence she first loved the	
FTLN 1020		Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastical	
FTLN 1021		lies. <i>¶</i> And will she love him still for prating? Let not	245
FTLN 1022		thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And	
FTLN 1023		what delight shall she have to look on the devil?	
FTLN 1024		When the blood is made dull with the act of sport,	
FTLN 1025		there should be, <i>¶</i> again to inflame it and to give	
FTLN 1026		satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor, sympathy	250
FTLN 1027		in years, manners, and beauties, all which the Moor	
FTLN 1028		is defective in. Now, for want of these required	
FTLN 1029		conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself	
FTLN 1030		abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and	
FTLN 1031		abhor the Moor. Very nature will instruct her in it	255
FTLN 1032		and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir,	
FTLN 1033		this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced	
FTLN 1034		position—who stands so eminent in the degree of	

FTLN 1035	this fortune as Cassio does? A knave very voluble, no	
FTLN 1036	further conscionable than in putting on the mere	260
FTLN 1037	form of civil and humane seeming for the better	
FTLN 1038	⟨compassing⟩ of his salt and most hidden loose	
FTLN 1039	affection. Why, none, why, none! A slipper and	
FTLN 1040	subtle knave, a ⟨finder-out of occasions,⟩ that ⟨has⟩ an	
FTLN 1041	eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though	265
FTLN 1042	true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave!	
FTLN 1043	Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all	
FTLN 1044	those requisites in him that folly and green minds	
FTLN 1045	look after. A pestilent complete knave, and the	
FTLN 1046	woman hath found him already.	270
FTLN 1047	RODERIGO I cannot believe that in her. She's full of	
FTLN 1048	most blessed condition.	
FTLN 1049	IAGO Blessed fig's end! The wine she drinks is made of	
FTLN 1050	grapes. If she had been blessed, she would never	
FTLN 1051	have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou	275
FTLN 1052	not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst	
FTLN 1053	not mark that?	
FTLN 1054	RODERIGO Yes, that I did. But that was but courtesy.	
FTLN 1055	IAGO Lechery, by this hand! An index and obscure	
FTLN 1056	prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.	280
FTLN 1057	They met so near with their lips that their breaths	
FTLN 1058	embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo!	
FTLN 1059	When these ⟨mutualities⟩ so marshal the way, hard	
FTLN 1060	at hand comes the master and main exercise, th'	
FTLN 1061	incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled	285
FTLN 1062	by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you	
FTLN 1063	tonight. For the command, I'll lay 't upon you.	
FTLN 1064	Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you. Do	
FTLN 1065	you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by	
FTLN 1066	speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from	290
FTLN 1067	what other course you please, which the time shall	
FTLN 1068	more favorably minister.	
FTLN 1069	RODERIGO Well.	
FTLN 1070	IAGO Sir, he's rash and very sudden in choler, and	

FTLN 1071	haply may strike at you. Provoke him that he may,	295
FTLN 1072	for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to	
FTLN 1073	mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no	
FTLN 1074	true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So	
FTLN 1075	shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by	
FTLN 1076	the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the	300
FTLN 1077	impediment most profitably removed, without the	
FTLN 1078	which there were no expectation of our prosperity.	
FTLN 1079	RODERIGO I will do this, if you can bring it to any	
FTLN 1080	opportunity.	
FTLN 1081	IAGO I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I	305
FTLN 1082	must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.	
FTLN 1083	RODERIGO Adieu. <i>He exits.</i>	
	IAGO	
FTLN 1084	That Cassio loves her, I do well believe 't.	
FTLN 1085	That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.	
FTLN 1086	The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,	310
FTLN 1087	Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,	
FTLN 1088	And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona	
FTLN 1089	A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,	
FTLN 1090	Not out of absolute lust (though peradventure	
FTLN 1091	I stand accountant for as great a sin)	315
FTLN 1092	But partly led to diet my revenge	
FTLN 1093	For that I do suspect the lusty Moor	
FTLN 1094	Hath leaped into my seat—the thought whereof	
FTLN 1095	Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,	
FTLN 1096	And nothing can or shall content my soul	320
FTLN 1097	Till I am evened with him, wife for wife,	
FTLN 1098	Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor	
FTLN 1099	At least into a jealousy so strong	
FTLN 1100	That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,	
FTLN 1101	If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace	325
FTLN 1102	For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,	
FTLN 1103	I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,	
FTLN 1104	Abuse him to the Moor in the ⟨rank⟩ garb	
FTLN 1105	(For I fear Cassio with my ⟨nightcap⟩ too),	

FTLN 1106 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me 330
 FTLN 1107 For making him egregiously an ass
 FTLN 1108 And practicing upon his peace and quiet
 FTLN 1109 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused.
 FTLN 1110 Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Othello's Herald with a proclamation.

FTLN 1111 HERALD It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant
 FTLN 1112 general, that upon certain tidings now arrived,
 FTLN 1113 importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet,
 FTLN 1114 every man put himself into triumph: some to
 FTLN 1115 dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what 5
 FTLN 1116 sport and revels his addition leads him. For besides
 FTLN 1117 these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his
 FTLN 1118 nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed
 FTLN 1119 All offices are open, and there is full
 FTLN 1120 liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till 10
 FTLN 1121 the bell have told eleven. *«Heaven»* bless the isle of
 FTLN 1122 Cyprus and our noble general, Othello!

He exits.

Scene 3

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

OTHELLO

FTLN 1123 Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight.
 FTLN 1124 Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop
 FTLN 1125 Not to outsport discretion.

CASSIO

FTLN 1126 Iago hath direction what to do,
 FTLN 1127 But notwithstanding, with my personal eye 5
 FTLN 1128 Will I look to 't.

FTLN 1129 OTHELLO Iago is most honest.
 FTLN 1130 Michael, goodnight. Tomorrow with your earliest
 FTLN 1131 Let me have speech with you. *「To Desdemona.」* Come,
 FTLN 1132 my dear love, 10
 FTLN 1133 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
 FTLN 1134 That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
 FTLN 1135 Goodnight.
⟨Othello and Desdemona⟩ exit, 「with Attendants.」

Enter Iago.

CASSIO
 FTLN 1136 Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.
 FTLN 1137 IAGO Not this hour, lieutenant. 'Tis not yet ten o' th'
 FTLN 1138 clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of
 FTLN 1139 his Desdemona—who let us not therefore blame;
 FTLN 1140 he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and
 FTLN 1141 she is sport for Jove.
 FTLN 1142 CASSIO She's a most exquisite lady. 20
 FTLN 1143 IAGO And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
 FTLN 1144 CASSIO Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate
 FTLN 1145 creature.
 FTLN 1146 IAGO What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley
 FTLN 1147 to provocation. 25
 FTLN 1148 CASSIO An inviting eye, and yet methinks right
 FTLN 1149 modest.
 FTLN 1150 IAGO And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
 FTLN 1151 CASSIO She is indeed perfection.
 FTLN 1152 IAGO Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, 30
 FTLN 1153 I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a
 FTLN 1154 brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a
 FTLN 1155 measure to the health of black Othello.
 FTLN 1156 CASSIO Not tonight, good Iago. I have very poor and
 FTLN 1157 unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish 35
 FTLN 1158 courtesy would invent some other custom of
 FTLN 1159 entertainment.
 FTLN 1160 IAGO O, they are our friends! But one cup; I'll drink
 FTLN 1161 for you.

FTLN 1162 CASSIO I have drunk but one cup tonight, and that was 40
 FTLN 1163 craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it
 FTLN 1164 makes here. I am ⟨unfortunate⟩ in the infirmity and
 FTLN 1165 dare not task my weakness with any more.
 FTLN 1166 IAGO What, man! 'Tis a night of revels. The gallants
 FTLN 1167 desire it. 45
 FTLN 1168 CASSIO Where are they?
 FTLN 1169 IAGO Here at the door. I pray you, call them in.
 FTLN 1170 CASSIO I'll do 't, but it dislikes me. *He exits.*
 IAGO
 FTLN 1171 If I can fasten but one cup upon him
 FTLN 1172 With that which he hath drunk tonight already, 50
 FTLN 1173 He'll be as full of quarrel and offense
 FTLN 1174 As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool
 FTLN 1175 Roderigo,
 FTLN 1176 Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side out,
 FTLN 1177 To Desdemona hath tonight caroused 55
 FTLN 1178 Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch.
 FTLN 1179 Three else of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits
 FTLN 1180 That hold their honors in a wary distance,
 FTLN 1181 The very elements of this warlike isle,
 FTLN 1182 Have I tonight flustered with flowing cups; 60
 FTLN 1183 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
 FTLN 1184 drunkards
 FTLN 1185 Am I ⟨to put⟩ our Cassio in some action
 FTLN 1186 That may offend the isle. But here they come.
 FTLN 1187 If consequence do but approve my dream, 65
 FTLN 1188 My boat sails freely both with wind and stream.

*Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen, ¶ followed by
 Servants with wine. ¶*

FTLN 1189 CASSIO 'Fore ⟨God,⟩ they have given me a rouse
 FTLN 1190 already.
 FTLN 1191 MONTANO Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I
 FTLN 1192 am a soldier. 70
 FTLN 1193 IAGO Some wine, ho!

FTLN 1194 *['Sings.] And let me the cannikin clink, clink,*
 FTLN 1195 *And let me the cannikin clink.*
 FTLN 1196 *A soldier's a man,*
 FTLN 1197 *O, man's life's but a span,* 75
 FTLN 1198 *Why, then, let a soldier drink.*
 FTLN 1199 Some wine, boys!
 FTLN 1200 CASSIO 'Fore *⟨God,⟩* an excellent song.
 FTLN 1201 IAGO I learned it in England, where indeed they are
 FTLN 1202 most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, 80
 FTLN 1203 and your swag-bellied Hollander—drink, ho!—are
 FTLN 1204 nothing to your English.
 FTLN 1205 CASSIO Is your *⟨Englishman⟩* so exquisite in his
 FTLN 1206 drinking?
 FTLN 1207 IAGO Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane 85
 FTLN 1208 dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your Almain.
 FTLN 1209 He gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next
 FTLN 1210 pottle can be filled.
 FTLN 1211 CASSIO To the health of our general!
 FTLN 1212 MONTANO I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you 90
 FTLN 1213 justice.
 FTLN 1214 IAGO O sweet England!
 FTLN 1215 *['Sings.] King Stephen was and-a worthy peer,*
 FTLN 1216 *His breeches cost him but a crown;*
 FTLN 1217 *He held them sixpence all too dear;* 95
 FTLN 1218 *With that he called the tailor lown.*
 FTLN 1219 *He was a wight of high renown,*
 FTLN 1220 *And thou art but of low degree;*
 FTLN 1221 *'Tis pride that pulls the country down,*
 FTLN 1222 *⟨Then⟩ take thy auld cloak about thee.* 100
 FTLN 1223 Some wine, ho!
 FTLN 1224 CASSIO *⟨'Fore God,⟩* this is a more exquisite song than
 FTLN 1225 the other!
 FTLN 1226 IAGO Will you hear 't again?
 FTLN 1227 CASSIO No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place 105
 FTLN 1228 that does those things. Well, *⟨God's⟩* above all; and
 FTLN 1229 there be souls must be saved, [and there be souls
 FTLN 1230 must not be saved.]

FTLN 1231 IAGO It's true, good lieutenant.

FTLN 1232 CASSIO For mine own part—no offense to the General, 110

FTLN 1233 nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

FTLN 1234 IAGO And so do I too, lieutenant.

FTLN 1235 CASSIO Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The

FTLN 1236 Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's

FTLN 1237 have no more of this. Let's to our affairs. ⟨God⟩ 115

FTLN 1238 forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our

FTLN 1239 business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This

FTLN 1240 is my ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my

FTLN 1241 left. I am not drunk now. I can stand well enough,

FTLN 1242 and I speak well enough. 120

FTLN 1243 GENTLEMEN Excellent well.

FTLN 1244 CASSIO Why, very well then. You must not think then

FTLN 1245 that I am drunk. *He exits.*

MONTANO

FTLN 1246 To th' platform, masters. Come, let's set the watch.

「Gentlemen exit.」

IAGO, *「to Montano」*

FTLN 1247 You see this fellow that is gone before? 125

FTLN 1248 He's a soldier fit to stand by Caesar

FTLN 1249 And give direction; and do but see his vice.

FTLN 1250 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,

FTLN 1251 The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him.

FTLN 1252 I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 130

FTLN 1253 On some odd time of his infirmity,

FTLN 1254 Will shake this island.

FTLN 1255 MONTANO But is he often thus?

IAGO

FTLN 1256 'Tis evermore ⟨the⟩ prologue to his sleep.

FTLN 1257 He'll watch the horologe a double set 135

FTLN 1258 If drink rock not his cradle.

FTLN 1259 MONTANO It were well

FTLN 1260 The General were put in mind of it.

FTLN 1261 Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature

FTLN 1262 Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio 140

FTLN 1263 And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

FTLN 1264 IAGO, *「aside to Roderigo」* How now, Roderigo?
FTLN 1265 I pray you, after the Lieutenant, go.

«Roderigo exits.»

MONTANO

FTLN 1266 And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
FTLN 1267 Should hazard such a place as his own second 145
FTLN 1268 With one of an engrafted infirmity.
FTLN 1269 It were an honest action to say so
FTLN 1270 To the Moor.

FTLN 1271 IAGO Not I, for this fair island.
FTLN 1272 I do love Cassio well and would do much 150
FTLN 1273 To cure him of this evil— *«“Help, help!” within.»*
FTLN 1274 But hark! What noise?

Enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.

FTLN 1275 CASSIO *«Zounds,»* you rogue, you rascal!
FTLN 1276 MONTANO What's the matter, lieutenant?
FTLN 1277 CASSIO A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave 155
FTLN 1278 into a twiggen bottle.
FTLN 1279 RODERIGO Beat me?
FTLN 1280 CASSIO Dost thou prate, rogue? *「He hits Roderigo.」*
FTLN 1281 MONTANO Nay, good lieutenant. I pray you, sir, hold
FTLN 1282 your hand. 160
FTLN 1283 CASSIO Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the
FTLN 1284 mazard.
FTLN 1285 MONTANO Come, come, you're drunk.
FTLN 1286 CASSIO Drunk?

«They fight.»

FTLN 1287 IAGO, *「aside to Roderigo」*
Away, I say! Go out and cry a mutiny. 165

「Roderigo exits.」

FTLN 1288 Nay, good lieutenant.—*«God's will,»* gentlemen!—
FTLN 1289 Help, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—*«sir»*—
FTLN 1290 Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!
«A bell is rung.»

FTLN 1291 Who's that which rings the bell? Diablo, ho!
 FTLN 1292 The town will rise. ⟨God's will,⟩ lieutenant, ⟨hold!⟩ 170
 FTLN 1293 You ⟨will be shamed⟩ forever.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

FTLN 1294 OTHELLO What is the matter here?
 FTLN 1295 MONTANO ⟨Zounds,⟩ I bleed
 FTLN 1296 still.
 FTLN 1297 I am hurt to th' death. He dies! 「*He attacks Cassio.*」 175
 FTLN 1298 OTHELLO Hold, for your lives!
 IAGO
 FTLN 1299 Hold, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—
 FTLN 1300 gentlemen—
 FTLN 1301 Have you forgot all 「sense of place」 and duty?
 FTLN 1302 Hold! The General speaks to you. Hold, for shame! 180
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1303 Why, how now, ho! From whence ariseth this?
 FTLN 1304 Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that
 FTLN 1305 Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
 FTLN 1306 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!
 FTLN 1307 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage 185
 FTLN 1308 Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
 FTLN 1309 Silence that dreadful bell. It frights the isle
 FTLN 1310 From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
 FTLN 1311 Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
 FTLN 1312 Speak. Who began this? On thy love, I charge thee. 190
 IAGO
 FTLN 1313 I do not know. Friends all but now, even now,
 FTLN 1314 In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
 FTLN 1315 Divesting them for bed; and then but now,
 FTLN 1316 As if some planet had unwitting men,
 FTLN 1317 Swords out, and tilting one at other's ⟨breast,⟩ 195
 FTLN 1318 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 FTLN 1319 Any beginning to this peevish odds,
 FTLN 1320 And would in action glorious I had lost
 FTLN 1321 Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

	OTHELLO	
FTLN 1322	How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?	200
	CASSIO	
FTLN 1323	I pray you pardon me; I cannot speak.	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 1324	Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil.	
FTLN 1325	The gravity and stillness of your youth	
FTLN 1326	The world hath noted. And your name is great	
FTLN 1327	In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter	205
FTLN 1328	That you unlace your reputation thus,	
FTLN 1329	And spend your rich opinion for the name	
FTLN 1330	Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.	
	MONTANO	
FTLN 1331	Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.	
FTLN 1332	Your officer Iago can inform you,	210
FTLN 1333	While I spare speech, which something now offends	
FTLN 1334	me,	
FTLN 1335	Of all that I do know; nor know I aught	
FTLN 1336	By me that's said or done amiss this night,	
FTLN 1337	Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,	215
FTLN 1338	And to defend ourselves it be a sin	
FTLN 1339	When violence assails us.	
FTLN 1340	OTHELLO	Now, by heaven,
FTLN 1341	My blood begins my safer guides to rule,	
FTLN 1342	And passion, having my best judgment collied,	220
FTLN 1343	Assays to lead the way. <i>⟨Zounds, if I⟩</i> stir,	
FTLN 1344	Or do but lift this arm, the best of you	
FTLN 1345	Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know	
FTLN 1346	How this foul rout began, who set it on;	
FTLN 1347	And he that is approved in this offense,	225
FTLN 1348	Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,	
FTLN 1349	Shall lose me. What, in a town of war	
FTLN 1350	Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,	
FTLN 1351	To manage private and domestic quarrel,	
FTLN 1352	In night, and on the court and guard of safety?	230
FTLN 1353	'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?	

MONTANO

FTLN 1354 If partially affined, or 'leagued' in office,
 FTLN 1355 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 FTLN 1356 Thou art no soldier.

FTLN 1357 IAGO Touch me not so near. 235

FTLN 1358 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
 FTLN 1359 Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio.
 FTLN 1360 Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 FTLN 1361 Shall nothing wrong him. (Thus) it is, general:
 FTLN 1362 Montano and myself being in speech, 240
 FTLN 1363 There comes a fellow crying out for help,
 FTLN 1364 And Cassio following him with determined sword
 FTLN 1365 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 'Pointing to Montano.'

FTLN 1366 Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause.
 FTLN 1367 Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 245

FTLN 1368 Lest by his clamor—as it so fell out—
 FTLN 1369 The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
 FTLN 1370 Outran my purpose, and I returned (the) rather
 FTLN 1371 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords
 FTLN 1372 And Cassio high in oath, which till tonight 250

FTLN 1373 I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
 FTLN 1374 For this was brief—I found them close together
 FTLN 1375 At blow and thrust, even as again they were
 FTLN 1376 When you yourself did part them.
 FTLN 1377 More of this matter cannot I report. 255

FTLN 1378 But men are men; the best sometimes forget.
 FTLN 1379 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
 FTLN 1380 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 FTLN 1381 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
 FTLN 1382 From him that fled some strange indignity 260
 FTLN 1383 Which patience could not pass.

FTLN 1384 OTHELLO I know, Iago,
 FTLN 1385 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 FTLN 1386 Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee,
 FTLN 1387 But nevermore be officer of mine. 265

Enter Desdemona attended.

FTLN 1388	Look if my gentle love be not raised up!	
FTLN 1389	I'll make thee an example.	
FTLN 1390	DESDEMONA What is the matter, dear?	
FTLN 1391	OTHELLO All's well <i>⟨now,⟩</i>	
FTLN 1392	sweeting.	270
FTLN 1393	Come away to bed. <i>「To Montano.」</i> Sir, for your hurts,	
FTLN 1394	Myself will be your surgeon.—Lead him off.	
	<i>「Montano is led off.」</i>	
FTLN 1395	Iago, look with care about the town	
FTLN 1396	And silence those whom this vile brawl	
FTLN 1397	distracted.—	275
FTLN 1398	Come, Desdemona. 'Tis the soldier's life	
FTLN 1399	To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.	
	<i>「All but Iago and Cassio」 exit.</i>	
FTLN 1400	IAGO What, are you hurt, lieutenant?	
FTLN 1401	CASSIO Ay, past all surgery.	
FTLN 1402	IAGO Marry, <i>⟨God⟩</i> forbid!	280
FTLN 1403	CASSIO Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have	
FTLN 1404	lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of	
FTLN 1405	myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation,	
FTLN 1406	Iago, my reputation!	
FTLN 1407	IAGO As I am an honest man, I thought you had	285
FTLN 1408	received some bodily wound. There is more sense	
FTLN 1409	in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and	
FTLN 1410	most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost	
FTLN 1411	without deserving. You have lost no reputation at	
FTLN 1412	all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What,	290
FTLN 1413	man, there are ways to recover the General again!	
FTLN 1414	You are but now cast in his mood—a punishment	
FTLN 1415	more in policy than in malice, even so as one would	
FTLN 1416	beat his offenseless dog to affright an imperious	
FTLN 1417	lion. Sue to him again and he's yours.	295
FTLN 1418	CASSIO I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive	
FTLN 1419	so good a commander with so slight, so drunken,	

FTLN 1420	and so indiscreet an officer. [Drunk? And speak	
FTLN 1421	parrot? And squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse	
FTLN 1422	fustian with one's own shadow?]	300
FTLN 1423	O thou	
FTLN 1424	invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be	
FTLN 1425	known by, let us call thee devil!	
FTLN 1426	IAGO What was he that you followed with your sword?	
FTLN 1427	What had he done to you?	
FTLN 1428	CASSIO I know not.	305
FTLN 1429	IAGO Is 't possible?	
FTLN 1430	CASSIO I remember a mass of things, but nothing	
FTLN 1431	distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O	
FTLN 1432	⟨God,⟩ that men should put an enemy in their	310
FTLN 1433	mouths to steal away their brains! That we should	
FTLN 1434	with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause transform	
FTLN 1435	ourselves into beasts!	
FTLN 1436	IAGO Why, but you are now well enough. How came	
FTLN 1437	you thus recovered?	
FTLN 1438	CASSIO It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give	315
FTLN 1439	place to the devil wrath. One unperfectness shows	
FTLN 1440	me another, to make me frankly despise myself.	
FTLN 1441	IAGO Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time,	
FTLN 1442	the place, and the condition of this country stands,	320
FTLN 1443	I could heartily wish this had not ⟨so⟩ befallen. But	
FTLN 1444	since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.	
FTLN 1445	CASSIO I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell	
FTLN 1446	me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as	
FTLN 1447	Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be	325
FTLN 1448	now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently	
FTLN 1449	a beast! O, strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed,	
FTLN 1450	and the ingredient is a devil.	
FTLN 1451	IAGO Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature,	
FTLN 1452	if it be well used. Exclaim no more against it.	330
FTLN 1453	And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.	
FTLN 1454	CASSIO I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!	
FTLN 1455	IAGO You or any man living may be drunk at a time,	
FTLN 1456	man. ⟨I'll⟩ tell you what you shall do. Our general's	

FTLN 1456 wife is now the general: I may say so in this
 FTLN 1457 respect, for that he hath devoted and given up 335
 FTLN 1458 himself to the contemplation, mark, and 'denotement'
 FTLN 1459 of her parts and graces. Confess yourself
 FTLN 1460 freely to her. Importune her help to put you in your
 FTLN 1461 place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so
 FTLN 1462 blessed a disposition she holds it a vice in her 340
 FTLN 1463 goodness not to do more than she is requested. This
 FTLN 1464 broken joint between you and her husband entreat
 FTLN 1465 her to splinter, and, my fortunes against any lay
 FTLN 1466 worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow
 FTLN 1467 stronger than it was before. 345
 FTLN 1468 CASSIO You advise me well.
 FTLN 1469 IAGO I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest
 FTLN 1470 kindness.
 FTLN 1471 CASSIO I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I
 FTLN 1472 will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake 350
 FTLN 1473 for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check
 FTLN 1474 me ⟨here⟩.
 FTLN 1475 IAGO You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant. I
 FTLN 1476 must to the watch.
 FTLN 1477 CASSIO Good night, honest Iago. *Cassio exits.* 355
 IAGO
 FTLN 1478 And what's he, then, that says I play the villain,
 FTLN 1479 When this advice is free I give and honest,
 FTLN 1480 Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
 FTLN 1481 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 FTLN 1482 Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue 360
 FTLN 1483 In any honest suit. She's framed as fruitful
 FTLN 1484 As the free elements. And then for her
 FTLN 1485 To win the Moor—⟨were 't⟩ to renounce his baptism,
 FTLN 1486 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin—
 FTLN 1487 His soul is so enfettered to her love 365
 FTLN 1488 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 FTLN 1489 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 FTLN 1490 With his weak function. How am I then a villain

FTLN 1491	To counsel Cassio to this parallel course	
FTLN 1492	Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!	370
FTLN 1493	When devils will the blackest sins put on,	
FTLN 1494	They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,	
FTLN 1495	As I do now. For whiles this honest fool	
FTLN 1496	Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,	
FTLN 1497	And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,	375
FTLN 1498	I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:	
FTLN 1499	That she repeals him for her body's lust;	
FTLN 1500	And by how much she strives to do him good,	
FTLN 1501	She shall undo her credit with the Moor.	
FTLN 1502	So will I turn her virtue into pitch,	380
FTLN 1503	And out of her own goodness make the net	
FTLN 1504	That shall enmesh them all.	

Enter Roderigo.

FTLN 1505	How now, Roderigo?	
FTLN 1506	RODERIGO I do follow here in the chase, not like a	
FTLN 1507	hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My	385
FTLN 1508	money is almost spent, I have been tonight exceedingly	
FTLN 1509	well cudgeled, and I think the issue will be I	
FTLN 1510	shall have so much experience for my pains, and so,	
FTLN 1511	with no money at all and a little more wit, return	
FTLN 1512	again to Venice.	390
	IAGO	
FTLN 1513	How poor are they that have not patience!	
FTLN 1514	What wound did ever heal but by degrees?	
FTLN 1515	Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,	
FTLN 1516	And wit depends on dilatory time.	
FTLN 1517	Dost not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,	395
FTLN 1518	And thou, by that small hurt, <i>⟨hast⟩</i> cashiered Cassio.	
FTLN 1519	Though other things grow fair against the sun,	
FTLN 1520	Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.	
FTLN 1521	Content thyself awhile. <i>⟨By th' Mass,⟩</i> 'tis morning!	
FTLN 1522	Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.	400
FTLN 1523	Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.	

FTLN 1524	Away, I say! Thou shalt know more hereafter.	
FTLN 1525	Nay, get thee gone.	<i>Roderigo exits.</i>
FTLN 1526	Two things are to be done.	
FTLN 1527	My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress.	405
FTLN 1528	I'll set her on.	
FTLN 1529	Myself 'till the while to draw the Moor apart	
FTLN 1530	And bring him jump when he may Cassio find	
FTLN 1531	Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way.	
FTLN 1532	Dull not device by coldness and delay.	410
		<i>He exits.</i>

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Cassio (with) Musicians.

CASSIO

FTLN 1533 Masters, play here (I will content your pains)
FTLN 1534 Something that's brief; and bid "Good morrow,
FTLN 1535 general." *They play.*

Enter the Clown.

FTLN 1536	CLOWN	Why masters, have your instruments been in	
FTLN 1537		Naples, that they speak i' th' nose thus?	5
FTLN 1538	MUSICIAN	How, sir, how?	
FTLN 1539	CLOWN	Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?	
FTLN 1540	MUSICIAN	Ay, marry, are they, sir.	
FTLN 1541	CLOWN	O, thereby hangs a tail.	
FTLN 1542	MUSICIAN	Whereby hangs a tale, sir?	10
FTLN 1543	CLOWN	Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I	
FTLN 1544		know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the	
FTLN 1545		General so likes your music that he desires you, for	
FTLN 1546		love's sake, to make no more noise with it.	
FTLN 1547	MUSICIAN	Well, sir, we will not.	15
FTLN 1548	CLOWN	If you have any music that may not be heard, to	
FTLN 1549		't again. But, as they say, to hear music the General	
FTLN 1550		does not greatly care.	
FTLN 1551	MUSICIAN	We have none such, sir.	
FTLN 1552	CLOWN	Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll	20
FTLN 1553		away. Go, vanish into air, away!	

Musicians exit.

FTLN 1554 CASSIO Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?
 FTLN 1555 CLOWN No, I hear not your honest friend. I hear you.
 FTLN 1556 CASSIO Prithee, keep up thy quillets. *「Giving money.」*
 FTLN 1557 There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman 25
 FTLN 1558 that attends the *«General's wife»* be stirring,
 FTLN 1559 tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor
 FTLN 1560 of speech. Wilt thou do this?
 FTLN 1561 CLOWN She is stirring, sir. If she will stir hither, I shall
 FTLN 1562 seem to notify unto her. 30
«CASSIO
 FTLN 1563 Do, good my friend. *Clown exits.*

Enter Iago.

FTLN 1564 In happy time, Iago.
 FTLN 1565 IAGO You have not been abed, then?
 FTLN 1566 CASSIO Why, no. The day had broke
 FTLN 1567 Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, 35
 FTLN 1568 To send in to your wife. My suit to her
 FTLN 1569 Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona
 FTLN 1570 Procure me some access.
 FTLN 1571 IAGO I'll send her to you presently,
 FTLN 1572 And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor 40
 FTLN 1573 Out of the way, that your converse and business
 FTLN 1574 May be more free.
 CASSIO
 FTLN 1575 I humbly thank you for 't. *「Iago」 exits.* I never
 FTLN 1576 knew
 FTLN 1577 A Florentine more kind and honest. 45

Enter Emilia.

EMILIA

FTLN 1578 Good morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry
 FTLN 1579 For your displeasure, but all will sure be well.
 FTLN 1580 The General and his wife are talking of it,
 FTLN 1581 And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies

FTLN 1582 That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus 50
 FTLN 1583 And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
 FTLN 1584 He might not but refuse you. But he protests he
 FTLN 1585 loves you
 FTLN 1586 And needs no other suitor but his likings
 FTLN 1587 〈To take the safest occasion by the front〉 55
 FTLN 1588 To bring you in again.
 FTLN 1589 CASSIO Yet I beseech you,
 FTLN 1590 If you think fit, or that it may be done,
 FTLN 1591 Give me advantage of some brief discourse
 FTLN 1592 With Desdemon alone. 60
 FTLN 1593 EMILIA Pray you come in.
 FTLN 1594 I will bestow you where you shall have time
 FTLN 1595 To speak your bosom freely.
 FTLN 1596 [CASSIO I am much bound to you.]

〈*They exit.*〉

Scene 2

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

OTHELLO

FTLN 1597 These letters give, Iago, to the pilot
 FTLN 1598 And by him do my duties to the Senate.
 「*He gives Iago some papers.*」

FTLN 1599 That done, I will be walking on the works.
 FTLN 1600 Repair there to me.

FTLN 1601 IAGO Well, my good lord, I'll do 't. 5

OTHELLO

FTLN 1602 This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

GENTLEMEN

FTLN 1603 〈We〉 wait upon your Lordship.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

DESDEMONA

FTLN 1604 Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
 FTLN 1605 All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMILIA

FTLN 1606 Good madam, do. I warrant it grieves my husband
 FTLN 1607 As if the cause were his.

DESDEMONA

FTLN 1608 O, that's an honest fellow! Do not doubt, Cassio, 5
 FTLN 1609 But I will have my lord and you again
 FTLN 1610 As friendly as you were.

FTLN 1611 CASSIO Bounteous madam,
 FTLN 1612 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
 FTLN 1613 He's never anything but your true servant. 10

DESDEMONA

FTLN 1614 I know 't. I thank you. You do love my lord;
 FTLN 1615 You have known him long; and be you well assured
 FTLN 1616 He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
 FTLN 1617 Than in a politic distance.

FTLN 1618 CASSIO Ay, but, lady, 15
 FTLN 1619 That policy may either last so long,
 FTLN 1620 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
 FTLN 1621 Or breed itself so out of ⟨circumstance,⟩
 FTLN 1622 That, I being absent and my place supplied,
 FTLN 1623 My general will forget my love and service. 20

DESDEMONA

FTLN 1624 Do not doubt that. Before Emilia here,
 FTLN 1625 I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
 FTLN 1626 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
 FTLN 1627 To the last article. My lord shall never rest:
 FTLN 1628 I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience; 25
 FTLN 1629 His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
 FTLN 1630 I'll intermingle everything he does
 FTLN 1631 With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio,

FTLN 1632 For thy solicitor shall rather die
 FTLN 1633 Than give thy cause away. 30

Enter Othello and Iago.

FTLN 1634 EMILIA Madam, here comes my lord.
 FTLN 1635 CASSIO Madam, I'll take my leave.
 FTLN 1636 DESDEMONA Why, stay, and hear me speak.
 CASSIO
 FTLN 1637 Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
 FTLN 1638 Unfit for mine own purposes. 35
 FTLN 1639 DESDEMONA Well, do your discretion. *Cassio exits.*
 IAGO
 FTLN 1640 Ha, I like not that.
 FTLN 1641 OTHELLO What dost thou say?
 IAGO
 FTLN 1642 Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1643 Was not that Cassio parted from my wife? 40
 IAGO
 FTLN 1644 Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it
 FTLN 1645 That he would steal away so guiltylike,
 FTLN 1646 Seeing your coming.
 FTLN 1647 OTHELLO I do believe 'twas he.
 FTLN 1648 DESDEMONA How now, my lord? 45
 FTLN 1649 I have been talking with a suitor here,
 FTLN 1650 A man that languishes in your displeasure.
 FTLN 1651 OTHELLO Who is 't you mean?
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 1652 Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
 FTLN 1653 If I have any grace or power to move you, 50
 FTLN 1654 His present reconciliation take;
 FTLN 1655 For if he be not one that truly loves you,
 FTLN 1656 That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
 FTLN 1657 I have no judgment in an honest face.
 FTLN 1658 I prithee call him back. 55
 FTLN 1659 OTHELLO Went he hence now?

FTLN 1660 DESDEMONA 〈Yes, faith,〉 so humbled
 FTLN 1661 That he hath left part of his grief with me
 FTLN 1662 To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

OTHELLO

FTLN 1663 Not now, sweet Desdemon. Some other time. 60
 DESDEMONA

FTLN 1664 But shall 't be shortly?

FTLN 1665 OTHELLO The sooner, sweet, for you.
 DESDEMONA

FTLN 1666 Shall 't be tonight at supper?

FTLN 1667 OTHELLO No, not tonight.

FTLN 1668 DESDEMONA Tomorrow dinner, then? 65

FTLN 1669 OTHELLO I shall not dine at home;
 FTLN 1670 I meet the captains at the citadel.

DESDEMONA

FTLN 1671 Why then tomorrow night, 〈or〉 Tuesday morn,
 FTLN 1672 On Tuesday noon or night; on Wednesday morn.
 FTLN 1673 I prithee name the time, but let it not 70
 FTLN 1674 Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent;
 FTLN 1675 And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
 FTLN 1676 Save that, they say, the wars must make example
 FTLN 1677 Out of her best—is not almost a fault
 FTLN 1678 T' incur a private check. When shall he come? 75
 FTLN 1679 Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul
 FTLN 1680 What you would ask me that I should deny,
 FTLN 1681 Or stand so mamm'ring on? What? Michael Cassio,
 FTLN 1682 That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
 FTLN 1683 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly, 80
 FTLN 1684 Hath ta'en your part—to have so much to do
 FTLN 1685 To bring him in! 〈By 'r Lady,〉 I could do much—

OTHELLO

FTLN 1686 Prithee, no more. Let him come when he will;
 FTLN 1687 I will deny thee nothing.

FTLN 1688 DESDEMONA Why, this is not a boon! 85
 FTLN 1689 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 FTLN 1690 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

FTLN 1691 Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
 FTLN 1692 To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit
 FTLN 1693 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, 90
 FTLN 1694 It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
 FTLN 1695 And fearful to be granted.
 FTLN 1696 OTHELLO I will deny thee nothing!
 FTLN 1697 Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 FTLN 1698 To leave me but a little to myself. 95
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 1699 Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1700 Farewell, my Desdemona. I'll come to thee straight.
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 1701 Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you.
 FTLN 1702 Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
⟨Desdemona and Emilia⟩ exit.
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1703 Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul 100
 FTLN 1704 But I do love thee! And when I love thee not,
 FTLN 1705 Chaos is come again.
 FTLN 1706 IAGO My noble lord—
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1707 What dost thou say, Iago?
 FTLN 1708 IAGO Did Michael Cassio, 105
 FTLN 1709 When ⟨you⟩ wooed my lady, know of your love?
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1710 He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?
 IAGO
 FTLN 1711 But for a satisfaction of my thought,
 FTLN 1712 No further harm.
 FTLN 1713 OTHELLO Why of thy thought, Iago? 110
 IAGO
 FTLN 1714 I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1715 O yes, and went between us very oft.
 FTLN 1716 IAGO Indeed?

OTHELLO

FTLN 1717 Indeed? Ay, indeed! Discern'st thou aught in that?

FTLN 1718 Is he not honest? 115

FTLN 1719 IAGO Honest, my lord?

FTLN 1720 OTHELLO Honest—ay, honest.

IAGO

FTLN 1721 My lord, for aught I know.

FTLN 1722 OTHELLO What dost thou think?

FTLN 1723 IAGO Think, my lord? 120

OTHELLO

FTLN 1724 “Think, my lord?” *¶*By heaven,*¶* thou echo'st me

FTLN 1725 As if there were some monster in thy thought

FTLN 1726 Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean

FTLN 1727 something.

FTLN 1728 I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that, 125

FTLN 1729 When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

FTLN 1730 And when I told thee he was of my counsel

FTLN 1731 *¶*In*¶* my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st

FTLN 1732 “Indeed?”

FTLN 1733 And didst contract and purse thy brow together 130

FTLN 1734 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

FTLN 1735 Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

FTLN 1736 Show me thy thought.

FTLN 1737 IAGO My lord, you know I love you.

FTLN 1738 OTHELLO I think thou dost; 135

FTLN 1739 And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty

FTLN 1740 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them

FTLN 1741 breath,

FTLN 1742 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.

FTLN 1743 For such things in a false, disloyal knave 140

FTLN 1744 Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,

FTLN 1745 They're close dilations working from the heart

FTLN 1746 That passion cannot rule.

FTLN 1747 IAGO For Michael Cassio,

FTLN 1748 I dare be sworn I think that he is honest. 145

OTHELLO

FTLN 1749 I think so too.

FTLN 1750 IAGO Men should be what they seem;
 FTLN 1751 Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
 FTLN 1752 OTHELLO Certain, men should be what they seem.
 IAGO

FTLN 1753 Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man. 150
 FTLN 1754 OTHELLO Nay, yet there's more in this.
 FTLN 1755 I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 FTLN 1756 As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of
 FTLN 1757 thoughts
 FTLN 1758 The worst of words. 155
 FTLN 1759 IAGO Good my lord, pardon me.
 FTLN 1760 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 FTLN 1761 I am not bound to ⟨that all slaves are free to.⟩
 FTLN 1762 Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and
 FTLN 1763 false— 160
 FTLN 1764 As where's that palace whereinto foul things
 FTLN 1765 Sometimes intrude not? Who has that breast so
 FTLN 1766 pure
 FTLN 1767 ⟨But some⟩ uncleanly apprehensions
 FTLN 1768 Keep leets and law days and in sessions sit 165
 FTLN 1769 With meditations lawful?

OTHELLO

FTLN 1770 Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
 FTLN 1771 If thou but think'st him wronged and mak'st his ear
 FTLN 1772 A stranger to thy thoughts.

FTLN 1773 IAGO I do beseech you, 170
 FTLN 1774 Though I perchance am vicious in my guess—
 FTLN 1775 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 FTLN 1776 To spy into abuses, and ⟨oft⟩ my jealousy
 FTLN 1777 Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom
 FTLN 1778 From one that so imperfectly conceits 175
 FTLN 1779 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
 FTLN 1780 Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
 FTLN 1781 It were not for your quiet nor your good,
 FTLN 1782 Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
 FTLN 1783 To let you know my thoughts. 180

FTLN 1784	OTHELLO	What dost thou mean?	
	IAGO		
FTLN 1785		Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,	
FTLN 1786		Is the immediate jewel of their souls.	
FTLN 1787		Who steals my purse steals trash. 'Tis something,	
FTLN 1788		nothing;	185
FTLN 1789		'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to	
FTLN 1790		thousands.	
FTLN 1791		But he that filches from me my good name	
FTLN 1792		Robs me of that which not enriches him	
FTLN 1793		And makes me poor indeed.	190
FTLN 1794	OTHELLO	⟨By heaven,⟩ I'll know thy thoughts.	
	IAGO		
FTLN 1795		You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,	
FTLN 1796		Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 1797		Ha?	
FTLN 1798	IAGO	O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!	195
FTLN 1799		It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock	
FTLN 1800		The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss	
FTLN 1801		Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;	
FTLN 1802		But O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er	
FTLN 1803		Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet ⟨strongly⟩ loves!	200
FTLN 1804	OTHELLO	O misery!	
	IAGO		
FTLN 1805		Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;	
FTLN 1806		But riches fineless is as poor as winter	
FTLN 1807		To him that ever fears he shall be poor.	
FTLN 1808		Good ⟨God,⟩ the souls of all my tribe defend	205
FTLN 1809		From jealousy!	
FTLN 1810	OTHELLO	Why, why is this?	
FTLN 1811		Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,	
FTLN 1812		To follow still the changes of the moon	
FTLN 1813		With fresh suspicions? No. To be once in doubt	210
FTLN 1814		Is ⟨once⟩ to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat	
FTLN 1815		When I shall turn the business of my soul	

FTLN 1816	To such exsufflicate and ‹blown› surmises,	
FTLN 1817	Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous	
FTLN 1818	To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,	215
FTLN 1819	Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances ‹well.›	
FTLN 1820	Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.	
FTLN 1821	Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw	
FTLN 1822	The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,	
FTLN 1823	For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,	220
FTLN 1824	I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;	
FTLN 1825	And on the proof, there is no more but this:	
FTLN 1826	Away at once with love or jealousy.	
	IAGO	
FTLN 1827	I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason	
FTLN 1828	To show the love and duty that I bear you	225
FTLN 1829	With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,	
FTLN 1830	Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.	
FTLN 1831	Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;	
FTLN 1832	Wear your eyes thus, not jealous nor secure.	
FTLN 1833	I would not have your free and noble nature,	230
FTLN 1834	Out of self-bounty, be abused. Look to 't.	
FTLN 1835	I know our country disposition well.	
FTLN 1836	In Venice they do let ‹God› see the pranks	
FTLN 1837	They dare not show their husbands. Their best	
FTLN 1838	conscience	235
FTLN 1839	Is not to leave 't undone, but 'keep 't' unknown.	
FTLN 1840	OTHELLO Dost thou say so?	
	IAGO	
FTLN 1841	She did deceive her father, marrying you,	
FTLN 1842	And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,	
FTLN 1843	She loved them most.	240
FTLN 1844	OTHELLO And so she did.	
FTLN 1845	IAGO Why, go to, then!	
FTLN 1846	She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,	
FTLN 1847	To seel her father's eyes up close as oak,	
FTLN 1848	He thought 'twas witchcraft! But I am much to	245
FTLN 1849	blame.	

FTLN 1850 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 FTLN 1851 For too much loving you.
 FTLN 1852 OTHELLO I am bound to thee forever.
 IAGO
 FTLN 1853 I see this hath a little dashed your spirits. 250
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1854 Not a jot, not a jot.
 FTLN 1855 IAGO *⟨I' faith,⟩* I fear it has.
 FTLN 1856 I hope you will consider what is spoke
 FTLN 1857 Comes from *⟨my⟩* love. But I do see you're moved.
 FTLN 1858 I am to pray you not to strain my speech 255
 FTLN 1859 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 FTLN 1860 Than to suspicion.
 FTLN 1861 OTHELLO I will not.
 FTLN 1862 IAGO Should you do so, my lord,
 FTLN 1863 My speech should fall into such vile success 260
 FTLN 1864 *⟨As my thoughts aim not at.⟩* Cassio's my worthy
 FTLN 1865 friend.
 FTLN 1866 My lord, I see you're moved.
 FTLN 1867 OTHELLO No, not much moved.
 FTLN 1868 I do not think but Desdemona's honest. 265
 IAGO
 FTLN 1869 Long live she so! And long live you to think so!
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1870 And yet, how nature erring from itself—
 IAGO
 FTLN 1871 Ay, there's the point. As, to be bold with you,
 FTLN 1872 Not to affect many proposèd matches
 FTLN 1873 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree, 270
 FTLN 1874 Where to we see in all things nature tends—
 FTLN 1875 Foh! One may smell in such a will most rank,
 FTLN 1876 Foul *⟨disproportion,⟩* thoughts unnatural—
 FTLN 1877 But pardon me—I do not in position
 FTLN 1878 Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear 275
 FTLN 1879 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
 FTLN 1880 May fall to match you with her country forms
 FTLN 1881 And happily repent.

FTLN 1882	OTHELLO	Farewell, farewell!	
FTLN 1883		If more thou dost perceive, let me know more.	280
FTLN 1884		Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.	
FTLN 1885	IAGO, <i>beginning to exit</i>	My lord, I take my leave.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 1886		Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless	
FTLN 1887		Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.	
	IAGO, <i>returning</i>		
FTLN 1888		My lord, I would I might entreat your Honor	285
FTLN 1889		To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time.	
FTLN 1890		Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place—	
FTLN 1891		For sure he fills it up with great ability—	
FTLN 1892		Yet, if you please to <i>hold</i> him off awhile,	
FTLN 1893		You shall by that perceive him and his means.	290
FTLN 1894		Note if your lady strain his entertainment	
FTLN 1895		With any strong or vehement importunity.	
FTLN 1896		Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,	
FTLN 1897		Let me be thought too busy in my fears—	
FTLN 1898		As worthy cause I have to fear I am—	295
FTLN 1899		And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.	
FTLN 1900	OTHELLO	Fear not my government.	
FTLN 1901	IAGO	I once more take my leave.	<i>He exits.</i>
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 1902		This fellow's of exceeding honesty,	
FTLN 1903		And knows all <i>qualities</i> with a learned spirit	300
FTLN 1904		Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,	
FTLN 1905		Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,	
FTLN 1906		I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind	
FTLN 1907		To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black	
FTLN 1908		And have not those soft parts of conversation	305
FTLN 1909		That chamberers have, or for I am declined	
FTLN 1910		Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—	
FTLN 1911		She's gone, I am abused, and my relief	
FTLN 1912		Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,	
FTLN 1913		That we can call these delicate creatures ours	310
FTLN 1914		And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad	

FTLN 1915 And live upon the vapor of a dungeon
 FTLN 1916 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 FTLN 1917 For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague ⟨of⟩ great ones;
 FTLN 1918 Prerogativèd are they less than the base. 315
 FTLN 1919 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
 FTLN 1920 Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us
 FTLN 1921 When we do quicken. Look where she comes.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

FTLN 1922 If she be false, heaven ⟨mocks⟩ itself!
 FTLN 1923 I'll not believe 't. 320
 FTLN 1924 DESDEMONA How now, my dear Othello?
 FTLN 1925 Your dinner, and the generous islanders
 FTLN 1926 By you invited, do attend your presence.
 FTLN 1927 OTHELLO I am to blame.
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 1928 Why do you speak so faintly? Are you not well? 325
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1929 I have a pain upon my forehead, here.
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 1930 ⟨Faith,⟩ that's with watching. 'Twill away again.
 FTLN 1931 Let me but bind it hard; within this hour
 FTLN 1932 It will be well.
 FTLN 1933 OTHELLO Your napkin is too little. 330
 FTLN 1934 Let it alone. 「*The handkerchief falls, unnoticed.*」
 FTLN 1935 Come, I'll go in with you.
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 1936 I am very sorry that you are not well.

⟨Othello and Desdemona⟩ exit.

 EMILIA, 「*picking up the handkerchief*」
 FTLN 1937 I am glad I have found this napkin.
 FTLN 1938 This was her first remembrance from the Moor. 335
 FTLN 1939 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 FTLN 1940 Wooed me to steal it. But she so loves the token
 FTLN 1941 (For he conjured her she should ever keep it)
 FTLN 1942 That she reserves it evermore about her

FTLN 1943 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out 340
 FTLN 1944 And give 't Iago. What he will do with it
 FTLN 1945 Heaven knows, not I.
 FTLN 1946 I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

FTLN 1947 IAGO How now? What do you here alone?
 EMILIA
 FTLN 1948 Do not you chide. I have a thing for you. 345
 IAGO
 FTLN 1949 You have a thing for me? It is a common thing—
 FTLN 1950 EMILIA Ha?
 FTLN 1951 IAGO To have a foolish wife.
 EMILIA
 FTLN 1952 O, is that all? What will you give me now
 FTLN 1953 For that same handkerchief? 350
 FTLN 1954 IAGO What handkerchief?
 FTLN 1955 EMILIA What handkerchief?
 FTLN 1956 Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
 FTLN 1957 That which so often you did bid me steal.
 FTLN 1958 IAGO Hast stol'n it from her? 355
 EMILIA
 FTLN 1959 No, *faith,* she let it drop by negligence,
 FTLN 1960 And to th' advantage I, being here, took 't up.
 FTLN 1961 Look, here 'tis.
 FTLN 1962 IAGO A good wench! Give it me.
 EMILIA
 FTLN 1963 What will you do with 't, that you have been so 360
 FTLN 1964 earnest
 FTLN 1965 To have me filch it?
 FTLN 1966 IAGO, *['snatching it']* Why, what is that to you?
 EMILIA
 FTLN 1967 If it be not for some purpose of import,
 FTLN 1968 Give 't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad 365
 FTLN 1969 When she shall lack it.

FTLN 1970 IAGO Be not acknown on 't.
 FTLN 1971 I have use for it. Go, leave me. *Emilia exits.*
 FTLN 1972 I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin
 FTLN 1973 And let him find it. Trifles light as air 370
 FTLN 1974 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 FTLN 1975 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
 FTLN 1976 [The Moor already changes with my poison;]
 FTLN 1977 Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
 FTLN 1978 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste, 375
 FTLN 1979 But with a little act upon the blood
 FTLN 1980 Burn like the mines of sulfur.

Enter Othello.

FTLN 1981 I did say so.
 FTLN 1982 Look where he comes. Not poppy nor mandragora
 FTLN 1983 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world 380
 FTLN 1984 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 FTLN 1985 Which thou owedst yesterday.
 FTLN 1986 OTHELLO Ha, ha, false to me?
 IAGO
 FTLN 1987 Why, how now, general? No more of that!
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1988 Avaunt! Begone! Thou hast set me on the rack. 385
 FTLN 1989 I swear 'tis better to be much abused
 FTLN 1990 Than but to know 't a little.
 FTLN 1991 IAGO How now, my lord?
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 1992 What sense had I ~~of~~ her stol'n hours of lust?
 FTLN 1993 I saw 't not, thought it not; it harmed not me. 390
 FTLN 1994 I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and
 FTLN 1995 merry.
 FTLN 1996 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
 FTLN 1997 He that is robbed, not wanting what is stol'n,
 FTLN 1998 Let him not know 't, and he's not robbed at all. 395
 FTLN 1999 IAGO I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2000 I had been happy if the general camp,
 FTLN 2001 Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 FTLN 2002 So I had nothing known. O, now, forever
 FTLN 2003 Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content! 400
 FTLN 2004 Farewell the plumèd troops and the big wars
 FTLN 2005 That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 FTLN 2006 Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
 FTLN 2007 The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
 FTLN 2008 The royal banner, and all quality, 405
 FTLN 2009 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 FTLN 2010 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 FTLN 2011 Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
 FTLN 2012 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
 FTLN 2013 IAGO Is 't possible, my lord? 410

OTHELLO

FTLN 2014 Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore!
 FTLN 2015 Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof,
 FTLN 2016 Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 FTLN 2017 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 FTLN 2018 Than answer my waked wrath. 415
 FTLN 2019 IAGO Is 't come to this?

OTHELLO

FTLN 2020 Make me to see 't, or at the least so prove it
 FTLN 2021 That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
 FTLN 2022 To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!
 FTLN 2023 IAGO My noble lord— 420

OTHELLO

FTLN 2024 If thou dost slander her and torture me,
 FTLN 2025 Never pray more. Abandon all remorse;
 FTLN 2026 On horror's head horrors accumulate;
 FTLN 2027 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all Earth amazed;
 FTLN 2028 For nothing canst thou to damnation add 425
 FTLN 2029 Greater than that.
 FTLN 2030 IAGO O grace! O heaven forgive me!
 FTLN 2031 Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?

FTLN 2032	God b wi' you. Take mine office.—O wretched fool,	
FTLN 2033	That ‹liv'st› to make thine honesty a vice!—	430
FTLN 2034	O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world:	
FTLN 2035	To be direct and honest is not safe.—	
FTLN 2036	I thank you for this profit, and from hence	
FTLN 2037	I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offense.	
FTLN 2038	OTHELLO Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.	435
	IAGO	
FTLN 2039	I should be wise; for honesty's a fool	
FTLN 2040	And loses that it works for.	
FTLN 2041	[OTHELLO By the world,	
FTLN 2042	I think my wife be honest and think she is not.	
FTLN 2043	I think that thou art just and think thou art not.	440
FTLN 2044	I'll have some proof! 「Her」 name, that was as fresh	
FTLN 2045	As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black	
FTLN 2046	As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,	
FTLN 2047	Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,	
FTLN 2048	I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!]	445
	IAGO	
FTLN 2049	I see you are eaten up with passion.	
FTLN 2050	I do repent me that I put it to you.	
FTLN 2051	You would be satisfied?	
FTLN 2052	OTHELLO Would? Nay, and I will.	
	IAGO	
FTLN 2053	And may; but how? How satisfied, my lord?	450
FTLN 2054	Would you, the ‹supervisor,› grossly gape on,	
FTLN 2055	Behold her topped?	
FTLN 2056	OTHELLO Death and damnation! O!	
	IAGO	
FTLN 2057	It were a tedious difficulty, I think,	
FTLN 2058	To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then	455
FTLN 2059	If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster	
FTLN 2060	More than their own! What then? How then?	
FTLN 2061	What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?	
FTLN 2062	It is impossible you should see this,	
FTLN 2063	Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,	460

FTLN 2064 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 FTLN 2065 As ignorance made drunk. But yet I say,
 FTLN 2066 If imputation and strong circumstances
 FTLN 2067 Which lead directly to the door of truth
 FTLN 2068 Will give you satisfaction, you might have 't. 465

OTHELLO

FTLN 2069 Give me a living reason she's disloyal.
 FTLN 2070 IAGO I do not like the office,
 FTLN 2071 But sith I am entered in this cause so far,
 FTLN 2072 Pricked to 't by foolish honesty and love,
 FTLN 2073 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately, 470
 FTLN 2074 And being troubled with a raging tooth
 FTLN 2075 I could not sleep. There are a kind of men
 FTLN 2076 So loose of soul that in their sleeps will mutter
 FTLN 2077 Their affairs. One of this kind is Cassio.
 FTLN 2078 In sleep I heard him say "Sweet Desdemona, 475
 FTLN 2079 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves."
 FTLN 2080 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
 FTLN 2081 Cry "O sweet creature!" then kiss me hard,
 FTLN 2082 As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
 FTLN 2083 That grew upon my lips; *<then>* laid his leg 480
 FTLN 2084 O'er my thigh, and *<sighed,>* and *<kissed,>* and then
 FTLN 2085 *<Cried>* "Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!"

OTHELLO

FTLN 2086 O monstrous! Monstrous!
 FTLN 2087 IAGO Nay, this was but his
 FTLN 2088 dream. 485

OTHELLO

FTLN 2089 But this denoted a foregone conclusion.
 FTLN 2090 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO

FTLN 2091 And this may help to thicken other proofs
 FTLN 2092 That do demonstrate thinly.
 FTLN 2093 OTHELLO I'll tear her all to pieces. 490

IAGO

FTLN 2094 Nay, *<but>* be wise. Yet we see nothing done.

FTLN 2095	She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:	
FTLN 2096	Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief	
FTLN 2097	Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 2098	I gave her such a one. 'Twas my first gift.	495
	IAGO	
FTLN 2099	I know not that; but such a handkerchief—	
FTLN 2100	I am sure it was your wife's—did I today	
FTLN 2101	See Cassio wipe his beard with.	
FTLN 2102	OTHELLO	
	If it be that—	
	IAGO	
FTLN 2103	If it be that, or any 'that' was hers,	500
FTLN 2104	It speaks against her with the other proofs.	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 2105	O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!	
FTLN 2106	One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.	
FTLN 2107	Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago,	
FTLN 2108	All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.	505
FTLN 2109	'Tis gone.	
FTLN 2110	Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!	
FTLN 2111	Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne	
FTLN 2112	To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,	
FTLN 2113	For 'tis of aspics' tongues!	510
FTLN 2114	IAGO Yet be content.	
FTLN 2115	OTHELLO O, blood, blood, blood!	
	IAGO	
FTLN 2116	Patience, I say. Your mind ⟨perhaps⟩ may change.	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 2117	Never, [Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea,	
FTLN 2118	Whose icy current and compulsive course	515
FTLN 2119	Ne'er 'feels' retiring ebb, but keeps due on	
FTLN 2120	To the Propontic and the Hellespont,	
FTLN 2121	Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace	
FTLN 2122	Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,	
FTLN 2123	Till that a capable and wide revenge	520
FTLN 2124	Swallow them up. ⟨ <i>He kneels.</i> ⟩ Now by yond marble	
FTLN 2125	heaven,]	

FTLN 2126 In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
 FTLN 2127 I here engage my words.

FTLN 2128 IAGO Do not rise yet. *⟨Iago kneels.⟩* 525

FTLN 2129 Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
 FTLN 2130 You elements that clip us round about,
 FTLN 2131 Witness that here Iago doth give up
 FTLN 2132 The execution of his wit, hands, heart
 FTLN 2133 To wronged Othello's service! Let him command, 530
 FTLN 2134 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 FTLN 2135 What bloody business ever. *⟦They rise.⟧*

FTLN 2136 OTHELLO I greet thy love
 FTLN 2137 Not with vain thanks but with acceptance
 FTLN 2138 bounteous, 535
 FTLN 2139 And will upon the instant put thee to 't.
 FTLN 2140 Within these three days let me hear thee say
 FTLN 2141 That Cassio's not alive.

FTLN 2142 IAGO My friend is dead.
 FTLN 2143 'Tis done at your request. But let her live. 540

FTLN 2144 OTHELLO Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her, damn
 FTLN 2145 her!
 FTLN 2146 Come, go with me apart. I will withdraw
 FTLN 2147 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 FTLN 2148 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant. 545

FTLN 2149 IAGO I am your own forever.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

FTLN 2150 DESDEMONA Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
 FTLN 2151 Cassio lies?

FTLN 2152 CLOWN I dare not say he lies anywhere.

FTLN 2153 DESDEMONA Why, man?

FTLN 2154 CLOWN He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, 5
 FTLN 2155 'tis stabbing.

FTLN 2156 DESDEMONA Go to! Where lodges he?
 FTLN 2157 [CLOWN To tell you where he lodges is to tell you
 FTLN 2158 where I lie.
 FTLN 2159 DESDEMONA Can anything be made of this?] 10
 FTLN 2160 CLOWN I know not where he lodges; and for me to
 FTLN 2161 devise a lodging and say he lies here, or he lies
 FTLN 2162 there, were to lie in mine own throat.
 FTLN 2163 DESDEMONA Can you inquire him out, and be edified
 FTLN 2164 by report? 15
 FTLN 2165 CLOWN I will catechize the world for him—that is,
 FTLN 2166 make questions, and by them answer.
 FTLN 2167 DESDEMONA Seek him, bid him come hither. Tell him I
 FTLN 2168 have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will
 FTLN 2169 be well. 20
 FTLN 2170 CLOWN To do this is within the compass of man's wit,
 FTLN 2171 and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Clown exits.

DESDEMONA
 FTLN 2172 Where should I lose ~~that~~ handkerchief, Emilia?
 FTLN 2173 EMILIA I know not, madam.
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 2174 Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse 25
 FTLN 2175 Full of crusadoes. And but my noble Moor
 FTLN 2176 Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
 FTLN 2177 As jealous creatures are, it were enough
 FTLN 2178 To put him to ill thinking.
 FTLN 2179 EMILIA Is he not jealous? 30
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 2180 Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
 FTLN 2181 Drew all such humors from him.
 FTLN 2182 EMILIA Look where he
 FTLN 2183 comes.

Enter Othello.

DESDEMONA
 FTLN 2184 I will not leave him now till Cassio 35
 FTLN 2185 Be called to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

OTHELLO

FTLN 2186 Well, my good lady. *「Aside.」* O, hardness to
 FTLN 2187 dissemble!—

FTLN 2188 How do you, Desdemona?

FTLN 2189 DESDEMONA Well, my good lord. 40

OTHELLO

FTLN 2190 Give me your hand. *「He takes her hand.」* This hand
 FTLN 2191 is moist, my lady.

DESDEMONA

FTLN 2192 It *⟨yet has⟩* felt no age nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2193 This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.
 FTLN 2194 Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires 45
 FTLN 2195 A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
 FTLN 2196 Much castigation, exercise devout;
 FTLN 2197 For here's a young and sweating devil here
 FTLN 2198 That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
 FTLN 2199 A frank one. 50

FTLN 2200 DESDEMONA You may indeed say so,
 FTLN 2201 For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2202 A liberal hand! The hearts of old gave hands,
 FTLN 2203 But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

DESDEMONA

FTLN 2204 I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise. 55

FTLN 2205 OTHELLO What promise, chuck?

DESDEMONA

FTLN 2206 I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2207 I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.
 FTLN 2208 Lend me thy handkerchief.

FTLN 2209 DESDEMONA Here, my lord. 60

OTHELLO

FTLN 2210 That which I gave you.

FTLN 2211 DESDEMONA I have it not about me.

FTLN 2212 OTHELLO Not?

FTLN 2213	DESDEMONA	No, <i>⟨faith,⟩</i> my lord.	
FTLN 2214	OTHELLO	That's a fault. That handkerchief	65
FTLN 2215		Did an Egyptian to my mother give.	
FTLN 2216		She was a charmer, and could almost read	
FTLN 2217		The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept	
FTLN 2218		it,	
FTLN 2219		'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father	70
FTLN 2220		Entirely to her love. But if she lost it,	
FTLN 2221		Or made a gift of it, my father's eye	
FTLN 2222		Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should hunt	
FTLN 2223		After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,	
FTLN 2224		And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,	75
FTLN 2225		To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't,	
FTLN 2226		Make it a darling like your precious eye.	
FTLN 2227		To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition	
FTLN 2228		As nothing else could match.	
FTLN 2229	DESDEMONA	Is 't possible?	80
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2230		'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it.	
FTLN 2231		A sybil that had numbered in the world	
FTLN 2232		The sun to course two hundred compasses,	
FTLN 2233		In her prophetic fury sewed the work.	
FTLN 2234		The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,	85
FTLN 2235		And it was dyed in mummy, which the skillful	
FTLN 2236		Conserved of maidens' hearts.	
FTLN 2237	DESDEMONA	<i>⟨I' faith,⟩</i> is 't true?	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2238		Most veritable. Therefore, look to 't well.	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2239		Then would to <i>⟨God⟩</i> that I had never seen 't!	90
FTLN 2240	OTHELLO	Ha? Wherefore?	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2241		Why do you speak so startingly and rash?	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2242		Is 't lost? Is 't gone? Speak, is 't out o' th' way?	
FTLN 2243	DESDEMONA	<i>⟨Heaven⟩</i> bless us!	
FTLN 2244	OTHELLO	Say you?	95

DESDEMONA

FTLN 2245 It is not lost, but what an if it were?

FTLN 2246 OTHELLO How?

FTLN 2247 DESDEMONA I say it is not lost.

FTLN 2248 OTHELLO Fetch 't. Let me see 't!

DESDEMONA

FTLN 2249 Why, so I can. But I will not now. 100

FTLN 2250 This is a trick to put me from my suit.

FTLN 2251 Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2252 Fetch me the handkerchief! *「Aside.」* My mind
FTLN 2253 misgives.

FTLN 2254 DESDEMONA Come, come. 105

FTLN 2255 You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2256 The handkerchief!

FTLN 2257 ⟨DESDEMONA I pray, talk me of Cassio.

FTLN 2258 OTHELLO The handkerchief!⟩

FTLN 2259 DESDEMONA A man that all his time 110

FTLN 2260 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

FTLN 2261 Shared dangers with you—

OTHELLO

FTLN 2262 The handkerchief!

FTLN 2263 DESDEMONA ⟨I' faith,⟩ you are to blame.

FTLN 2264 OTHELLO ⟨Zounds!⟩ *Othello exits.* 115

FTLN 2265 EMILIA Is not this man jealous?

FTLN 2266 DESDEMONA I ne'er saw this before.

FTLN 2267 Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief!

FTLN 2268 I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMILIA

FTLN 2269 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man. 120

FTLN 2270 They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

FTLN 2271 They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

FTLN 2272 They belch us.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

FTLN 2273 Look you—Cassio and my husband.

FTLN 2304	When it hath blown his ranks into the air	155
FTLN 2305	And, like the devil, from his very arm	
FTLN 2306	Puffed his own brother—and is he angry?	
FTLN 2307	Something of moment then. I will go meet him.	
FTLN 2308	There's matter in 't indeed if he be angry.	
DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2309	I prithee do so.	<i>He exits.</i> 160
FTLN 2310	Something, sure, of state,	
FTLN 2311	Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice	
FTLN 2312	Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,	
FTLN 2313	Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases	
FTLN 2314	Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,	165
FTLN 2315	Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.	
FTLN 2316	For let our finger ache, and it endues	
FTLN 2317	Our other healthful members even to a sense	
FTLN 2318	Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,	
FTLN 2319	Nor of them look for such observancy	170
FTLN 2320	As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,	
FTLN 2321	I was—unhandsome warrior as I am!—	
FTLN 2322	Arraigning his unkindness with my soul.	
FTLN 2323	But now I find I had suborned the witness,	
FTLN 2324	And he's indicted falsely.	175
FTLN 2325	EMILIA Pray heaven it be	
FTLN 2326	State matters, as you think, and no conception	
FTLN 2327	Nor no jealous toy concerning you.	
DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2328	Alas the day, I never gave him cause!	
EMILIA		
FTLN 2329	But jealous souls will not be answered so.	180
FTLN 2330	They are not ever jealous for the cause,	
FTLN 2331	But jealous for they're jealous. It is a monster	
FTLN 2332	Begot upon itself, born on itself.	
DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2333	Heaven keep <i>that</i> monster from Othello's mind!	
FTLN 2334	EMILIA Lady, amen.	185

DESDEMONA

FTLN 2335 I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout.

FTLN 2336 If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit

FTLN 2337 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

FTLN 2338 CASSIO I humbly thank your Ladyship.

⟨Desdemona and Emilia⟩ exit.

Enter Bianca.

BIANCA

FTLN 2339 'Save you, friend Cassio! 190

FTLN 2340 CASSIO What make you from

FTLN 2341 home?

FTLN 2342 How is 't with you, my most fair Bianca?

FTLN 2343 ⟨I' faith,⟩ sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIANCA

FTLN 2344 And I was going to your lodging, Cassio. 195

FTLN 2345 What, keep a week away? Seven days and nights,

FTLN 2346 Eightscore eight hours, and lovers' absent hours

FTLN 2347 More tedious than the dial eightscore times?

FTLN 2348 O weary reck'ning!

FTLN 2349 CASSIO Pardon me, Bianca. 200

FTLN 2350 I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed,

FTLN 2351 But I shall in a more continue time

FTLN 2352 Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

「Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.」

FTLN 2353 Take me this work out.

FTLN 2354 BIANCA O, Cassio, whence came this? 205

FTLN 2355 This is some token from a newer friend.

FTLN 2356 To the felt absence now I feel a cause.

FTLN 2357 Is 't come to this? Well, well.

FTLN 2358 CASSIO Go to, woman!

FTLN 2359 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth, 210

FTLN 2360 From whence you have them. You are jealous now

FTLN 2361 That this is from some mistress, some

FTLN 2362 remembrance.

FTLN 2363 No, ⟨by my faith,⟩ Bianca.

FTLN 2364	BIANCA	Why, whose is it?	215
	CASSIO		
FTLN 2365		I know not neither. I found it in my chamber.	
FTLN 2366		I like the work well. Ere it be demanded,	
FTLN 2367		As like enough it will, I would have it copied.	
FTLN 2368		Take it, and do 't, and leave me for this time.	
FTLN 2369	BIANCA	Leave you? Wherefore?	220
	CASSIO		
FTLN 2370		I do attend here on the General,	
FTLN 2371		And think it no addition, nor my wish,	
FTLN 2372		To have him see me womaned.	
FTLN 2373	【BIANCA	Why, I pray you?	
FTLN 2374	CASSIO	Not that I love you not.】	225
FTLN 2375	BIANCA	But that you do not love me!	
FTLN 2376		I pray you bring me on the way a little,	
FTLN 2377		And say if I shall see you soon at night.	
	CASSIO		
FTLN 2378		'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,	
FTLN 2379		For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.	230
	BIANCA		
FTLN 2380		'Tis very good. I must be circumstanced.	

⟨*They exit.*⟩

ACT 4

Scene 1 *Enter Othello and Iago.*

FTLN 2381 IAGO Will you think so?
FTLN 2382 OTHELLO Think so, Iago?
FTLN 2383 IAGO What, to kiss in private?
FTLN 2384 OTHELLO An unauthorized kiss!
IAGO
FTLN 2385 Or to be naked with her friend in bed 5
FTLN 2386 An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
OTHELLO
FTLN 2387 Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
FTLN 2388 It is hypocrisy against the devil!
FTLN 2389 They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
FTLN 2390 The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt 10
FTLN 2391 heaven.
IAGO
FTLN 2392 If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip.
FTLN 2393 But if I give my wife a handkerchief—
FTLN 2394 OTHELLO What then?
IAGO
FTLN 2395 Why then, 'tis hers, my lord, and being hers, 15
FTLN 2396 She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
OTHELLO
FTLN 2397 She is protectress of her honor, too.
FTLN 2398 May she give that?

IAGO

FTLN 2399 Her honor is an essence that's not seen;
 FTLN 2400 They have it very oft that have it not. 20
 FTLN 2401 But for the handkerchief—

OTHELLO

FTLN 2402 By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
 FTLN 2403 Thou saidst—O, it comes o'er my memory
 FTLN 2404 As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
 FTLN 2405 Boding to all—he had my handkerchief. 25

FTLN 2406 IAGO Ay, what of that?

FTLN 2407 OTHELLO That's not so good now.

IAGO

FTLN 2408 What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
 FTLN 2409 Or heard him say (as knaves be such abroad,
 FTLN 2410 Who having, by their own importunate suit 30
 FTLN 2411 Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 FTLN 2412 Convincèd or supplied them, cannot choose
 FTLN 2413 But they must blab)—

FTLN 2414 OTHELLO Hath he said anything?

IAGO

FTLN 2415 He hath, my lord, but be you well assured, 35
 FTLN 2416 No more than he'll unswear.

FTLN 2417 OTHELLO What hath he said?

IAGO

FTLN 2418 〈Faith,〉 that he did—I know not what he did.

FTLN 2419 OTHELLO What? What?

IAGO

FTLN 2420 Lie— 40

FTLN 2421 OTHELLO With her?

FTLN 2422 IAGO With her—on her—what you will.

FTLN 2423 OTHELLO Lie with her? Lie on her? We say “lie on her”
 FTLN 2424 when they belie her. Lie with her—〈Zounds,〉 that's
 FTLN 2425 fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief. 45

FTLN 2426 [To confess and be hanged for his labor.

FTLN 2427 First to be hanged and then to confess—I tremble

FTLN 2428 at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing

FTLN 2429 passion without some instruction. It is not

FTLN 2430 words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and 50
 FTLN 2431 lips—is 't possible? Confess—handkerchief—O,
 FTLN 2432 devil!]

⟨He⟩ falls in a trance.

FTLN 2433 IAGO Work on,
 FTLN 2434 My medicine, ⟨work!⟩ Thus credulous fools are
 FTLN 2435 caught, 55
 FTLN 2436 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
 FTLN 2437 All guiltless, meet reproach.—What ho! My lord!
 FTLN 2438 My lord, I say. Othello!

Enter Cassio.

FTLN 2439 How now, Cassio?
 FTLN 2440 CASSIO What's the matter? 60

IAGO
 FTLN 2441 My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy.
 FTLN 2442 This is his second fit. He had one yesterday.

CASSIO
 FTLN 2443 Rub him about the temples.
 FTLN 2444 IAGO *⟨No, forbear.⟩*

FTLN 2445 The lethargy must have his quiet course. 65
 FTLN 2446 If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
 FTLN 2447 Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.

FTLN 2448 Do you withdraw yourself a little while.
 FTLN 2449 He will recover straight. When he is gone,
 FTLN 2450 I would on great occasion speak with you. 70

⟨Cassio exits.⟩

FTLN 2451 How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head?
 OTHELLO

FTLN 2452 Dost thou mock me?
 FTLN 2453 IAGO I mock you not, by heaven!
 FTLN 2454 Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

OTHELLO
 FTLN 2455 A hornèd man's a monster and a beast. 75
 IAGO

FTLN 2456 There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
 FTLN 2457 And many a civil monster.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2458 Did he confess it?

FTLN 2459 IAGO Good sir, be a man!

FTLN 2460 Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked 80

FTLN 2461 May draw with you. There's millions now alive

FTLN 2462 That nightly lie in those unproper beds

FTLN 2463 Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.

FTLN 2464 O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

FTLN 2465 To lip a wanton in a secure couch 85

FTLN 2466 And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know,

FTLN 2467 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

FTLN 2468 OTHELLO O, thou art wise, 'tis certain.

FTLN 2469 IAGO Stand you awhile apart.

FTLN 2470 Confine yourself but in a patient list. 90

FTLN 2471 Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmèd with your grief—

FTLN 2472 A passion most *unsuited* such a man—

FTLN 2473 Cassio came hither. I shifted him away

FTLN 2474 And laid good 'scuses upon your ecstasy,

FTLN 2475 Bade him anon return and here speak with me, 95

FTLN 2476 The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,

FTLN 2477 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns

FTLN 2478 That dwell in every region of his face.

FTLN 2479 For I will make him tell the tale anew—

FTLN 2480 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when 100

FTLN 2481 He hath and is again to cope your wife.

FTLN 2482 I say but mark his gesture. Marry, patience,

FTLN 2483 Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,

FTLN 2484 And nothing of a man.

FTLN 2485 OTHELLO Dost thou hear, Iago, 105

FTLN 2486 I will be found most cunning in my patience,

FTLN 2487 But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

FTLN 2488 IAGO That's not amiss.

FTLN 2489 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

Othello withdraws.

FTLN 2490 Now will I question Cassio of Bianca, 110

FTLN 2491 A huswife that by selling her desires

FTLN 2492 Buys herself bread and *clothes*. It is a creature

FTLN 2493 That dotes on Cassio—as 'tis the strumpet's plague
 FTLN 2494 To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
 FTLN 2495 He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain 115
 FTLN 2496 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio.

FTLN 2497 As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad,
 FTLN 2498 And his unbookish jealousy must ⟨construe⟩
 FTLN 2499 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviors
 FTLN 2500 Quite in the wrong.—How do you, lieutenant? 120

CASSIO

FTLN 2501 The worser that you give me the addition
 FTLN 2502 Whose want even kills me.

IAGO

FTLN 2503 Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
 FTLN 2504 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's ⟨power,⟩
 FTLN 2505 How quickly should you speed! 125

FTLN 2506 CASSIO, *laughing* Alas, poor caitiff!

FTLN 2507 OTHELLO Look how he laughs already!

FTLN 2508 IAGO I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO

FTLN 2509 Alas, poor rogue, I think ⟨i' faith⟩ she loves me.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2510 Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out. 130

IAGO

FTLN 2511 Do you hear, Cassio?

FTLN 2512 OTHELLO Now he importunes him

FTLN 2513 To tell it o'er. Go to, well said, well said.

IAGO

FTLN 2514 She gives it out that you shall marry her.

FTLN 2515 Do you intend it? 135

FTLN 2516 CASSIO Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO

FTLN 2517 Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

FTLN 2518 CASSIO I marry ⟨her?⟩ What, a customer? Prithee bear

FTLN 2519 some charity to my wit! Do not think it so unwholesome.

FTLN 2520 Ha, ha, ha! 140

FTLN 2521 OTHELLO So, so, so, so. They laugh that wins.
 IAGO

FTLN 2522 ⟨Faith,⟩ the cry goes that you marry her.

FTLN 2523 CASSIO Prithee say true!

FTLN 2524 IAGO I am a very villain else.

FTLN 2525 OTHELLO Have you scored me? Well. 145

FTLN 2526 CASSIO This is the monkey's own giving out. She is
 FTLN 2527 persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and
 FTLN 2528 flattery, not out of my promise.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2529 Iago ⟨beckons⟩ me. Now he begins the story.

FTLN 2530 CASSIO She was here even now. She haunts me in 150
 FTLN 2531 every place. I was the other day talking on the
 FTLN 2532 sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes
 FTLN 2533 the bauble. ⟨By this hand, she falls⟩ thus about my
 FTLN 2534 neck!

FTLN 2535 OTHELLO Crying, "O dear Cassio," as it were; his 155
 FTLN 2536 gesture imports it.

FTLN 2537 CASSIO So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me, so
 FTLN 2538 shakes and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!

FTLN 2539 OTHELLO Now he tells how she plucked him to my
 FTLN 2540 chamber.—O, I see that nose of yours, but not that 160
 FTLN 2541 dog I shall throw it to.

FTLN 2542 CASSIO Well, I must leave her company.

FTLN 2543 IAGO Before me, look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

FTLN 2544 CASSIO 'Tis such another fitchew—marry, a perfumed
 FTLN 2545 one!—What do you mean by this haunting 165
 FTLN 2546 of me?

FTLN 2547 BIANCA Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did
 FTLN 2548 you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me
 FTLN 2549 even now? I was a fine fool to take it! I must take
 FTLN 2550 out the work? A likely piece of work, that you 170
 FTLN 2551 should find it in your chamber and know not who

FTLN 2552	left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must	
FTLN 2553	take out the work! There, give it your hobbyhorse.	
FTLN 2554	Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't.	
	CASSIO	
FTLN 2555	How now, my sweet Bianca? How now? How now?	175
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 2556	By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!	
FTLN 2557	BIANCA If you'll come to supper tonight you may. If	
FTLN 2558	you will not, come when you are next prepared	
FTLN 2559	for. <i>She exits.</i>	
FTLN 2560	IAGO After her, after her!	180
FTLN 2561	CASSIO <i>«Faith,»</i> I must. She'll rail in the streets else.	
FTLN 2562	IAGO Will you sup there?	
FTLN 2563	CASSIO <i>«Faith,»</i> I intend so.	
FTLN 2564	IAGO Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very	
FTLN 2565	fain speak with you.	185
FTLN 2566	CASSIO Prithee come. Will you?	
FTLN 2567	IAGO Go to; say no more. <i>«Cassio exits.»</i>	
FTLN 2568	OTHELLO, <i>「coming forward」</i> How shall I murder him,	
FTLN 2569	Iago?	
FTLN 2570	IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?	190
FTLN 2571	OTHELLO O Iago!	
FTLN 2572	IAGO And did you see the handkerchief?	
FTLN 2573	OTHELLO Was that mine?	
FTLN 2574	[IAGO Yours, by this hand! And to see how he prizes	
FTLN 2575	the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and	195
FTLN 2576	he hath giv'n it his whore.]	
FTLN 2577	OTHELLO I would have him nine years a-killing! A fine	
FTLN 2578	woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman!	
FTLN 2579	IAGO Nay, you must forget that.	
FTLN 2580	OTHELLO Ay, let her rot and perish and be damned	200
FTLN 2581	tonight, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned	
FTLN 2582	to stone. I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the	
FTLN 2583	world hath not a sweeter creature! She might lie by	
FTLN 2584	an emperor's side and command him tasks.	

FTLN 2585	IAGO	Nay, that's not your way.	205
FTLN 2586	OTHELLO	Hang her, I do but say what she is! So	
FTLN 2587		delicate with her needle, an admirable musician—	
FTLN 2588		O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!	
FTLN 2589		Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!	
FTLN 2590	IAGO	She's the worse for all this.	210
FTLN 2591	OTHELLO	O, a thousand, a thousand times!—And then	
FTLN 2592		of so gentle a condition!	
FTLN 2593	IAGO	Ay, too gentle.	
FTLN 2594	OTHELLO	Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it,	
FTLN 2595		Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!	215
FTLN 2596	IAGO	If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her	
FTLN 2597		patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes	
FTLN 2598		near nobody.	
FTLN 2599	OTHELLO	I will chop her into messes! Cuckold me?	
FTLN 2600	IAGO	O, 'tis foul in her.	220
FTLN 2601	OTHELLO	With mine officer!	
FTLN 2602	IAGO	That's fouler.	
FTLN 2603	OTHELLO	Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I'll not	
FTLN 2604		expostulate with her lest her body and beauty	
FTLN 2605		unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.	225
FTLN 2606	IAGO	Do it not with poison. Strangle her in her bed,	
FTLN 2607		even the bed she hath contaminated.	
FTLN 2608	OTHELLO	Good, good. The justice of it pleases. Very	
FTLN 2609		good.	
FTLN 2610	IAGO	And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You	230
FTLN 2611		shall hear more by midnight.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2612		Excellent good. <i>⟨A trumpet sounds.⟩</i>	
FTLN 2613		What trumpet is that same?	
FTLN 2614	IAGO	I warrant something from Venice.	
		<i>Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.</i>	
FTLN 2615		'Tis Lodovico. This comes from the Duke.	235
FTLN 2616		See, your wife's with him.	
FTLN 2617	LODOVICO	⟨God⟩ save you, worthy general.	

FTLN 2618	OTHELLO	With all my heart, sir.	
	LODOVICO		
FTLN 2619		The Duke and the Senators of Venice greet you.	
		<i>「He hands Othello a paper.」</i>	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2620		I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.	240
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2621		And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?	
	IAGO		
FTLN 2622		I am very glad to see you, signior.	
FTLN 2623		Welcome to Cyprus.	
	LODOVICO		
FTLN 2624		I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?	
FTLN 2625	IAGO	Lives, sir.	245
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2626		Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord	
FTLN 2627		An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.	
FTLN 2628	OTHELLO	Are you sure of that?	
FTLN 2629	DESDEMONA	My lord?	
FTLN 2630	OTHELLO, <i>「reading」</i>	“This fail you not to do, as you	250
FTLN 2631		will”—	
	LODOVICO		
FTLN 2632		He did not call; he's busy in the paper.	
FTLN 2633		Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2634		A most unhappy one. I would do much	
FTLN 2635		T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.	255
FTLN 2636	OTHELLO	Fire and brimstone!	
FTLN 2637	DESDEMONA	My lord?	
FTLN 2638	OTHELLO	Are you wise?	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2639		What, is he angry?	
FTLN 2640	LODOVICO	May be the letter moved him.	260
FTLN 2641		For, as I think, they do command him home,	
FTLN 2642		Deputing Cassio in his government.	
FTLN 2643	DESDEMONA	〈By my troth,〉 I am glad on 't.	

FTLN 2644 OTHELLO Indeed?

FTLN 2645 DESDEMONA My lord? 265

FTLN 2646 OTHELLO I am glad to see you mad.

FTLN 2647 DESDEMONA Why, sweet Othello!

FTLN 2648 OTHELLO, 「*striking her*」 Devil!

FTLN 2649 DESDEMONA I have not deserved this.

LODOVICO

FTLN 2650 My lord, this would not be believed in Venice, 270

FTLN 2651 Though I should swear I saw 't. 'Tis very much.

FTLN 2652 Make her amends. She weeps.

FTLN 2653 OTHELLO O, devil, devil!

FTLN 2654 If that the Earth could teem with woman's tears,

FTLN 2655 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. 275

FTLN 2656 Out of my sight!

FTLN 2657 DESDEMONA I will not stay to offend you.

「*She begins to leave.*」

FTLN 2658 LODOVICO Truly *an* obedient lady.

FTLN 2659 I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

FTLN 2660 OTHELLO Mistress. 280

FTLN 2661 DESDEMONA, 「*turning back*」 My lord?

FTLN 2662 OTHELLO What would you with her, sir?

FTLN 2663 LODOVICO Who, I, my lord?

OTHELLO

FTLN 2664 Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn.

FTLN 2665 Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, 285

FTLN 2666 And turn again. And she can weep, sir, weep.

FTLN 2667 And she's obedient, as you say, obedient.

FTLN 2668 Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—

FTLN 2669 Concerning this, sir—O, well-painted passion!—

FTLN 2670 I am commanded home.—Get you away. 290

FTLN 2671 I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate

FTLN 2672 And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!

「*Desdemona exits.*」

FTLN 2673 Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight

FTLN 2674 I do entreat that we may sup together.

FTLN 2675	You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and	295
FTLN 2676	monkeys!	<i>He exits.</i>
	LODOVICO	
FTLN 2677	Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate	
FTLN 2678	Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature	
FTLN 2679	Whom passion could not shake, whose solid virtue	
FTLN 2680	The shot of accident nor dart of chance	300
FTLN 2681	Could neither graze nor pierce?	
FTLN 2682	IAGO	He is much
FTLN 2683	changed.	
	LODOVICO	
FTLN 2684	Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?	
	IAGO	
FTLN 2685	He's that he is. I may not breathe my censure	305
FTLN 2686	What he might be. If what he might he is not,	
FTLN 2687	I would to heaven he were.	
FTLN 2688	LODOVICO	What? Strike his wife?
	IAGO	
FTLN 2689	'Faith, that was not so well. Yet would I knew	
FTLN 2690	That stroke would prove the worst.	310
FTLN 2691	LODOVICO	Is it his use?
FTLN 2692	Or did the letters work upon his blood	
FTLN 2693	And new-create <i>⟨this⟩</i> fault?	
FTLN 2694	IAGO	Alas, alas!
FTLN 2695	It is not honesty in me to speak	315
FTLN 2696	What I have seen and known. You shall observe	
FTLN 2697	him,	
FTLN 2698	And his own courses will denote him so	
FTLN 2699	That I may save my speech. Do but go after	
FTLN 2700	And mark how he continues.	320
	LODOVICO	
FTLN 2701	I am sorry that I am deceived in him.	
		<i>They exit.</i>

Scene 2

Enter Othello and Emilia.

FTLN 2702	OTHELLO	You have seen nothing then?	
	EMILIA		
FTLN 2703		Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2704		Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.	
	EMILIA		
FTLN 2705		But then I saw no harm, and then I heard	
FTLN 2706		Each syllable that breath made up between them.	5
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2707		What, did they never whisper?	
FTLN 2708	EMILIA	Never, my lord.	
FTLN 2709	OTHELLO	Nor send you out o' th' way?	
FTLN 2710	EMILIA	Never.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2711		To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?	10
FTLN 2712	EMILIA	Never, my lord.	
FTLN 2713	OTHELLO	That's strange.	
	EMILIA		
FTLN 2714		I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,	
FTLN 2715		Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,	
FTLN 2716		Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosom.	15
FTLN 2717		If any wretch have put this in your head,	
FTLN 2718		Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,	
FTLN 2719		For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,	
FTLN 2720		There's no man happy. The purest of their wives	
FTLN 2721		Is foul as slander.	20
FTLN 2722	OTHELLO	Bid her come hither. Go.	
		<i>Emilia exits.</i>	
FTLN 2723		She says enough. Yet she's a simple bawd	
FTLN 2724		That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,	
FTLN 2725		A closet lock and key of villainous secrets.	
FTLN 2726		And yet she'll kneel and pray. I have seen her do 't.	25

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

FTLN 2727	DESDEMONA	My lord, what is your will?	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2728		Pray you, chuck, come hither.	
FTLN 2729	DESDEMONA	What is your	
FTLN 2730		pleasure?	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2731		Let me see your eyes. Look in my face.	30
FTLN 2732	DESDEMONA	What horrible fancy's this?	
FTLN 2733	OTHELLO, 「to Emilia」	Some of your function,	
FTLN 2734		mistress.	
FTLN 2735		Leave procreants alone, and shut the door.	
FTLN 2736		Cough, or cry "hem," if anybody come.	35
FTLN 2737		Your mystery, your mystery! 〈Nay,〉 dispatch.	
		<i>Emilia exits.</i>	
	DESDEMONA, 「kneeling」		
FTLN 2738		Upon my 〈knees,〉 what doth your speech import?	
FTLN 2739		I understand a fury in your words,	
FTLN 2740		〈But not the words.〉	
FTLN 2741	OTHELLO	Why? What art thou?	40
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2742		Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.	
FTLN 2743	OTHELLO	Come, swear it. Damn thyself,	
FTLN 2744		Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves	
FTLN 2745		Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double	
FTLN 2746		damned.	45
FTLN 2747		Swear thou art honest.	
FTLN 2748	DESDEMONA	Heaven doth truly know it.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2749		Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.	
	DESDEMONA, 「standing」		
FTLN 2750		To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 2751		Ah, Desdemon, away, away, away!	50
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2752		Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?	

FTLN 2753	Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?	
FTLN 2754	If haply you my father do suspect	
FTLN 2755	An instrument of this your calling back,	
FTLN 2756	Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,	55
FTLN 2757	I have lost him too.	
FTLN 2758	OTHELLO	Had it pleased heaven
FTLN 2759	To try me with affliction, had they rained	
FTLN 2760	All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,	
FTLN 2761	Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,	60
FTLN 2762	Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,	
FTLN 2763	I should have found in some place of my soul	
FTLN 2764	A drop of patience. But alas, to make me	
FTLN 2765	⟨A⟩ fixèd figure for the time of scorn	
FTLN 2766	To point his slow ⟨unmoving⟩ finger at—	65
FTLN 2767	Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.	
FTLN 2768	But there where I have garnered up my heart,	
FTLN 2769	Where either I must live or bear no life,	
FTLN 2770	The fountain from the which my current runs	
FTLN 2771	Or else dries up—to be discarded thence,	70
FTLN 2772	Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads	
FTLN 2773	To knot and gender in—turn thy complexion there,	
FTLN 2774	Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,	
FTLN 2775	Ay, 'there' look grim as hell.	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 2776	I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.	75
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 2777	O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,	
FTLN 2778	That quicken even with blowing! O thou weed,	
FTLN 2779	Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet	
FTLN 2780	That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst	
FTLN 2781	⟨ne'er⟩ been born!	80
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 2782	Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 2783	Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,	
FTLN 2784	Made to write "whore" upon? What committed?	
FTLN 2785	[Committed? O thou public commoner,	

FTLN 2786	I should make very forges of my cheeks	85
FTLN 2787	That would to cinders burn up modesty,	
FTLN 2788	Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?]	
FTLN 2789	Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;	
FTLN 2790	The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets	
FTLN 2791	Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth	90
FTLN 2792	And will not hear 't. What committed?	
FTLN 2793	⟨Impudent strumpet!⟩	
FTLN 2794	DESDEMONA By heaven, you do me wrong!	
FTLN 2795	OTHELLO Are not you a strumpet?	
FTLN 2796	DESDEMONA No, as I am a Christian!	95
FTLN 2797	If to preserve this vessel for my lord	
FTLN 2798	From any other foul unlawful touch	
FTLN 2799	Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.	
FTLN 2800	OTHELLO What, not a whore?	
FTLN 2801	DESDEMONA No, as I shall be saved.	100
FTLN 2802	OTHELLO Is 't possible?	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 2803	O, heaven forgive us!	
FTLN 2804	OTHELLO I cry you mercy, then.	
FTLN 2805	I took you for that cunning whore of Venice	
FTLN 2806	That married with Othello.—You, mistress,	105

Enter Emilia.

FTLN 2807	That have the office opposite to Saint Peter	
FTLN 2808	And keeps the gate of hell—you, you, ay, you!	
FTLN 2809	We have done our course. There's money for your	
FTLN 2810	pains. <i>「He gives her money.」</i>	
FTLN 2811	I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel.	110
	<i>He exits.</i>	

EMILIA

FTLN 2812	Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
FTLN 2813	How do you, madam? How do you, my good lady?
FTLN 2814	DESDEMONA Faith, half asleep.
	EMILIA
FTLN 2815	Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

FTLN 2816	DESDEMONA	With who?	115
FTLN 2817	EMILIA	Why, with my lord, madam.	
FTLN 2818	[DESDEMONA	Who is thy lord?	
FTLN 2819	EMILIA	He that is yours, sweet lady.]	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2820		I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia.	
FTLN 2821		I cannot weep, nor answers have I none	120
FTLN 2822		But what should go by water. Prithee, tonight	
FTLN 2823		Lay on my bed my wedding sheets. Remember.	
FTLN 2824		And call thy husband hither.	
FTLN 2825	EMILIA	Here's a change indeed.	<i>She exits.</i>
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2826		'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.	125
FTLN 2827		How have I been behaved that he might stick	
FTLN 2828		The small'st opinion on my least misuse?	
		<i>Enter Iago and Emilia.</i>	
	IAGO		
FTLN 2829		What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2830		I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes	
FTLN 2831		Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.	130
FTLN 2832		He might have chid me so, for, in good faith,	
FTLN 2833		I am a child to chiding.	
FTLN 2834	IAGO	What is the matter, lady?	
	EMILIA		
FTLN 2835		Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,	
FTLN 2836		Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her	135
FTLN 2837		⟨As⟩ true hearts cannot bear.	
FTLN 2838	DESDEMONA	Am I that name, Iago?	
FTLN 2839	IAGO	What name, fair	
FTLN 2840		lady?	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2841		Such as she said my lord did say I was.	140
	EMILIA		
FTLN 2842		He called her "whore." A beggar in his drink	
FTLN 2843		Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.	

FTLN 2844	IAGO	Why did he so?	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2845		I do not know. I am sure I am none such.	
	IAGO		
FTLN 2846		Do not weep, do not weep! Alas the day!	145
	EMILIA		
FTLN 2847		Hath she forsook so many noble matches,	
FTLN 2848		Her father and her country and her friends,	
FTLN 2849		To be called “whore”? Would it not make one	
FTLN 2850		weep?	
FTLN 2851	DESDEMONA	It is my wretched fortune.	150
	IAGO		
FTLN 2852		Beshrew him for ’t! How comes this trick upon him?	
FTLN 2853	DESDEMONA	Nay, heaven doth know.	
	EMILIA		
FTLN 2854		I will be hanged if some eternal villain,	
FTLN 2855		Some busy and insinuating rogue,	
FTLN 2856		Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,	155
FTLN 2857		Have not devised this slander. I will be hanged else.	
	IAGO		
FTLN 2858		Fie, there is no such man. It is impossible.	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 2859		If any such there be, heaven pardon him.	
	EMILIA		
FTLN 2860		A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!	
FTLN 2861		Why should he call her “whore”? Who keeps her	160
FTLN 2862		company?	
FTLN 2863		What place? What time? What form? What	
FTLN 2864		likelihood?	
FTLN 2865		The Moor’s abused by some most villainous knave,	
FTLN 2866		Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.	165
FTLN 2867		O <i>heaven,</i> that such companions thou ’dst unfold,	
FTLN 2868		And put in every honest hand a whip	
FTLN 2869		To lash the rascals naked through the world,	
FTLN 2870		Even from the east to th’ west!	
FTLN 2871	IAGO	Speak within door.	170

EMILIA

FTLN 2872 O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
 FTLN 2873 That turned your wit the seamy side without
 FTLN 2874 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO

FTLN 2875 You are a fool. Go to!

FTLN 2876 DESDEMONA Alas, Iago, 175

FTLN 2877 What shall I do to win my lord again?
 FTLN 2878 Good friend, go to him. For by this light of heaven,
 FTLN 2879 I know not how I lost him. *['She kneels.']* [Here I
 FTLN 2880 kneel.

FTLN 2881 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love, 180

FTLN 2882 Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

FTLN 2883 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense

FTLN 2884 Delighted them *['in']* any other form,

FTLN 2885 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

FTLN 2886 And ever will—though he do shake me off 185

FTLN 2887 To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,

FTLN 2888 Comfort forswear me! *['She stands.']* Unkindness may
 FTLN 2889 do much,

FTLN 2890 And his unkindness may defeat my life,

FTLN 2891 But never taint my love. I cannot say “whore”— 190

FTLN 2892 It does abhor me now I speak the word.

FTLN 2893 To do the act that might the addition earn,

FTLN 2894 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.]

IAGO

FTLN 2895 I pray you be content. 'Tis but his humor.

FTLN 2896 The business of the state does him offense, 195

FTLN 2897 *⟨And he does chide with you.⟩*

DESDEMONA

FTLN 2898 If 'twere no other—

FTLN 2899 IAGO It is but so, I warrant.

['Trumpets sound.']

FTLN 2900 Hark how these instruments summon to supper.

FTLN 2901 The messengers of Venice stays the meat. 200

FTLN 2902 Go in and weep not. All things shall be well.

Desdemona and Emilia exit.

Enter Roderigo.

FTLN 2903	How now, Roderigo?	
FTLN 2904	RODERIGO I do not find	
FTLN 2905	That thou deal'st justly with me.	
FTLN 2906	IAGO What in the contrary?	205
FTLN 2907	RODERIGO Every day thou daff'st me with some device,	
FTLN 2908	Iago, and rather, as it seems to me now,	
FTLN 2909	keep'st from me all conveniency than suppliest me	
FTLN 2910	with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no	
FTLN 2911	longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up	210
FTLN 2912	in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.	
FTLN 2913	IAGO Will you hear me, Roderigo?	
FTLN 2914	RODERIGO <i>«Faith,»</i> I have heard too much, and your	
FTLN 2915	words and performances are no kin together.	
FTLN 2916	IAGO You charge me most unjustly.	215
FTLN 2917	RODERIGO With naught but truth. I have wasted myself	
FTLN 2918	out of my means. The jewels you have had	
FTLN 2919	from me to deliver <i>«to»</i> Desdemona would half have	
FTLN 2920	corrupted a votaress. You have told me she hath	
FTLN 2921	received them, and returned me expectations and	220
FTLN 2922	comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I	
FTLN 2923	find none.	
FTLN 2924	IAGO Well, go to! Very well.	
FTLN 2925	RODERIGO "Very well." "Go to!" I cannot go to, man,	
FTLN 2926	nor 'tis not very well! <i>«By this hand, I say 'tis very»</i>	225
FTLN 2927	scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.	
FTLN 2928	IAGO Very well.	
FTLN 2929	RODERIGO I tell you 'tis not very well! I will make	
FTLN 2930	myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me	
FTLN 2931	my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my	230
FTLN 2932	unlawful solicitation. If not, assure yourself I will	
FTLN 2933	seek satisfaction of you.	
FTLN 2934	IAGO You have said now.	
FTLN 2935	RODERIGO Ay, and said nothing but what I protest	
FTLN 2936	intendment of doing.	235

FTLN 2937	IAGO	Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even	
FTLN 2938		from this instant do build on thee a better opinion	
FTLN 2939		than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo.	
FTLN 2940		Thou hast taken against me a most just exception,	
FTLN 2941		but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy	240
FTLN 2942		affair.	
FTLN 2943	RODERIGO	It hath not appeared.	
FTLN 2944	IAGO	I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your	
FTLN 2945		suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But,	
FTLN 2946		Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed which I	245
FTLN 2947		have greater reason to believe now than ever—I	
FTLN 2948		mean purpose, courage, and valor—this night show	
FTLN 2949		it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona,	
FTLN 2950		take me from this world with treachery and	
FTLN 2951		devise engines for my life.	250
FTLN 2952	RODERIGO	Well, what is it? Is it within reason and	
FTLN 2953		compass?	
FTLN 2954	IAGO	Sir, there is especial commission come from	
FTLN 2955		Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.	
FTLN 2956	RODERIGO	Is that true? Why, then, Othello and Desdemona	255
FTLN 2957		return again to Venice.	
FTLN 2958	IAGO	O, no. He goes into Mauritania and <i>⟨takes⟩</i> away	
FTLN 2959		with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be	
FTLN 2960		lingered here by some accident—wherein none	
FTLN 2961		can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.	260
FTLN 2962	RODERIGO	How do you mean, removing him?	
FTLN 2963	IAGO	Why, by making him incapable of Othello's	
FTLN 2964		place: knocking out his brains.	
FTLN 2965	RODERIGO	And that you would have me to do?	
FTLN 2966	IAGO	Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He	265
FTLN 2967		supps tonight with a harlotry, and thither will I go to	
FTLN 2968		him. He knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If	
FTLN 2969		you will watch his going thence (which I will	
FTLN 2970		fashion to fall out between twelve and one), you may	
FTLN 2971		take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second	270
FTLN 2972		your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come,	

FTLN 2973 stand not amazed at it, but go along with me. I will
 FTLN 2974 show you such a necessity in his death that you shall
 FTLN 2975 think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high
 FTLN 2976 supper time, and the night grows to waste. About it! 275
 FTLN 2977 RODERIGO I will hear further reason for this.
 FTLN 2978 IAGO And you shall be satisfied.

They exit.

Scene 3

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

LODOVICO
 FTLN 2979 I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 2980 O, pardon me, 'twill do me good to walk.
 LODOVICO
 FTLN 2981 Madam, good night. I humbly thank your Ladyship.
 FTLN 2982 DESDEMONA Your Honor is most welcome.
 OTHELLO
 FTLN 2983 Will you walk, sir?—O, Desdemona— 5
 FTLN 2984 DESDEMONA My lord?
 FTLN 2985 OTHELLO Get you to bed on th' instant. I will be
 FTLN 2986 returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there.
 FTLN 2987 Look 't be done.
 FTLN 2988 DESDEMONA I will, my lord. 10
['All but Desdemona and Emilia'] exit.
 EMILIA
 FTLN 2989 How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 2990 He says he will return incontinent,
 FTLN 2991 And hath commanded me to go to bed,
 FTLN 2992 And *⟨bade⟩* me to dismiss you.
 FTLN 2993 EMILIA Dismiss me? 15
 DESDEMONA
 FTLN 2994 It was his bidding. Therefore, good Emilia,

FTLN 2995	Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.	
FTLN 2996	We must not now displease him.	
FTLN 2997	EMILIA I would you had never seen him.	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 2998	So would not I. My love doth so approve him	20
FTLN 2999	That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns—	
FTLN 3000	Prithee, unpin me—have grace and favor ⟨in them.⟩	
	EMILIA	
FTLN 3001	I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 3002	All's one. Good ⟨faith,⟩ how foolish are our minds!	
FTLN 3003	If I do die before ⟨thee,⟩ prithee, shroud me	25
FTLN 3004	In one of ⟨those⟩ same sheets.	
FTLN 3005	EMILIA Come, come, you talk!	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 3006	My mother had a maid called Barbary.	
FTLN 3007	She was in love, and he she loved proved mad	
FTLN 3008	And did forsake her. She had a song of willow,	30
FTLN 3009	An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,	
FTLN 3010	And she died singing it. That song tonight	
FTLN 3011	Will not go from my mind. [I have much to do	
FTLN 3012	But to go hang my head all at one side	
FTLN 3013	And sing it like poor Barbary. Prithee, dispatch.	35
FTLN 3014	EMILIA Shall I go fetch your nightgown?	
FTLN 3015	DESDEMONA No, unpin me here.	
FTLN 3016	This Lodovico is a proper man.	
FTLN 3017	EMILIA A very handsome man.	
FTLN 3018	DESDEMONA He speaks well.	40
FTLN 3019	EMILIA I know a lady in Venice would have walked	
FTLN 3020	barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.	
	DESDEMONA, [singing]	
FTLN 3021	<i>The poor soul sat [sighing] by a sycamore tree,</i>	
FTLN 3022	<i>Sing all a green willow.</i>	
FTLN 3023	<i>Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,</i>	45
FTLN 3024	<i>Sing willow, willow, willow.</i>	

FTLN 3025	<i>The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her</i>	
FTLN 3026	<i>moans,</i>	
FTLN 3027	<i>Sing willow, willow, willow;</i>	
FTLN 3028	<i>Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the</i>	50
FTLN 3029	<i>stones—</i>	
FTLN 3030	Lay by these.	
FTLN 3031	<i>Sing willow, willow, willow.</i>	
FTLN 3032	Prithee hie thee! He'll come anon.	
FTLN 3033	<i>Sing all a green willow must be my garland.</i>	55
FTLN 3034	<i>Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.</i>	
FTLN 3035	Nay, that's not next.] Hark, who is 't that knocks?	
FTLN 3036	EMILIA It's the wind.	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 3037	[<i>I called my love false love, but what said he then?</i>	
FTLN 3038	<i>Sing willow, willow, willow.</i>	60
FTLN 3039	<i>If I court more women, you'll couch with more</i>	
FTLN 3040	<i>men.]—</i>	
FTLN 3041	So, get thee gone. Good night. Mine eyes do itch;	
FTLN 3042	Doth that bode weeping?	
FTLN 3043	EMILIA 'Tis neither here nor there.	65
	[DESDEMONA	
FTLN 3044	I have heard it said so. O these men, these men!	
FTLN 3045	Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—	
FTLN 3046	That there be women do abuse their husbands	
FTLN 3047	In such gross kind?	
FTLN 3048	EMILIA There be some such, no	70
FTLN 3049	question.]	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 3050	Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?	
	EMILIA	
FTLN 3051	Why, would not you?	
FTLN 3052	DESDEMONA No, by this heavenly light!	
	EMILIA	
FTLN 3053	Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.	75
FTLN 3054	I might do 't as well i' th' dark.	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 3055	Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?	

FTLN 3056	EMILIA	The world's a huge thing. It is a great price	
FTLN 3057		for a small vice.	
FTLN 3058	DESDEMONA	In troth, I think thou wouldst not.	80
FTLN 3059	EMILIA	In troth, I think I should, and undo 't when I	
FTLN 3060		had done <it.> Marry, I would not do such a thing for	
FTLN 3061		a joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for	
FTLN 3062		gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition.	
FTLN 3063		But for the whole world—<'Uds pity!> Who	85
FTLN 3064		would not make her husband a cuckold to make	
FTLN 3065		him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.	
FTLN 3066	DESDEMONA	Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong	
FTLN 3067		for the whole world!	
FTLN 3068	EMILIA	Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world;	90
FTLN 3069		and, having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in	
FTLN 3070		your own world, and you might quickly make it	
FTLN 3071		right.	
FTLN 3072	DESDEMONA	I do not think there is any such woman.	
FTLN 3073	EMILIA	Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage as	95
FTLN 3074		would store the world they played for.	
FTLN 3075		[But I do think it is their husbands' faults	
FTLN 3076		If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,	
FTLN 3077		And pour our treasures into foreign laps;	
FTLN 3078		Or else break out in peevish jealousies,	100
FTLN 3079		Throwing restraint upon us. Or say they strike us,	
FTLN 3080		Or scant our former having in despite.	
FTLN 3081		Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,	
FTLN 3082		Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know	
FTLN 3083		Their wives have sense like them. They see, and	105
FTLN 3084		smell,	
FTLN 3085		And have their palates both for sweet and sour,	
FTLN 3086		As husbands have. What is it that they do	
FTLN 3087		When they change us for others? Is it sport?	
FTLN 3088		I think it is. And doth affection breed it?	110
FTLN 3089		I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?	
FTLN 3090		It is so too. And have not we affections,	
FTLN 3091		Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?	

FTLN 3092

Then let them use us well. Else let them know,

FTLN 3093

The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.】

115

DESDEMONA

FTLN 3094

Good night, good night. 〈God〉 me such uses send,

FTLN 3095

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

IAGO

FTLN 3096 Here, stand behind this ⟨bulk.⟩ Straight will he

FTLN 3097 come.

FTLN 3098 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.

FTLN 3099 Quick, quick! Fear nothing. I'll be at thy elbow.

FTLN 3100 It makes us or it mars us—think on that,

FTLN 3101 And fix most firm thy resolution.

5

RODERIGO

FTLN 3102 Be near at hand. I may miscarry in 't.

IAGO

FTLN 3103 Here, at thy hand. Be bold and take thy stand.

He moves aside.

RODERIGO

FTLN 3104 I have no great devotion to the deed,

FTLN 3105 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.

FTLN 3106 'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword! He dies.

10

He draws his sword.

IAGO, *aside*

FTLN 3107 I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,

FTLN 3108 And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

FTLN 3109 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

FTLN 3110 Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,

FTLN 3111 He calls me to a restitution large

FTLN 3112 Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him

15

FTLN 3113 As gifts to Desdemona.
 FTLN 3114 It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
 FTLN 3115 He hath a daily beauty in his life 20
 FTLN 3116 That makes me ugly. And besides, the Moor
 FTLN 3117 May unfold me to him. There stand I in much peril.
 FTLN 3118 No, he must die. *⟨Be 't⟩* so. I *⟨hear⟩* him coming.

Enter Cassio.

RODERIGO

FTLN 3119 I know his gait. 'Tis he!—Villain, thou diest!
⟨He thrusts at Cassio.⟩

CASSIO

FTLN 3120 That thrust had been mine enemy indeed 25
 FTLN 3121 But that my coat is better than thou know'st.
 FTLN 3122 I will make proof of thine.

⟨He draws, and stabs Roderigo.⟩

FTLN 3123 Roderigo

O, I am slain!

⟨Roderigo falls.⟩

Iago stabs Cassio in the leg, and exits.⟩

CASSIO

FTLN 3124 I am maimed forever! Help, ho! Murder, murder!

Enter Othello.

OTHELLO

FTLN 3125 The voice of Cassio! Iago keeps his word. 30

FTLN 3126 Roderigo O, villain that I am!

FTLN 3127 Othello, *⟨aside⟩* It is even so.

FTLN 3128 Cassio O, help ho! Light! A surgeon!

Othello, *⟨aside⟩*

FTLN 3129 'Tis he! O brave Iago, honest and just,
 FTLN 3130 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong! 35
 FTLN 3131 Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
 FTLN 3132 And your unblest fate hies. Strumpet, I come.
 FTLN 3133 *⟨Forth⟩* of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
 FTLN 3134 blotted.

FTLN 3135 Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be 40
 FTLN 3136 spotted. *Othello exits.*

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

CASSIO

FTLN 3137 What ho! No watch? No passage? Murder, murder!

GRATIANO

FTLN 3138 'Tis some mischance. The voice is very direful.

FTLN 3139 CASSIO O, help!

FTLN 3140 LODOVICO Hark! 45

FTLN 3141 RODERIGO O wretched villain!

LODOVICO

FTLN 3142 Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night.

FTLN 3143 These may be counterfeits. Let's think 't unsafe

FTLN 3144 To come in to the cry without more help.

RODERIGO

FTLN 3145 Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death. 50

Enter Iago (with a light.)

FTLN 3146 LODOVICO Hark!

GRATIANO

FTLN 3147 Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and

FTLN 3148 weapons.

IAGO

FTLN 3149 Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries on

FTLN 3150 murder? 55

LODOVICO

FTLN 3151 We do not know.

FTLN 3152 IAGO (Did) not you hear a cry?

FTLN 3153 CASSIO Here, here! For (heaven's) sake, help me!

FTLN 3154 IAGO What's the matter?

GRATIANO, (to Lodovico)

FTLN 3155 This is Othello's ancient, as I take it. 60

LODOVICO

FTLN 3156 The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

IAGO, (to Cassio)

FTLN 3157 What are you here that cry so grievously?

CASSIO

FTLN 3158 Iago? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains.

FTLN 3159 Give me some help!

IAGO

FTLN 3160 O me, lieutenant! What villains have done this? 65

CASSIO

FTLN 3161 I think that one of them is hereabout

FTLN 3162 And cannot make away.

FTLN 3163 IAGO O treacherous villains!

FTLN 3164 *['To Lodovico and Gratiano.']* What are you there?

FTLN 3165 Come in, and give some help. 70

FTLN 3166 RODERIGO O, help me *[here!]*

CASSIO

FTLN 3167 That's one of them.

FTLN 3168 IAGO, *['to Roderigo']* O murd'rous slave! O villain!*['He stabs Roderigo.']*

RODERIGO

FTLN 3169 O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!

IAGO

FTLN 3170 Kill men i' th' dark?—Where be these bloody 75

FTLN 3171 thieves?

FTLN 3172 How silent is this town! Ho, murder, murder!—

FTLN 3173 What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

LODOVICO

FTLN 3174 As you shall prove us, praise us.

FTLN 3175 IAGO Signior Lodovico? 80

FTLN 3176 LODOVICO He, sir.

IAGO

FTLN 3177 I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

FTLN 3178 GRATIANO Cassio?

IAGO

FTLN 3179 How is 't, brother?

FTLN 3180 CASSIO My leg is cut in two. 85

FTLN 3181 IAGO Marry, heaven forbid!

FTLN 3182 Light, gentlemen. I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

BIANCA

FTLN 3183 What is the matter, ho? Who is 't that cried?

IAGO

FTLN 3184 Who is 't that cried?

FTLN 3185 BIANCA O, my dear Cassio, 90

FTLN 3186 My sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

IAGO

FTLN 3187 O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect

FTLN 3188 Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

FTLN 3189 CASSIO No.

GRATIANO

FTLN 3190 I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you. 95

[IAGO

FTLN 3191 Lend me a garter. So.—O for a chair

FTLN 3192 To bear him easily hence!]

BIANCA

FTLN 3193 Alas, he faints. O, Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

IAGO

FTLN 3194 Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

FTLN 3195 To be a party in this injury.— 100

FTLN 3196 Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

FTLN 3197 Lend me a light. *['Peering at Roderigo.']* Know we this
FTLN 3198 face or no?

FTLN 3199 Alas, my friend and my dear countryman

FTLN 3200 Roderigo? No! Yes, sure. *⟨O heaven,⟩* Roderigo! 105

FTLN 3201 GRATIANO What, of Venice?

FTLN 3202 IAGO Even he, sir. Did you know him?

FTLN 3203 GRATIANO Know him? Ay.

IAGO

FTLN 3204 Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon.

FTLN 3205 These bloody accidents must excuse my manners 110

FTLN 3206 That so neglected you.

FTLN 3207 GRATIANO I am glad to see you.

IAGO

FTLN 3208 How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

FTLN 3209	GRATIANO Roderigo?	
	IAGO	
FTLN 3210	He, he, 'tis he! <i>「A chair is brought in.」</i> O, that's well	115
FTLN 3211	said; the chair.—	
FTLN 3212	Some good man bear him carefully from hence.	
FTLN 3213	I'll fetch the General's surgeon.— For you, mistress,	
FTLN 3214	Save you your labor.—He that lies slain here,	
FTLN 3215	Cassio,	120
FTLN 3216	Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?	
	CASSIO	
FTLN 3217	None in the world. Nor do I know the man.	
	IAGO, <i>「to Bianca」</i>	
FTLN 3218	What, look you pale?—O, bear him <i>⟨out⟩</i> o' th' air.	
	<i>「Cassio, in the chair, and Roderigo are carried off.」</i>	
FTLN 3219	<i>「To Gratiano and Lodovico.」</i> Stay you, good	
FTLN 3220	gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—	125
FTLN 3221	Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—	
FTLN 3222	Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—	
FTLN 3223	Behold her well. I pray you, look upon her.	
FTLN 3224	Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak	
FTLN 3225	Though tongues were out of use.	130
	<i>⟨Enter Emilia.⟩</i>	
	EMILIA	
FTLN 3226	Alas, what is the matter? What is the matter,	
FTLN 3227	husband?	
	IAGO	
FTLN 3228	Cassio hath here been set on in the dark	
FTLN 3229	By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped.	
FTLN 3230	He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.	135
	EMILIA	
FTLN 3231	Alas, good gentleman! Alas, good Cassio!	
	IAGO	
FTLN 3232	This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,	
FTLN 3233	Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.	
FTLN 3234	<i>「To Bianca.」</i> What, do you shake at that?	

BIANCA

FTLN 3235 He supped at my house, but I therefore shake not. 140

IAGO

FTLN 3236 O, did he so? I charge you go with me.

FTLN 3237 EMILIA O fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIANCA

FTLN 3238 I am no strumpet, but of life as honest

FTLN 3239 As you that thus abuse me.

FTLN 3240 EMILIA As I? *¶*Faugh! *¶* Fie upon thee! 145

IAGO

FTLN 3241 Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.—

FTLN 3242 Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—

FTLN 3243 Emilia, run you to the citadel

FTLN 3244 And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.—

FTLN 3245 Will you go on afore? *¶*Aside. *¶* This is the night 150

FTLN 3246 That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

They exit ¶ in different directions. ¶

Scene 2

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

OTHELLO

FTLN 3247 It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.

FTLN 3248 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.

FTLN 3249 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

FTLN 3250 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

FTLN 3251 And smooth as monumental alabaster. 5

FTLN 3252 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

FTLN 3253 Put out the light, and then put out the light.

FTLN 3254 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

FTLN 3255 I can again thy former light restore

FTLN 3256 Should I repent me. But once put out thy light, 10

FTLN 3257 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

FTLN 3258 I know not where is that Promethean heat

FTLN 3259 That can thy light relume. When I have plucked <the>

FTLN 3260 rose,

FTLN 3261	I cannot give it vital growth again.	15
FTLN 3262	It needs must wither. I'll smell <i>⟨it⟩</i> on the tree.	
FTLN 3263	O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade	
FTLN 3264	Justice to break her sword! <i>⟨He kisses her.⟩</i> One	
FTLN 3265	more, one more.	
FTLN 3266	Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee	20
FTLN 3267	And love thee after. One more, and <i>⟨this⟩</i> the last.	
	<i>⟨He kisses her.⟩</i>	
FTLN 3268	So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,	
FTLN 3269	But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly:	
FTLN 3270	It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 3271	Who's there? Othello?	25
FTLN 3272	OTHELLO Ay, Desdemona.	
FTLN 3273	DESDEMONA Will you come to bed, my lord?	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3274	Have you prayed tonight, Desdemon?	
FTLN 3275	DESDEMONA Ay, my lord.	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3276	If you bethink yourself of any crime	30
FTLN 3277	Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,	
FTLN 3278	Solicit for it straight.	
FTLN 3279	DESDEMONA Alack, my lord,	
FTLN 3280	What may you mean by that?	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3281	Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.	35
FTLN 3282	I would not kill thy unprepared spirit.	
FTLN 3283	No, <i>⟨heaven⟩</i> forfend! I would not kill thy soul.	
FTLN 3284	DESDEMONA Talk you of killing?	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3285	Ay, I do.	
FTLN 3286	DESDEMONA Then heaven have mercy on me.	40
FTLN 3287	OTHELLO Amen, with all my heart.	
	DESDEMONA	
FTLN 3288	If you say <i>⟨so,⟩</i> I hope you will not kill me.	
FTLN 3289	OTHELLO Humh.	

DESDEMONA

FTLN 3290 And yet I fear you, for you're fatal then
 FTLN 3291 When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know 45
 FTLN 3292 not,
 FTLN 3293 Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

OTHELLO

FTLN 3294 Think on thy sins.

FTLN 3295 DESDEMONA They are loves I bear to you.

FTLN 3296 OTHELLO Ay, and for that thou diest. 50

DESDEMONA

FTLN 3297 That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
 FTLN 3298 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 FTLN 3299 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
 FTLN 3300 These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope
 FTLN 3301 They do not point on me. 55

FTLN 3302 OTHELLO Peace, and be still.

DESDEMONA

FTLN 3303 I will so. What's the matter?

FTLN 3304 OTHELLO That handkerchief

FTLN 3305 Which I so loved, and gave thee, thou gav'st to
 FTLN 3306 Cassio. 60

DESDEMONA

FTLN 3307 No, by my life and soul! Send for the man
 FTLN 3308 And ask him.

OTHELLO

FTLN 3309 Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury.
 FTLN 3310 Thou art on thy deathbed.

DESDEMONA

FTLN 3311 Ay, but not yet to die. 65

FTLN 3312 OTHELLO 〈Yes,〉 presently.

FTLN 3313 Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin.

FTLN 3314 For to deny each article with oath

FTLN 3315 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception

FTLN 3316 That I do groan withal. Thou art to die. 70

DESDEMONA

FTLN 3317 〈Then Lord〉 have mercy on me!

FTLN 3318	OTHELLO	I say "Amen."	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 3319		And have you mercy, too. I never did	
FTLN 3320		Offend you in my life, never loved Cassio	
FTLN 3321		But with such general warranty of heaven	75
FTLN 3322		As I might love. I never gave him token.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 3323		By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand!	
FTLN 3324		O perjured woman, thou dost stone my heart	
FTLN 3325		And <i>mak'st</i> me call what I intend to do	
FTLN 3326		A murder, which I thought a sacrifice!	80
FTLN 3327		I saw the handkerchief!	
FTLN 3328	DESDEMONA	He found it, then.	
FTLN 3329		I never gave it him. Send for him hither.	
FTLN 3330		Let him confess a truth.	
FTLN 3331	OTHELLO	He hath confessed.	85
FTLN 3332	DESDEMONA	What, my lord?	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 3333		That he hath used thee.	
FTLN 3334	DESDEMONA	How? Unlawfully?	
FTLN 3335	OTHELLO	Ay.	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 3336		He will not say so.	90
FTLN 3337	OTHELLO	No. His mouth is stopped.	
FTLN 3338		Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 3339		O, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 3340		Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge	
FTLN 3341		Had stomach for them all.	95
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 3342		Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone.	<i>She weeps.</i>
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 3343		Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 3344		O banish me, my lord, but kill me not!	

FTLN 3345	OTHELLO	Down, strumpet!	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 3346		Kill me tomorrow, let me live tonight.	100
FTLN 3347	OTHELLO	Nay, if you strive—	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 3348		But half an hour!	
FTLN 3349	[OTHELLO	Being done, there is no pause.]	
	DESDEMONA		
FTLN 3350		But while I say one prayer!	
FTLN 3351	OTHELLO	It is too late.	105
		<i>⟨He⟩ smothers her.</i>	
	EMILIA, <i>⟨within⟩</i>		
FTLN 3352		My lord, my lord? What ho! My lord, my lord!	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 3353		What noise is this?—Not dead? Not yet quite dead?	
FTLN 3354		I that am cruel am yet merciful.	
FTLN 3355		I would not have thee linger in thy pain.	
FTLN 3356		So, so.	110
FTLN 3357	EMILIA, <i>within</i>	What, ho! My lord, my lord!	
FTLN 3358	OTHELLO	Who's	
FTLN 3359		there?	
	EMILIA, <i>⟨within⟩</i>		
FTLN 3360		O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 3361		Yes. 'Tis Emilia.—By and by.—She's dead.	115
FTLN 3362		'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.	
FTLN 3363		The noise was <i>⟨here.⟩</i> Ha, no more moving?	
FTLN 3364		Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were 't good?	
FTLN 3365		I think she stirs again. No. What's best to do?	
FTLN 3366		If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.	120
FTLN 3367		My wife, my wife! What wife? I have no wife.	
FTLN 3368		O insupportable! O heavy hour!	
FTLN 3369		Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse	
FTLN 3370		Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe	
FTLN 3371		<i>⟨Should⟩</i> yawn at alteration.	125
FTLN 3372	EMILIA, <i>⟨within⟩</i>	I do beseech you	
FTLN 3373		That I may speak with you. O, good my lord—	

OTHELLO

FTLN 3374 I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—
 FTLN 3375 Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.—
 FTLN 3376 Where art thou? 130

Enter Emilia.

FTLN 3377 What's the matter with thee now?

EMILIA

FTLN 3378 O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done.

FTLN 3379 OTHELLO What? Now?

FTLN 3380 EMILIA But now, my lord.

OTHELLO

FTLN 3381 It is the very error of the moon. 135

FTLN 3382 She comes more nearer Earth than she was wont

FTLN 3383 And makes men mad.

FTLN 3384 EMILIA Cassio, my lord, hath killed

FTLN 3385 A young Venetian called Roderigo.

OTHELLO

FTLN 3386 Roderigo killed? And Cassio killed? 140

FTLN 3387 EMILIA No, Cassio is not killed.

OTHELLO

FTLN 3388 Not Cassio killed? Then murder's out of tune,

FTLN 3389 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

FTLN 3390 DESDEMONA O falsely, falsely murdered.

EMILIA

FTLN 3391 ⟨O Lord,⟩ what cry is that? 145

FTLN 3392 OTHELLO That? What?

EMILIA

FTLN 3393 Out, and alas, that was my lady's voice!

FTLN 3394 Help! Help ho! Help! O lady, speak again!

FTLN 3395 Sweet Desdemona, O sweet mistress, speak!

FTLN 3396 DESDEMONA A guiltless death I die. 150

FTLN 3397 EMILIA O, who hath done this deed?

FTLN 3398 DESDEMONA Nobody. I myself. Farewell.

FTLN 3399 Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell.

⟨She dies.⟩

OTHELLO

FTLN 3400 Why, how should she be murdered?

FTLN 3401 EMILIA Alas, who 155

FTLN 3402 knows?

OTHELLO

FTLN 3403 You *heard* her say herself, it was not I.

EMILIA

FTLN 3404 She said so. I must needs report the truth.

OTHELLO

FTLN 3405 She's like a liar gone to burning hell!

FTLN 3406 'Twas I that killed her. 160

EMILIA

FTLN 3407 O, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil!

OTHELLO

FTLN 3408 She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

EMILIA

FTLN 3409 Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil!

FTLN 3410 OTHELLO She was false as water.

FTLN 3411 EMILIA Thou art rash as fire to say 165

FTLN 3412 That she was false. O, she was heavenly true!

OTHELLO

FTLN 3413 Cassio did top her. Ask thy husband else.

FTLN 3414 O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell

FTLN 3415 But that I did proceed upon just grounds

FTLN 3416 To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all. 170

FTLN 3417 EMILIA My husband?

FTLN 3418 OTHELLO Thy husband.

FTLN 3419 EMILIA That she was false to wedlock?

OTHELLO

FTLN 3420 Ay, with Cassio. Had she been true,

FTLN 3421 If heaven would make me such another world 175

FTLN 3422 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

FTLN 3423 I'd not have sold her for it.

FTLN 3424 EMILIA My husband?

OTHELLO

FTLN 3425 Ay, 'twas he that told me on her first.

FTLN 3426	An honest man he is, and hates the slime	180
FTLN 3427	That sticks on filthy deeds.	
FTLN 3428	EMILIA My husband?	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3429	What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy	
FTLN 3430	husband.	
	[EMILIA	
FTLN 3431	O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!—	185
FTLN 3432	My husband say she was false?	
FTLN 3433	OTHELLO He, woman.	
FTLN 3434	I say thy husband. Dost understand the word?	
FTLN 3435	My friend, thy husband; honest, honest Iago.]	
	EMILIA	
FTLN 3436	If he say so, may his pernicious soul	190
FTLN 3437	Rot half a grain a day! He lies to th' heart!	
FTLN 3438	She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.	
	<i>He draws his sword.</i>	
FTLN 3439	OTHELLO Hah?	
FTLN 3440	EMILIA Do thy worst!	
FTLN 3441	This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven	195
FTLN 3442	Than thou wast worthy her.	
FTLN 3443	OTHELLO Peace, you were best!	
	EMILIA	
FTLN 3444	Thou hast not half that power to do me harm	
FTLN 3445	As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt,	
FTLN 3446	As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed—	200
FTLN 3447	I care not for thy sword. I'll make thee known,	
FTLN 3448	Though I lost twenty lives. Help! Help, ho! Help!	
FTLN 3449	The Moor hath killed my mistress! Murder, murder!	
	<i>Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.</i>	
	MONTANO	
FTLN 3450	What is the matter? How now, general?	
	EMILIA	
FTLN 3451	O, are you come, Iago? You have done well,	205
FTLN 3452	That men must lay their murders on your neck.	

FTLN 3453	GRATIANO	What is the matter?	
	EMILIA,	「to Iago」	
FTLN 3454		Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man.	
FTLN 3455		He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.	
FTLN 3456		I know thou didst not. Thou 'rt not such a villain.	210
FTLN 3457		Speak, for my heart is full.	
	IAGO		
FTLN 3458		I told him what I thought, and told no more	
FTLN 3459		Than what he found himself was apt and true.	
	EMILIA		
FTLN 3460		But did you ever tell him she was false?	
FTLN 3461	IAGO	I did.	215
	EMILIA		
FTLN 3462		You told a lie, an odious, damnèd lie!	
FTLN 3463		Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!	
FTLN 3464		She false with Cassio? Did you say with Cassio?	
	IAGO		
FTLN 3465		With Cassio, mistress. Go to! Charm your tongue.	
	EMILIA		
FTLN 3466		I will not charm my tongue. I am bound to speak.	220
FTLN 3467		[My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.	
FTLN 3468	ALL	O heavens forbend!	
	EMILIA,	「to Iago」	
FTLN 3469		And your reports have set the murder on!	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 3470		Nay, stare not, masters; it is true indeed.	
FTLN 3471	GRATIANO	'Tis a strange truth.	225
	MONTANO		
FTLN 3472		O monstrous act!	
FTLN 3473	EMILIA	Villainy, villainy, villainy!	
FTLN 3474		I think upon 't, I think! I smell 't! O villainy!	
FTLN 3475		I thought so then. I'll kill myself for grief!	
FTLN 3476		O villainy! Villainy!]	230
	IAGO		
FTLN 3477		What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.	

EMILIA

FTLN 3478 Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak.

FTLN 3479 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

FTLN 3480 Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

FTLN 3481 OTHELLO O, O, O! *⟨Othello falls on the bed.⟩* 235

FTLN 3482 EMILIA Nay, lay thee down, and roar!

FTLN 3483 For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent

FTLN 3484 That e'er did lift up eye.

FTLN 3485 OTHELLO, *['standing']* O, she was foul!—

FTLN 3486 I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece, 240

FTLN 3487 Whose breath indeed these hands have newly

FTLN 3488 stopped.

FTLN 3489 I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRATIANO

FTLN 3490 Poor Desdemon, I am glad thy father's dead.

FTLN 3491 Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief 245

FTLN 3492 Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,

FTLN 3493 This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

FTLN 3494 Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

FTLN 3495 And fall to reprobance.

OTHELLO

FTLN 3496 'Tis pitiful. But yet Iago knows 250

FTLN 3497 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

FTLN 3498 A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it,

FTLN 3499 And she did gratify his amorous works

FTLN 3500 With that recognizance and pledge of love

FTLN 3501 Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand. 255

FTLN 3502 It was a handkerchief, an antique token

FTLN 3503 My father gave my mother.

FTLN 3504 EMILIA O *⟨God!⟩* O heavenly *⟨God!⟩*

FTLN 3505 IAGO *⟨Zounds,⟩* hold your peace!

FTLN 3506 EMILIA 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace? 260

FTLN 3507 No, I will speak as liberal as the north.

FTLN 3508 Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

FTLN 3509 All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

FTLN 3510 IAGO Be wise, and get you home.

['He draws his sword.']

EMILIA

FTLN 3511 I will not. 265

FTLN 3512 GRATIANO Fie, your sword upon a woman!

EMILIA

FTLN 3513 O thou dull Moor, that handkerchief thou speak'st

FTLN 3514 of

FTLN 3515 I found by fortune, and did give my husband—

FTLN 3516 For often, with a solemn earnestness 270

FTLN 3517 (More than indeed belonged to such a trifle),

FTLN 3518 He begged of me to steal 't.

FTLN 3519 IAGO Villainous whore!

EMILIA

FTLN 3520 She give it Cassio? No, alas, I found it,

FTLN 3521 And I did give 't my husband. 275

FTLN 3522 IAGO Filth, thou liest!

EMILIA

FTLN 3523 By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen!

FTLN 3524 *«To Othello.»* O murd'rous coxcomb, what should

FTLN 3525 such a fool

FTLN 3526 Do with so good a wife? 280

FTLN 3527 OTHELLO Are there no stones in heaven

FTLN 3528 But what serves for the thunder?—Precious villain!

«The Moor runs at Iago «but is disarmed.»

Iago kills his wife.»

GRATIANO

FTLN 3529 The woman falls! Sure he hath killed his wife.

EMILIA

FTLN 3530 Ay, ay! O, lay me by my mistress' side. *«Iago exits.»*

FTLN 3531 GRATIANO He's gone, but his wife's killed. 285

MONTANO

FTLN 3532 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon

FTLN 3533 Which I have *«here»* recovered from the Moor.

FTLN 3534 Come, guard the door without. Let him not pass,

FTLN 3535 But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

FTLN 3536 For 'tis a damnèd slave. 290

«Montano and Gratiano» exit.

FTLN 3537 OTHELLO I am not valiant neither,

FTLN 3538	But every puny whipster gets my sword.	
FTLN 3539	But why should honor outlive honesty?	
FTLN 3540	Let it go all.	
FTLN 3541	[EMILIA What did thy song bode, lady?	295
FTLN 3542	Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan	
FTLN 3543	And die in music.	
FTLN 3544	[' <i>She sings.</i> ' <i>Willow, willow, willow.</i>]	
FTLN 3545	Moor, she was chaste. She loved thee, cruel Moor.	
FTLN 3546	So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true.	300
FTLN 3547	So speaking as I think, alas, I die. <i>⟨She dies.⟩</i>	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3548	I have another weapon in this chamber.	
FTLN 3549	It <i>⟨is⟩</i> a sword of Spain, the ice brook's temper.	
FTLN 3550	O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.	
	GRATIANO, <i>⟨within⟩</i>	
FTLN 3551	If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;	305
FTLN 3552	Thou hast no weapon and perforce must suffer.	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3553	Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,	
FTLN 3554	Or naked as I am I will assault thee.	
	<i>['Enter Gratiano.']</i>	
	GRATIANO	
FTLN 3555	What is the matter?	
FTLN 3556	OTHELLO Behold, I have a weapon.	310
FTLN 3557	A better never did itself sustain	
FTLN 3558	Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day	
FTLN 3559	That with this little arm and this good sword	
FTLN 3560	I have made my way through more impediments	
FTLN 3561	Than twenty times your stop. But—O vain boast!—	315
FTLN 3562	Who can control his fate? 'Tis not so now.	
FTLN 3563	[Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed.	
FTLN 3564	Here is my journey's end, here is my butt	
FTLN 3565	And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.	
FTLN 3566	Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear.	320
FTLN 3567	Man but a rush against Othello's breast,	

FTLN 3568	And he retires. Where should Othello go?	
	<i>「He looks toward the bed.」</i>	
FTLN 3569	Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench,]	
FTLN 3570	Pale as thy smock, when we shall meet at compt,	
FTLN 3571	This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,	325
FTLN 3572	And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?	
FTLN 3573	Even like thy chastity.—O cursèd, cursèd slave!—	
FTLN 3574	Whip me, you devils,	
FTLN 3575	From the possession of this heavenly sight!	
FTLN 3576	Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulfur,	330
FTLN 3577	Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!	
FTLN 3578	O Desdemon! Dead, Desdemon! Dead! O, O!	
	<i>Enter Lodovico, Cassio (in a chair,) Montano, and Iago, with Officers.</i>	
	LODOVICO	
FTLN 3579	Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3580	That's he that was Othello. Here I am.	
	LODOVICO	
FTLN 3581	Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.	335
	<i>「Iago is brought forward.」</i>	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3582	I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.—	
FTLN 3583	If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.	
	<i>「He stabs Iago.」</i>	
FTLN 3584	LODOVICO Wrench his sword from him.	
	<i>「Othello is disarmed.」</i>	
FTLN 3585	IAGO I bleed, sir, but not killed.	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3586	I am not sorry neither. I'd have thee live,	340
FTLN 3587	For in my sense 'tis happiness to die.	
	LODOVICO	
FTLN 3588	O thou Othello, that (wert) once so good,	
FTLN 3589	Fall'n in the practice of a (damnèd) slave,	
FTLN 3590	What shall be said to thee?	

FTLN 3591	OTHELLO	Why, anything.	345
FTLN 3592		An honorable murderer, if you will,	
FTLN 3593		For naught I did in hate, but all in honor.	
	LODOVICO		
FTLN 3594		This wretch hath part confessed his villainy.	
FTLN 3595		Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?	
FTLN 3596	OTHELLO	Ay.	350
	CASSIO		
FTLN 3597		Dear general, I never gave you cause.	
	OTHELLO		
FTLN 3598		I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.	
FTLN 3599		Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil	
FTLN 3600		Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?	
	IAGO		
FTLN 3601		Demand me nothing. What you know, you know.	355
FTLN 3602		From this time forth I never will speak word.	
FTLN 3603	LODOVICO	What? Not to pray?	
FTLN 3604	GRATIANO	Torments will ope your lips.	
FTLN 3605	OTHELLO	Well, thou dost best.	
FTLN 3606	LODOVICO	Sir,	360
FTLN 3607		You shall understand what hath befall'n,	
FTLN 3608		Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter	
FTLN 3609		Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,	
FTLN 3610		And here another. <i>He shows papers.</i> The one of	
FTLN 3611		them imports	365
FTLN 3612		The death of Cassio, to be undertook	
FTLN 3613		By Roderigo.	
FTLN 3614	OTHELLO	O villain!	
FTLN 3615	CASSIO	Most heathenish and most gross.	
	LODOVICO		
FTLN 3616		Now here's another discontented paper	370
FTLN 3617		Found in his pocket, too; and this it seems	
FTLN 3618		Roderigo meant t' have sent this damnèd villain,	
FTLN 3619		But that, belike, Iago in the interim	
FTLN 3620		Came in and satisfied him.	
FTLN 3621	OTHELLO	O, thou pernicious caitiff!—	375

FTLN 3622	How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief	
FTLN 3623	That was my wife's?	
FTLN 3624	CASSIO	I found it in my chamber.
FTLN 3625	And he himself confessed it but even now,	
FTLN 3626	That there he dropped it for a special purpose	380
FTLN 3627	Which wrought to his desire.	
FTLN 3628	OTHELLO	O fool, fool, fool!
	CASSIO	
FTLN 3629	There is besides, in Roderigo's letter,	
FTLN 3630	How he upbraids Iago, that he made him	
FTLN 3631	Brave me upon the watch, whereon it came	385
FTLN 3632	That I was cast. And even but now he spake,	
FTLN 3633	After long seeming dead: Iago hurt him,	
FTLN 3634	Iago set him on.	
	LODOVICO, <i>['to Othello']</i>	
FTLN 3635	You must forsake this room and go with us.	
FTLN 3636	Your power and your command is taken off,	390
FTLN 3637	And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,	
FTLN 3638	If there be any cunning cruelty	
FTLN 3639	That can torment him much and hold him long,	
FTLN 3640	It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,	
FTLN 3641	Till that the nature of your fault be known	395
FTLN 3642	To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.	
	OTHELLO	
FTLN 3643	Soft you. A word or two before you go.	
FTLN 3644	I have done the state some service, and they	
FTLN 3645	know 't.	
FTLN 3646	No more of that. I pray you in your letters,	400
FTLN 3647	When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,	
FTLN 3648	Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,	
FTLN 3649	Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak	
FTLN 3650	Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;	
FTLN 3651	Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,	405
FTLN 3652	Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,	
FTLN 3653	Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away	
FTLN 3654	Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued	
FTLN 3655	eyes,	

FTLN 3656	Albeit unused to the melting mood,	410
FTLN 3657	Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees	
FTLN 3658	Their medicinable gum. Set you down this.	
FTLN 3659	And say besides, that in Aleppo once,	
FTLN 3660	Where a malignant and a turbanned Turk	
FTLN 3661	Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,	415
FTLN 3662	I took by th' throat the circumcisèd dog,	
FTLN 3663	And smote him, thus. <i>⟨He stabs himself.⟩</i>	
FTLN 3664	LODOVICO O bloody period!	
FTLN 3665	GRATIANO All that is spoke is marred.	
	OTHELLO, <i>「to Desdemona」</i>	
FTLN 3666	I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way but this,	420
FTLN 3667	Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. <i>⟨He⟩ dies.</i>	
	CASSIO	
FTLN 3668	This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,	
FTLN 3669	For he was great of heart.	
FTLN 3670	LODOVICO, <i>「to Iago」</i> O Spartan dog,	
FTLN 3671	More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,	425
FTLN 3672	Look on the tragic loading of this bed.	
FTLN 3673	This is thy work.—The object poisons sight.	
FTLN 3674	Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,	
FTLN 3675	And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,	
FTLN 3676	For they succeed on you. <i>「To Cassio.」</i> To you, lord	430
FTLN 3677	governor,	
FTLN 3678	Remains the censure of this hellish villain.	
FTLN 3679	The time, the place, the torture, O, enforce it.	
FTLN 3680	Myself will straight aboard, and to the state	
FTLN 3681	This heavy act with heavy heart relate.	435
	<i>They exit.</i>	