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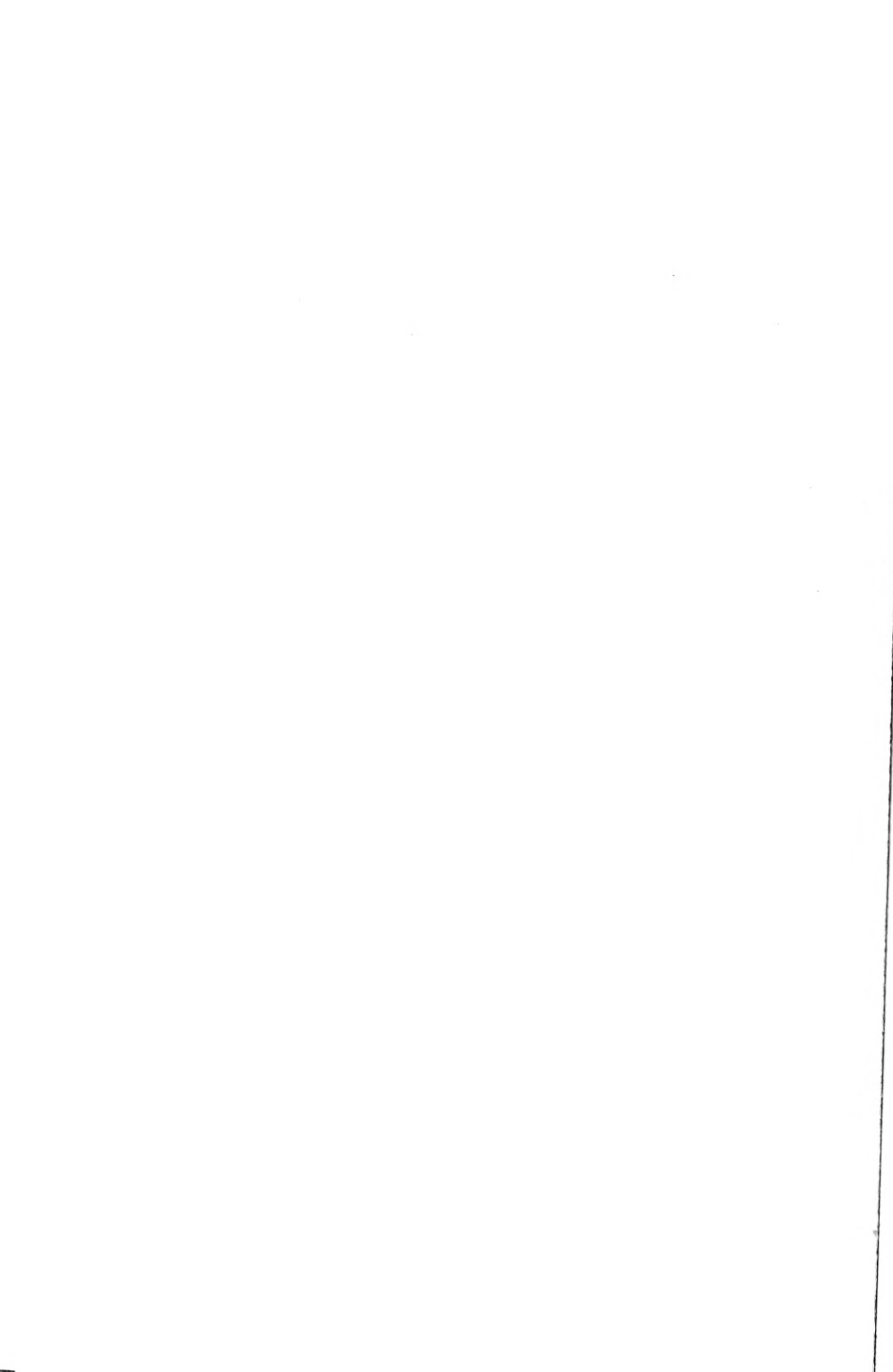


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OTHELLO:

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1622,

A FACSIMILE

(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 34. k. 32.)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC., ETC.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. It is to Thomas Walkley, a London bookseller of the day, that we owe the first edition of *Othello*. Thanks to his enterprise the play just escaped being printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623, while all the other plays which had been published before that edition appeared had been in print for many years. The entry in the Stationers' Register securing Walkley the copyright is as follows :

1621.—6^o Octobris, 1621.—Tho: Walkley.—Entred for his copie, vnder the handes of Sir George Buck and Mr. Swinhowe, warden, The Tragedie of Othello, the moore of Venice.

In the Folio of 1623, where it next appears in print, *Othello* occupies pp. 310-339 of the Tragedies. The division into Acts and Scenes is with one exception¹ identical with that in modern editions, and "The Names of the Actors," i.e., the *Dramatis Personæ*, are printed at the end of the play.

The 2nd Quarto and third edition was printed in 1630, and this was reprinted in 1655.²

§ 2. The business of the present Introduction being a critical account of the state of the text, any inquiry into the sources of the plot, much more any discussion of the play from a literary standpoint, would be out of place. If, however, we

¹ Act II. Sc. ii. and iii. are one scene in the Folio.

² Langbaine (*English Dram. Poets*, p. 461) mentions a Quarto of 1680—probably an error.

can ascertain how long the play had been in existence before it was printed it will have an important bearing on our subject, for the longer it had been in existence the oftener it will have been liable to be copied, and the oftener it was copied the more numerous the chances of corruption of the text. Certainty on this point depends upon the genuineness of the following statement which is found in a MS. preserved in the Record Office, and which is here copied from the Appendix to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's invaluable "Outlines":

By the King's Ma^{ties} plaiers Hallamas Day being the first of
 Nouembar, A play in the Banket-
 inge house att Whithall called
 The Moor of Venis.

This was November 1st, 1604, and the MS. is entitled "The Accompte of the Office of the Reuelles of this whole yeres charge, in anno 1604 untell the last of Octobar, 1605." The copy in question, the only one now known to exist, was exposed by the late Sir Thomas Hardy as a modern forgery of recent date (one of those wicked and senseless forgeries for ever to be execrated by Shakspeare students), but there is good reason to believe that a genuine entry once existed of which the forgery is a copy more or less exact. The grounds of this belief are as follows: Malone says (Boswell's Malone, vol. ii. p. 404), "We know it [*Othello*] was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." On this Boswell notes that Malone never expressed himself at random, but regrets that he had not been able to discover the evidence for the statement.¹ Since however the above forgery came to light it has been suggested that the missing evidence was nothing less than the genuine entry as it stood in the books of the Revels before they had been tampered with; at any rate, there can be no doubt that these books then

¹ In a note to Dryden's *Grounds of Criticism*, ed. 1800, p. 258-9, Malone says:—"I formerly thought that *Othello* was one of our great dramatick poet's latest compositions, but I now know from indisputable evidence that this was not the case." See *Athenaeum*, July 18th, 1885, p. 90.

lately removed from "a damp, dark room at Westminster" to the "new office in Somerset Place," had been examined by Malone about the year 1791. Early in November that year Malone received a letter (printed in Boswell's Malone, vol. iii., p. 363) from Sir William Musgrave, First Commissioner of the Board of Audit, in whose custody the books were kept, offering him facilities for inspecting them, and from his own statement (*Ibid.* p. 361) it is clear that he availed himself of the opportunity. Had he lived to finish the preparation of the 2nd ed. of his Shakespeare, which as it was did not appear till nine years after his death, he would doubtless have given us an exact account of his discoveries, including the evidence for the date which he so confidently assigns to *Othello*. This he did not live to do, but among his papers in the Bodleian is a leaf, not in his own hand-writing, which appears to be an abbreviated transcript of that part of the Revels accounts which contained the original of the above quoted forgery. The second performance on the list concerns us here.

1604 & 1605.—Ed^d Tylney.— . . . Hallamas—in the Banquetting ho^s at Whitehall the Moor of Venis—perfd^d by the K.'s players.

How or when this paper came into Malone's possession is not known, but it is probably a memorandum drawn up for his use about the time of his visit to the Audit Office in 1791. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps suggests that some similar extract or note from the lost genuine record may have been the material on which the forger drew for his pretended entries.¹

In default of further evidence—and this is the only piece of external evidence that we have—we may then be content to accept 1604 as the date of the first production of the play.² We have no further note of it till 1609, when "Catherine and

¹ Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, ed. 5, pp. 607—613, where the whole question is fully discussed.

² For another forgery relating to the date of *Othello*, see Ingleby, *Complete View of the Shakspeare Controversy*, pp. 261-5.

Dezdimonye, the daughters of William Bishoppe," were baptized at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.¹ Bishoppe had evidently been to see the play. On April 30th, 1610, it was performed at the Globe before the German ambassador and his suite; and it was acted at Court in May, 1613.² This is all we hear of it before the copyright entry of 1621.³

§ 3. We have now to examine the state of the text as it stands in the three editions here compared, the Folio of 1623 (F1), the Quarto of 1630 (Q2) and the Quarto of 1622 (Q1). Of these the Folio is undoubtedly the best text of the three, and must be taken as the standard authority in any edition of the Play. Q2, though inferior to F1, is a great improvement upon Q1, while Q1, though a very respectable version on the whole, is far more faulty and corrupt than either of the others. Thus when the Folio requires correction, it can almost always be corrected from Q2, and if every copy of Q1 had perished the critical loss would be very inconsiderable. This will appear presently, but the fact is the less disparagement to Q1, if it can be shown that in Q2 we merely have the former edition reprinted with additions and corrections.⁴ Nor is this a difficult task. Any one who opens the two Quartos together will be struck by their general resemblance: the stage directions, the arrangement of the lines, the punctuation, spelling and use of capital letters, are all, generally speaking, the same, while the Folio constantly differs. Then as regards verbal differences Q2 varies from Q1 only about half as many times as the Folio does, and of these variations some 33 per cent. are merely corrections of the press. But the origin of Q2 is most clearly shown by the errors or

¹ Halliwell-Phillipps' *Memoranda*, *Othello*, p. 93; *Outlines*, p. 177.

² Boswell's *Malone*, vol. ii., p. 403. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines*, pp. 177 and 540.

³ The opposite views which have been held as to the date of the play will be found concisely stated by the Rev. H. P. Stokes, *Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, pp. 113-118.

⁴ So the Cambridge editors thought: "the Quarto of 1630 must have been printed from a copy of the Quarto of 1622, which had received additions and corrections in manuscript."—*Camb. Shakespeare*, vol. viii., p. xvii.

inferior readings of Q₁ which it retains : thus in I. i., 173, the Q^{OS} have—

“ is there not charmes

By which the property of youth and *manhood*
May be abus'd? ”

Where F₁ has *maidhood*, clearly the right reading.

In II. i., 174, the Q^{OS} have—*riſt*, F₁ *kifs'd*.

In II. iii., 207, the Q^{OS} have—

“ And paſſion hauing my beſt iudgement *coold*,”
F₁ *collied*.

In IV. ii., 63, the Q^{OS} have—

“ turne thy complexion there
Patience *thy* young and roſe-lip'd cherubin,”
F₁ *tbou*.

In V. ii., 363, the Q^{OS} have—

“ Looke on the tragicke *lodging* of this bed : ”
F₁ *loading*.

At the bottom of p. 65, Q₁ (IV. i., 184) we have a crucial instance. After *Othello's* speech, “ Was that mine? ” with which the page ends, we find the catch-word *Iag.*, whereas p. 66 begins with *Othello's* speech, “ I would have him nine yeares a killing.” The speech of *Iago* which has dropt out¹ is found in F₁, but is wanting in Q₂, which reproduces Q₁ almost literatim.

§ 4. There can be no doubt then that in the two Quartos we have substantially the same text, Q₂ being merely a corrected reprint of Q₁. In the Folio, however, we have a text altogether independent and printed from a MS. of higher authority than any known to the printers of the Quartos. To make this clear to the student we will take a few examples, first of passages in which the reading of the Folio is unquestionably superior, secondly of passages in which it might *per se* be a matter of choice, and thirdly of passages in which it requires correc-

¹ *Iago*. Yours by this hand : and to see how he prizes
the foolish woman your wife ; ſhe gaue it
him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

tion. In every case the reading of the two Quartos is the same.

(1.) Passages in which the reading of the Folio is unquestionably superior :—

I. ii., 22—

“ I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall *Seige*.”
Q^{OS} *height*.

I. iii., 82—

“ And little blest'd with the *soft* phrase of Peace.”
Q.^s *set*.

I. iii., 270—

“ No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Cupid, *seele* with wanton dulnesse
My speculative, and *offic'd* Instrument.”
Q^{OS} *foyles* and *active*.

II. i., 65—

“ One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer” [ingenier].
Q^{OS} *Does beare all (an Q2) excellency*.

II, i., 80—

“ That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in Desdemonaes Armes.”
Q^{OS} *And swiftly come to*.

(In the last two instances the Quarto readings are very flat, while the Folio has the true ring.)

II. i., 172—

“ I will *giue* [gyve F2] *thee* in thine owne Courtship.”
Q^{OS} *Catch you*.

V. i., 106—

“ Do you perceiue the *gastrness* of her eye?”
Q^O *ieastures*.

(2.) In the following though the Folio differs from the Quartos it does not so decidedly differ for the better, and an

editor might fairly regard the reading as a matter of choice, were it not that he would feel bound to give the preference to the text which on other grounds he had decided to be the most authoritative :—

I. iii., 261—

“ *Let her haue your voice.*

*Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite.”*

Q^{OS} *Your voyces Lords : beseech you let her will.*

Haue a free way,

I. iii., 275—

“ *And all indigne, and base aduerfities,*

Make head against my Estimation.”

Q^{OS} *reputation.*

II. iii., 153—

“ *I'll best the Knaue into a Tziggen-Bottle.”*

Q^{OS} *wicker bottle.*

III. iii., 283—

“ *Why do you speake so faintly ?*”

Q^{OS} *Why is your speech so faint ?*

III. iii., 469—

“ *What bloody businesse euer.*”

Q^{OS} *worke so euer.*

IV. ii., 67—

“ *Oh thou weed :*

Who art so louely faire,”

Q^{OS} *O thou blacke weede, why art, etc.*

V. ii., 219—

“ *I peace ? No.*”

Q^{OS} *I hold my peace fir, no.*

(3.) Instances in which the Folio requires correction :—

I. i., 100—

Brabantio is asking *Roderigo* what he means by coming and disturbing him at that time of night, F₁ “upon malicious *knauerie*,” Q^{OS} with more point, *brauery*.

I. iii., 107—

“ Without more *wider*, and more *ouer* Text.”Q^{OS} *certaine ouert.*

I. iii., 159—

“ My storie being done,

She gaue me for my paines a world of *kiffes*.”Q^{OS} *fighs.*

I. iii., 331—

“ If the *braine* of our liues had not one Scale of Reason,
to poize another of Sensualitie.”Q^{OS} *ballance*

II. i., 315—

“ Abuse him to the Moore, in the *right* garb.”Q^{OS} *ranke.*

III. iii., 170—

“ Who dotes, yet doubts : Suspects yet *soundly* loues.”Q^{OS} *strongly.*

IV. i., 102—

“ And his vnbookish Ieloufie must *conserue*Poor *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behauiours

Quite in the wrong.”

Q^{OS} *conster.*

V. i., 1—

“ Heere, stand behinde this *Barke*.”Q^{OS} *bulke.*¹

These are fair specimens of the variations in question, and the conclusion to which they point is fully confirmed by a comparison of the texts in detail. It will be evident that the result we have arrived at is that the Quarto and Folio are printed from different MSS, and are quite independent of each other.

§ 5. That this is not usually the case is well known, for, as has been pointed out by the Cambridge Editors, where a Quarto

¹ Probably iv. ii., 54-55—

“ The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne
To point his *flow* and *moving* finger at !”

Q^{OS} *flow unmouing*,—should be classed here, but it is a disputed passage.

edition of a play existed, the Folio text was usually printed from that edition ; but in the case of *Othello* we have an exception to the rule, and the Quarto of 1622, if known at all to the editors of 1623, may well be one of those "maimed and deformed" copies, with which they tell us the public was "abus'd." It is, however, very uncertain if they ever saw it before the Folio was ready for publication. The whole volume, though bearing the date 1623, may have been seen through the press and on the eve of publication, before the 1622 Quarto appeared. That this Quarto should have appeared at all, so long after the play was produced, is somewhat remarkable. No first edition of any play of Shakspeare had been published for thirteen years, and in no case had so long an interval elapsed between its production on the stage and its first appearance in print. The last to appear had been *Troilus and Cressida* and *Pericles*, both published in 1609. No doubt "stolen copies" of so popular a play as *Othello* would have been as eagerly bought up as *Hamlet* or *Henry IV.*, but, taught perhaps by experience, and stimulated to greater vigilance by the very popularity of the play as an acting piece, the proprietors of the MSS. had managed for years to keep copies out of the printers hands. At last Thomas Walkley, of the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Bursse,¹ hearing that a complete and authentic edition of Shakspeare's plays was preparing for publication, and might be expected shortly to appear, "thought good to take the work upon him," of bringing out at least one of the hitherto unprinted plays, and so far forestalling the sale of the expected volume. He could not afford to be too particular, and accordingly printed the best MS. he could get hold of. This seems to have been a disused actor's or prompter's copy, in which many lines were omitted in order to shorten the play for representation, while the oaths and expletives which it contained, and which Thomas Walkley has not excised,

¹ He had already published Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and no King*, 1619, and *Phylaster*, 1620, and as late as 1640 he was still in business ; but *Othello* is the only play of Shakspeare he issued.

as he would have done if he had been as careful to observe the Act of 1606 as the publishers of the Folio, show that it was not a copy then in use at the theatre. These expressions it may be noted are only partly cut out or altered in the Quarto of 1630.

§ 6. A few words on the omissions and errors in Thomas Walkley's Quarto. Owing to these omissions, the play is about 160 lines shorter than in the Folio, and an examination of the omitted passages shows that apart from the "cuts" there are many lines which have dropt out owing to the carelessness either of the copyist or the compositor.¹ Errors enough will be found by any one who reads this Facsimile. Here are a few examples of errors of the eye, for there is no appearance of the "copy" having been obtained from short-hand notes taken at a performance; such a version, had it existed, would have been printed earlier: — "assigned" for "affined": "dones" for "dawes": "youth" for "vouch": "hauen" for "heauen": "another" for "a noble": "by feas" for "high feas": "ftored" for "fcored": "left" for "loft": "gnat" for "quat": "re-terne" for "relume." But the variations of this Quarto from the Folio are very numerous, and any one who takes the trouble to compare the two will see that more than half are variations for the worse. Out of 168 instances, I have only found 28 in which the 1622 Quarto gives us undoubtedly the best reading, and of these 28 all but 4 are common to it and the 1630 Quarto. These 4 instances are:—

I. i., 25—

"Wherein the *toged* Confuls can propofe."

Q2 *tongued*, F1 *Tongued*.

I. i., 183—

"And raife fome speciall Officers of *nigt*:"

Q2 & F1 *nigt*.

¹ E.g. the following: I. iii., 16; 118; 124; 194: II. i., 158: III. iii., 325: IV. i., 38-44; 184: IV. ii., 73-76. The following look like "cuts": I. i., 122-138 (16 lines): I. iii., 25-30 (5 lines): III. i., 384-390 (7½ lines): IV. iii., 32-52 (22 lines): 54-57 (4 lines): 87-104 (18 lines): V. ii., 185-193 (9 lines).

II. i., 105—

“when I ha *lift* to sleepe,”

Q2 & F1 *leau*.

II. i., 231—

“there should be, againe to inflame it . . .”

Q2 & F1 *a game*.¹

§ 7. What then was the source of the Folio text? If not the actual MS. of the author—a supposition which however improbable is improbable on other grounds than the state of the text—at any rate a copy which was in the main a faithful transcript of that MS., such as his fellow-players may have been expected to possess and to use for their edition, the more correct and the more jealously guarded owing to the enduring popularity of the play as a stage production. Whether Shakspeare had to any extent revised this copy or not is open to question. The Cambridge editors at any rate countenance such a supposition: “some [passages],” they say, “which we find only in the later editions look like afterthoughts of the author.”—Pref., vol. viii., p. xvii. Whether Shakspeare ever revised his work at all after he

¹ The following, which I have noted since the first revise, may probably be added—

III. iii., 395—

“Would you, the *superuisor* groffely gape on.”

Q2 & F1 *superuision*.

IV. i., 78—

“A passion most *vnfitting* such a man.”

Capell's copy of Q1 & Q2 *vnfitting*. F1 *resulting*, clearly a corruption of *vnfitting*.

IV. iii., 23—

“All's one good *faith*: how foolish are our minds?”

Q2 *father*. F1 *Father*.

V. i., 123—

“As I: *fough*, fie vpon thee.”

Q2 *now*. F1 *As I?* Fie, &c.

And of course the places where Q1 preserves oaths, &c., cut out in the later editions: e.g.—

III. iv., 81—

“Heauen bleffe vs.”

Q2 & F1 omit “Heauen.”

IV. ii., 197—

“by this hand, I fay tis very scuruy.”

Q2 omits “by this hand.” F1 *Nay* I think it is scuruy.

had once handed over his MS. to the theatre is a disputed point which it would be out of place to discuss here. It will be enough to refer to three passages—the absence of which from Q1 is the least likely to be due to intentional excision; for it is difficult to suppose that the most prosaic “cutter” would not have spared them, if he had found them in his copy. They are (1) the simile of the Pontic Sea, III. i., 454-460; (2) Desdemona’s solemn protest, IV. ii., 152-164; and (3) the “sea-mark” passage, V. ii., 266-272. These are the only passages that can with any confidence be set down as afterthoughts or additions, and one cannot feel confident even about these.

Having thus attempted to establish the claims of the Folio to rank as the standard text, we will submit to the student the following figures, which, while summing up previous statements, will enable him to estimate its value at a glance. The instances counted are fairly representative of the whole:—

Out of 85 instances in which Q^{os} 1 & 2 agree, while F1 differs,

Q ^{os} 1 & 2 have the preferable reading	24	times.
F1 has the preferable reading	...	38 „
Reading <i>per se</i> indifferent	...	23 „

Out of 85 instances in which Q2 & F1 agree, while Q1 differs,

Q2 & F1 have the preferable reading	53	times.
Q1 has the preferable reading	...	6 „
Reading <i>per se</i> indifferent	...	26 „

Thus out of 170 instances F1 has the better reading 91 times, Q2 77 times, and Q1 30 times.

§ 8. The present facsimile has been photographed by Mr. Praetorius from the British Museum copy. The only divisions are Acts II., IV. and V., but as in the other facsimiles of this series, the divisions and line numbers of the “Globe” edition are printed on the margin. The sign < marks an omis-

sion which will be found in the Folio ; * that the line does not occur in the Folio, but such lines are very few ; † that the passage as it stands is manifestly faulty or corrupt and requires correction ; this sign has not been used to mark merely an inferior reading.¹

HERBERT A. EVANS.

¹ The initials N.O. on the imprint are those of Nicholas Okes. The device is the same as that on the title of *King Lear* Q1, and an account of it will be found in Mr. P. A. Daniel's Introduction to that Quarto, p. iv.

The Names of the Actors.

(: * * :)



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

Senators.
 Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
 Lodouico, *and Gratiano, two*
Noble Venetians.
Saylors.
 Clowne.
 Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*
 Emilia, *Wife to Iago.*
 Bianca, *a Curtezan.*



THE
Tragoedy of Othello,
The Moore of Venice.

*As it hath bene diuerse times acted at the
Globe, and at the Black Friers, by
his Maiesties Seruants.*

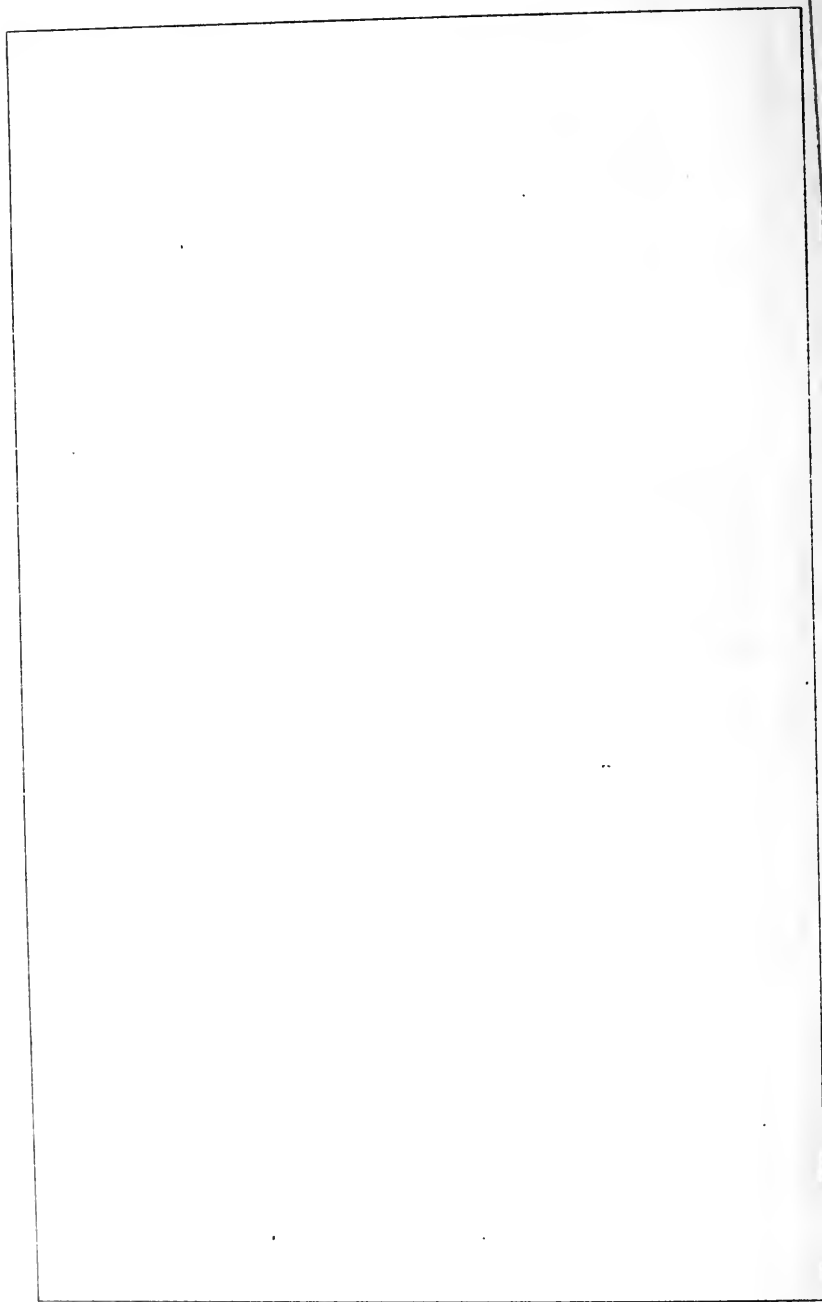
Written by VVilliam Shakespeare.



L O N D O N,

Printed by N. O. for *Thomas walkley*, and are to be sold, at his
shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Burse.

1 6 2 2.



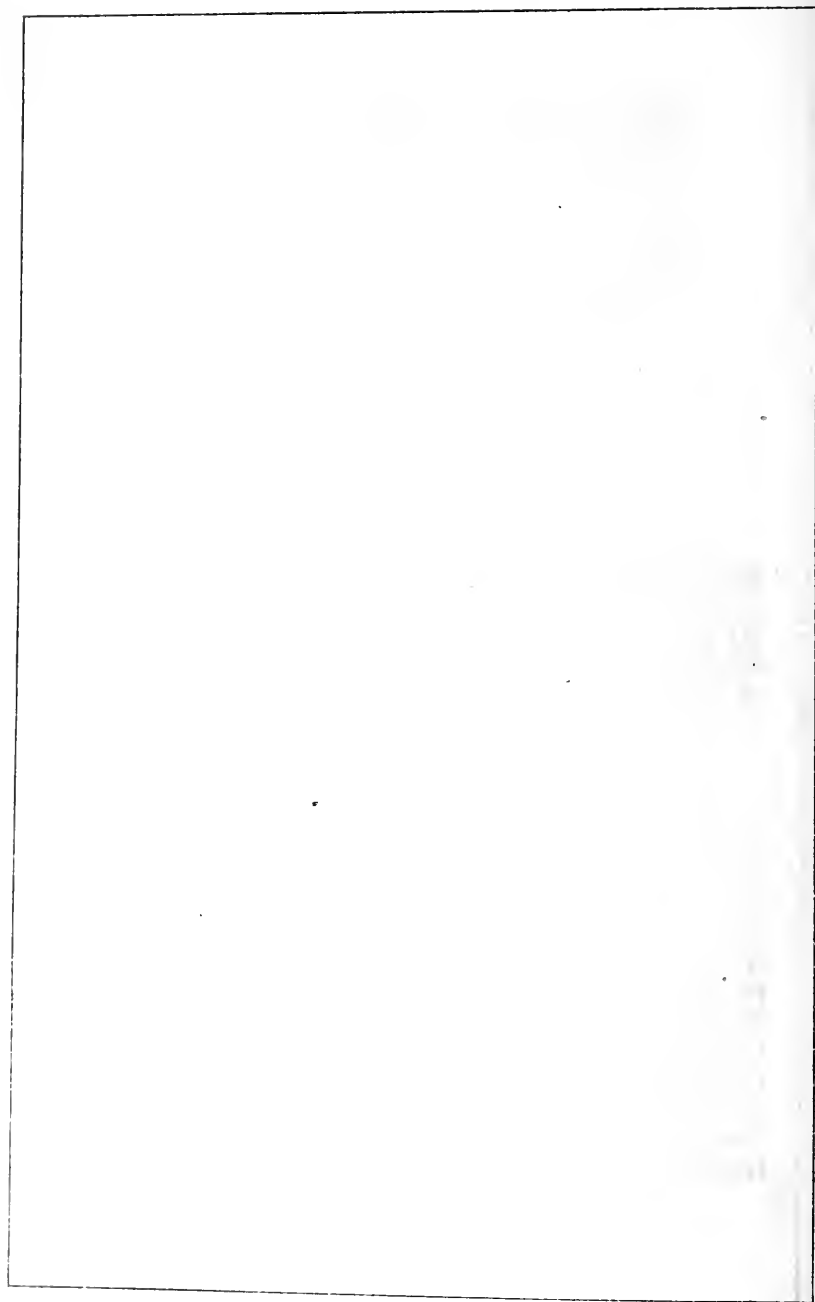


The Stationer to the Reader.

To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, & the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventured to print this Play, and leaue it to the generall censure.

Yours,

Thomas VValkley.





*The Tragedy of Othello the Moore
of Venice.*

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Roderigo.

TWsh, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That you *Iago*, who has had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.
Iag. S'blood, but you will not heare me.

Act I. sc. i.

4

8

12

+

16

+

20

If euer I did dreame of such a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iag. Despise me if I doe not : three great ones of the City
In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant,
Of capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purposes,
Euades them, with a bumbast circumstance,
Horribly stuff with Epithites of warre :
And in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators : for certes, sayes he,
I haue already chosen my officer, and what was he ?
Forsooth, a great Arithmerition,
One *Michael Cassio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almost dambd in a faire wife,
That neuer set a squadron in the field,
Nor the deuision of a Bartell knowes,

B

More

THE STAGE OF VENICE

More then a Spinster, vnlesse the bookish Theorique,
 Wherein the toged Consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : meere prattle without practise,
 Is all his souldier-shuppe : but he fir had the election,
 And I, of whom his eyes had seene the prooffe,
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
 Christian and Heathen, must be led, and calm'd,
 By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-caster :
 He in good time, must his Leiuenant be,
 And I, God blesse the marke, his Worships Ancient.

Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Ia. But there's no remedy,

Tis the curse of seruice,
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 Not by the olde gradation, where each second
 Stood heire to the first :
 Now fir be iudge your selfe,
 Whether I, in any iust tearme am assign'd
 to loue the Moore.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Ia. O fir, content you.

I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
 We cannot be all masters, nor all maisters
 Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke.
 Many a dutious and knees-crooking knaue,
 That doting on his owne obsequious bondage,
 Weares out his time much like his masters Ass,
 For noughe but prouender, and when hee's old cashierd,
 Whip mee such honest knaues :
 Others there are, who trimd in formes,
 And visages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,
 Attending on themselues, and throwing
 But shewes of seruice on their Lords,
 Doe well thriue by 'em,
 And when they haue lin'd their coates,
 Doe themselues homage,
 Those fellowes haue some soule,

And

the Moore of Venice.

Li

And such a one doe I professe my selfe, --- for sir,
 It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
 Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
 In following him, I follow but my selfe.
 Heauen is my iudge, not I,
 For loue and duty, but seeming so,
 For my peculiar end.
 For when my outward action does demonstrate
 The natiue act, and figure of my heart,
 In complement externe. tis not long after,
 But I will weare my heart vpon my sleue,
 For Doves to pecke at,
 I am not what I am.

56

59-60

64

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
 If he can carry'et thus ?

Ia. Call vp her father,
 Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
 Proclaime him in the streete, incerse her Kinismen,
 And tho. he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flyes : tho that his ioy be ioy.
 Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
 As it may loose some colour.

68

72

Rod Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Ia. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
 As when by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous Citties.

76

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,

Ia. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
 Theeues, theeues, theeues :
 Looke to your house, you Daughter, and your bags.
 Theeues, theeues.

80

Brabantio at a window.

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

Rod. Seignior, is all your family within?

Ia. Are all doore lockts ?

84
+

1.1.

The Tragedy of Othello

Brab. Why, wherefore aske you this ?

Iag. Zounds sir you are robd., for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule ;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tuppung your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandfire of you, arise I say.

88

91-92

Brab. What, haue you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voyce ?

Bra. Not I, what are you ?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome,

96

I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse; thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet ?

100

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

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

104

Rod. Patience good sir.

Bra. What, tellst thou me of robbing ? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

108

Iag. Zouns Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if
the Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke
we are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary
horse; youle haue your Nephewes ney to you; youle haue Coursers
for Cousens, and Iennits for *Iermans*.

112

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou ?

116

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

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra.

the Moore of Venice.

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

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: But I beseech you,
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the state,
For this delusion.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleeve of it oppresses me already:
Light I say, light.

Sag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my pate,
To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
How euer this may gaule him with some checke,
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbarck'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
Which euen now stands in a Q, that for their foules,
Another of his fathome, they haue not
To leade their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely
Finde him: lead to the Sagittar, the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

*Enter Barbantio in his night gowne, and seruants
with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come, of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo,*
Where didst thou see her; O vnhappy girle,
With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know twas she? O thou deceiuest me
Past thought: what said she to you? get more tapers,

Li.

120

121

139

144

148

152

156

160

164

The Tragedy of Othello

Raise all my kindred, are they married thinke you ?

Rod. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. O heauen, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
Fathers from hence, trust not your Daughters mindes,
By what you see them act, is there not charmes,
By which the proper:y of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing.

Rod. I haue sir.

Bra. Call vp my brother : O that you had had her,
Some one way, some another; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore ?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray leade me on, at euery house Ile call,
I may command at most : get weapons ho,
And raise some speciall Officers of night :
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deserue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.

Ia. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue slaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very stult of Conscience.
To doe no contriu'd murder; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me seruice : nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking tearmes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him : but I pray sir,
Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what restraint, and greuance,
That law with all his might to inforce it on,

THE VINDICATION OF V. CHIEF.

Lii

Weele giue him cable,

Oth. Let him doe his spite,

My seruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yct to know,
That boasting is an honour,

I shall prouulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerits,
May speake vnbonnited to as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,

But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouse'd free condition,
Put into circumscription and confine

For the seas worth, *Enter Cassio with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder. *and torches.*

Ia. These are the raised Father and his friends,
You were best goe in:

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,
Shall manifest me rightly: it is they.

Ia. By *Ianus* I thinke no.

Oth. The seruants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant,
The goodnesse of the night vpon your friends,
What is the newes,

Caf. The Duke does greeete you Generall,
And he requires your hast, post hast appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter thinke you:

Caf. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the Gallies
Haue sent a dozen frequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found.
The Senate sent about three feuerall quests
To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you.

The Trageay of Othello

He spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Caf. Auncient, what makes he here ?

Ia. Faith he to night, hath boarded a land Carrick :
If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

Caf. I doe not vnderstand.

Ia. Hee's married,

Caf. To who ?

*Enters Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights
and weapons.*

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

Oth. Ha, with who ?

Caf. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduisde,

He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Cra. Downe with him theife.

Ia. You *Roderigo*, Come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright iwords, for the dew will rust em,

Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares

Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou soule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter ?

Dambd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

For ile referre me to all thing of sense,

Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shund

The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,

Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)

Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome

Of such a thing as thou ? to feare, not to delight,

Such an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant ?

Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,

Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands :

Both you of my inclining and the rest,

Were

The Moore of Venice.

l.ii.

Were it my Qu. to fight, I should haue knowne it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe.
And answer this your charge?

84

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

Orh. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State;
To beare me to him.

85

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

92

Bra. How? the Duke in Councill?
In this time of the night? bring him away,
Mine's not an idle cause, the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may haue passage free,
Bondslauces, and Pagans, shal our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

96

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

l.iii.

Duke. There is no Composition in these newes,
That giues them credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeede they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies.

Du. And mine a hundred and forty.

4

2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust account,
As in these cases, where they aym'd reports,
Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkish* flecte, and bearing vp to *Cypresse*.

+

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I doe not so secure me to the error,
But the mayne Articles I doe approue

8

The Tragedy of Othello

In fearefull sense.

Enter a Messenger.

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Sailor. A messenger from the Galley.

Du. Now, the businesse?

Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the state.

Du. How say you by this change?

1 Sena. This cannot be by no assay of reason--

Tis a Pageant,

To keepe vs in false gaze: when we consider

The importancy of *Cypresse* to the *Turke*:

And let our selues againe, but vnderstand,

That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,

So may he with more facile question beare it.

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

Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Messenger.*

Mes. The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due course, toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,

Haue there inioynted with an after fleet

Of 30. saile, and now they doe refferine

Their backward course, bearing with franke appearance.

Their purposes towards *Cypresse*: Seignior *Monsano*,

Your trully and most valiant seruitor;

With his free duty recommends you thus,

And prayes you to belecue him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cypresse*,

Marcks Luccicos is not here in Towne.

1 Sena. Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs, with him post, post hast dispatch:

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

1 Sena. Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant *Moore*.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we must strait employ you,

Against the generall enemy *Ottaman*;

I did not see you, welcome gentle Seignior,

We lacke your counsell, and your helpe to night,

The Moore of Venice.

Liii.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care
Take any hold of me, for my particular griefes,
Is of so floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engults and swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

52

Du. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead?

+

56

Bra. I to me:

She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,
By spels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,
For nature so preposterously to erre,
Sauce witchcraft could not.

60

62

64

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her selfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne sense, tho our proper sonne
Stood in your action.

68

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

72

All. We are very sorry for't.

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

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approoued good maisters:
That I haue rane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
Till now some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd

76

80

84

The Tragedy of Othello

Their dearest action in the tented field,
 And little of this great world can I speake,
 More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,
 88 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,
 I will a round vnuarnish'd tale deliuer,
 Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
 92 What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
 (For such proceedings am I charg'd withall)
 I wonne his daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold of spirit,
 So still and quiet, that her motion
 96 Blusht at her selfe : and she in spite of nature,
 Of yeares, of Countrey, credit, euery thing,
 To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on ?
 It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,
 100 That will confesse perfection, so would erre
 Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen,
 To finde out practises of cunning hell,
 Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
 104 That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
 Or with some dram coniurd to this effect,
 He wrought vpon her.

Des. To youth this is no prooffe,
 Without more certaine and more ouert test,
 108 These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
 Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

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

Oth. I doe beseech you,
 Send for the Lady to the Sagittar,
 And let her speake of me before her father ;
 117 If you doe finde me foule in her report,
 119 Not onely take away, but let your sentence

The Moore of Venice.

I.iii.

Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither. *Exit two or three.*

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place ;
And till she come, as faithfull as to heauen,
So iustly to your graue eares I'll present,
How I did thrue in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello.*

Oth. Her Father loued me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I haue past :

I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it .
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of mooting accident of flood and field ;
Of heire-breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe ;
And sold to slauery, and my redemption thence,
And with it all my trauellis Historie ;
Wherein of Antrees vast, and Deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heauen,
It was my hent to speake, such was the proceisse :
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate ;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads
Doe grow beneath their shoulders : this to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline ;
But still the house affaires would draw her thence,
And euer as she could with hast dispatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my discourse ; which I obseruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcell she had something heard,
But not intentinely, I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares ;

The Tragedy of Othello

When I did speake of some distressed stroake
 That my youth suffered : my story being done;
 She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes;
 160 She swore I saith twas strange, twas passing strange ;
 Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull;
 She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
 That Heauen had made her such a man: she thanked me,
 164 And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I spake :
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.
 168 And I lou'd her that she did pittie them.
 This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd :
 Here comes the Lady,
 Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.

172 *Du.* I thinke this tale would win my daughter to, ---
 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
 Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
 Then their bare hands.

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

184 *Des.* My noble father,
 I doe perceiue here a deuinded duty :
 To you I am bound for life and education,
 My life and education both doe learne me
 How to respect you, you are Lord of all my duty.
 I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband :
 And so much duty as my mother shewed
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 188 So much I challenge, that I may professie,
 Due to the Moore my Lord,

Bra.

The Moore of Venice.

Liii.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done :

Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires ;
I had rather to adopt a child then get it ;
Come hither Moore :

I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee : for your sake Iewell,
I am glad at soule. I haue no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny.
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

193

195

196

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
Which as a greefe or step may helpe these louers
Into your fauour.

200

+

When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischief on ;
What cannot be preferu'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.

204

The rob'd that smiles, steales something in the thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spenition brings the grieffe.

208

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of quality, be guile,
We lose it not so long as that nothing beares,
He beares the sentence, which from thence he heares :
But the free comfort, w^hence and the sorrow,
But he beares both the iⁿpoore patience borrow.
That to pay grieffe, must on gall,
These sentences to sugar, o^r equiuocall:
Being strong on both sides yet did heare,
But words are words, I pierced through the eare.
That the bruis'd heart wa^rres of the state.
Beseech you now, to the aⁿghty preparation makes for *Ciprae* :

212

Du. The *Turke* with most iⁿ is best knowne to you, and tho we
Othello, the fortitude of the place, ed sufficiency, yet opinion, a so-
haue there a substitute of most allo^r more safer voyce on you; you
ueraigne mistresse of effects, throw the glosse of your new-for-
must therefore bee content to stub^lterous expedition:
tanes, with this more stubborne and b

220

224

228

Oth.

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. The tyrant custome most great Senators,
 Hath made the flinty and Steele Cooch of warre,
 My thrice driven bed of downe: I doe agrize
 A naturall and prompt alacrity,
 I finde in hardnesse, and would vnderake
 This present warres against the *Ostracites*,
 Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
 I craue fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reuerence of place and exhibition,
 Which such accomodation? and besort
 As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. He not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Desd. Nor I, I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 And let me finde a most gracious Duke,
 And if my simplenesse ⁱⁿ a gracious eare,
 And if my simplenesse ⁱⁿ your voyce,

Du. What would you ⁱⁿ your voyce,

Des. That I did loue the ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 My downe right violence, and scorne ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 May trumpet to the world: my heart ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 Fuen to the vtmost pleasure of my ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 I saw *Othelloes* visage in his minde ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 And to his Honors, and his valiant ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 Did I my soule and fortunes, confesse ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 So that deere Lords, if I be left ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 A Mothe of peace, and he goe to ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 The rites for which I loue him, are ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 And I a heauy interim shall ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 By his deare absence, let me ⁱⁿ your voyce,

Oth. Your voyces ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 Haue a free way, I there ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 To please the pallat of ⁱⁿ your voyce,
 Nor to comply with ⁱⁿ your voyce,

ate, the young affects

The Moore of Venice.

i.iii.

In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
 But to be free and bounteous of her mind,
 And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke
 I will your serious and good businesse scant,
 For she is with me; --- no, when light-wingd toys,
 And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
 My speculatiue and actiue instruments,
 That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
 Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,
 And all indigne and base aduersities,
 Make head againtt my reputation.

268

272

Du. Be it, as you shall priuately determine,
 Either for stay or going, the affaires cry hast,
 And speede must answer, you must hence to night,

276

Desd. To night my Lord?

Du. This night.

*

Oth. With all my heart.

Du. At ten i' the morning here weel meete againe.

280

Othello, leaue some officer behind,
 And he shall our Commission bring to you,
 With such things else of quality or respect,
 As doth concerne you.

284

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

288

Du. Let it be so:

Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
 If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
 Your son in law is faire more faire then blacke.

r Sena. Aduce braue Moore, vsc *Desdemona* well.

292

Bra. Looke to her Moore, haue a quicke eye to see,
 She has deceiu'd her father, may doe thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith: honest *Iago*,
 My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,
 I precehee let thy wife attend on her,

296

The Tragedy of Othello

And bring her after in the best aduantage ;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an hour
Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and Desdemona.*

Iag. What saiest thou noble heart ?

Rod. What will I doe thinkst thou ?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it,
Why, thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we
haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physition:

Iag. I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares,
and since I could distinguish betweene a benefite, and an iniury, I ne-
uer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe : ere I would say
I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would
change my humanity with a Baboone.

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

Iag. Vertue ? a fig, tis in our selues, that wee are thus, or thus,
our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, so that
if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed vp Time;
supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many ; ei-
ther to haue it sterill with Idlenesse, or manur'd with Industry, why
the power, and corrigible Authority of this, lies in our wills. If the
ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of
sensuality; the blood and basenesse of our natures, would conduct
vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole
our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts ; whereof
I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will:
Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe ? drowne Cats and blinde Pup-
pies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deser-
uing, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could neuer better
steede thee then now. Put money in thy purse; follow these warres,
defeate

The Moore of Venice.

defeate thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore, --- put money in thy purse, -- nor be to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequetation: put but money in thy purse. --- These Moores are changeable in their wills: --- fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now, is as luscious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as acerbe as the Colloquintida. When shee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change, shee must. Therefore put money in thy purse: if thou wilt needs damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money, --- a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way: seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes?

Iag. Thou art sure of me --- goe, make money --- I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is harted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be communicatiue in our reuenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou doest thy selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many euents in the womb of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerce, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, Adiuce.

Rod. Where shall we meeete i'th morning.

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell: --- doe you heare *Roderigo*?

Rod. what say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?

Rod. I am chang'd.

Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:

Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,

liii.

348

352

< 5 words

*
360

368

< 6 words

372

380

*
384*
*
< 5 words
388

*

392

Liii

The Tragedy of Othello

And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
 Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---
 Yet I, for meere suspicion in that kind,
 Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
 The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
 To get this place, and to make vp my will,
 A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me see,
 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eare,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:
 He has a person and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
 The Moore a free and open nature too,
 That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose --- as Asses are:
 I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Ii

Actus 2.

Scœna 1.

*Enter Montanio, Governour of Cypres, with
 two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

WHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
 I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne
 Descrie a saile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at land,
 A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
 If it be ruffian and so vpon the sea,
 What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine mees it,

Can

The Moore of Venice.

II. i.

Can hold the morties, --- What shall we heare of this ?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* Fleete :
 For doe but stand vpon the banning shore,
 The chiding billow seemes to pelt the cloudes,
 The winde shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
 Seemes to cast water, on the burning Beare,
 And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,
 I neuer did, like molestation view,
 On the inchaſed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleete
 Be not inſhelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
 It is impossible they beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes Lozds, your warres are done :
 The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
 That their designement halts : Another shippe of *Venice* hath scene
 A greuous wracke and sufferance
 On most part of the Fleete.

Mon. How, is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in :
 A *Veronessa*, *Michael Cassio*,
 Leiuenant to the warlike Moore *Osbello*,
 Is come ashore : the Moore himſelfe at Sea,
 And is in full Commission here for *Cypres*,

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

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
 Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
 And prays the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
 With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauen he be :
 For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
 Like a full Souldier :
 Lets to the sea side, ho,
 As well to see the vessell that's come in,

The Tragedy of Othello

As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*.

38
>
40
3 *Gen.* Come, lets doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance,

Enter Cassio.

44
Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this worthy Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauen's
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well ship't?

46
Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Enter a Messenger.

52
Mess. A faile, a faile, a faile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mess. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
otand ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.

56
Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.

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

A shot.

Cas. I pray you sit goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 *Gen.* I shall.

Exit.

60
Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd.

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame:
One that excells the blasoning pens,
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare all excellency: --- now, who has put in?

Enter 2. Gentleman.

64
2 *Gent.* 'Tis one *Lago*, ancient to the Generall,
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
68
Tempests themselves, by seas, and howling winde,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors enserped; to clog the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of beauty, do omit
72
Their common natures, letting goe safely by

The Moore of Venice.

II.1.

The diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Caf. She that I spoke of, our great Captains Captaine,
Lest in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A fennights speede --- great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, and Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits.

And bring all *Cypresse* comfort, --- O behold
The riches of the ship is come ashore.

Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Desd. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

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

Desd. O but I feare: --- how lost you company?

[*within.*] *A saile, a saile.*

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harken, A saile.

Gen. They giue their greeting to the Cittadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Caf. So speakes this voyce:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. For would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue, she has bestowed on me,
You'd haue enough.

D a

Desd.

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. Alas! shee has no speech.

104

Iag. I know too much:

I finde it,; for when I ha list to sleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her hearr,
And chides with thinking.

108

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your houswifery; and houswiues in your beds.
O sic vpon thee slanderer.

112

Pers. >

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

116

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Desd. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

120

Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

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

Iag. I Madam.

124

Desd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

128

Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors,
And thus she is deliuer'd:
If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit;
The one's for vie, the other vsing it.

132

Desd. Well praide: how if she be blacke and witty?

Iag. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
Shee'le finde a white, that shall her blacknesse hit.

136

Desd. Worse and worse.

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Iag. She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,

The Moore of Venice.

II.i

For euen her folly helpt her, to a haire.

Des. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the Alchouse,
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's soule'and foolisha?

Iag. There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.

Des. O heauy Ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what
praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? one,
that in the authority of her merries, did intly put on the vouch of
very malice it selfe?

Iag. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisdome, neuer was so fraile,
To change the Codshead for the Salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're diselose her minde,
She was a wight, if euer such wight were.

Des. To doe what?

Iag. To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband;
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberall
Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home Madam, you may rellish him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper: as little a
webbe as this will enfiare as great a Flee as *Cassio*. I smile vpon
her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courtesies: you say true,
tis so indeed. If such trickes as theie strip you out of your Leuten-
nantry, it had beene better you had not risk your three fingers so oft,
which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: good, well
kist, an excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at
your lips? Would they were Clisterpipes for your sake. — The
Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Trumpets within.

E

Enter

+

140

144

148

152

157

159

164

168

172

+

176

180

The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Caf. Tis truly so.

Des. Lets meete him, and receiue him.

Caf. Loe, where he comes.

184

Oth. O my faire Warriour.

Des. My deare *Othello*.

Oth. It giues me wonder great as my content,

To see you here before me : O my soules ioy,

If after euery tempest, come such calmenesse,

188

May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,

And let the labouring Barke clime hills of seas,

Olympus high, and duck againe as low,

As hell's from Heauen: If it were now to dye,

192

T'were now to be most happy, for I feare

My soule hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort, like to this

Succeeds in vnknowne Fate,

Des. The Heauens forbid,

196

But that our loues and comforts should increase,

Euen as our dayes doe growe.

Oth. Amen to that sweete power,

I cannot speake enough of this content,

It stops me heere, it is too much of ioy :

200

And this, and this, the greatest discord be,

they kisse.

That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,

But I'll set downe the pegs, that make this musique,

As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let vs to the Castle:

204

Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drown'd:

How doe our old acquaintance of the Isle ;

Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cypres*;

I haue found great loue amongst them: O my sweete,

208

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,

In mine one comforts: I preethee good *Iago*,

Goe to the Bay, and dismbarke my Coffers;

Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell;

He

The Moore of Venice.

He is a good one, and his worthinesse,
Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

Exit.

Iag. Doe thou meeete me presently at the Harbour: come hither,
If thou beest valiant, as they say, base men being in loue, haue then
a Nobility in their natures, more then is natuie to them --- list me,
the Leutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: first I will
tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed: marke
me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging,
and telling her fantastickall lies; and will she loue him till for pra-
ting? let not the discreet heart thinke so. Her eye must be fed, and
what delight shall she haue to look on the Diuell? When the blood
is made dull with the act of sport, there should be againe to inflame
it, and giue faciety a fresh appetite. Loue lines in fauour, sympathy
in yeares, manners and beauties; all which the Moore is defectiue in:
now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate tender-
nesse will finde it selfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge, disrelfish
and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and com-
pell her to some second choyce: now sir, this granted, as it is a most
pregnant and vnforced position, who stands so eminently in the de-
gree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farther
conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and hand-
seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and hidden affe-
ctions: A subtle slippery knaue, a finder out of occasions; that has an
eye, can stampe and counterfeit the true aduantages neuer present
themselues. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong, and hath all those
requisites in him that folly and green mindes look after; a pestilent
compleate knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleene that in her, shee's full of most blest con-
dition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine shee drinkes is made of grapes: if
she had bene blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst
thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and prologue to the hi-
story.

The Tragedy of Othello.

story of lust and foule thoughts : they met so neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together. When these mutualities so marshall the way, hand at hand, comes the maine exercise, the incorporate conclusion. But sir, be you rul'd by mee, I haue brought you from *Venice* : watch you to night, for your command I'le lay't vpon you, *Cassio* knowes you not, I'le not be farre from you, do you finde some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or raiting his discipline, or from what other cause you please ; which the time shall more fauourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is rash, and very suddain in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may strike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cause these of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true trust again't, but by the displanting of *Cassio*: So shall you haue a shorter journey to your desires by the meanes I shal then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, most profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meete me by and by at the Cistadell; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. --- Farewell.

Rod. Aduē.

Exit.

Iag. That *Cassio* loues her, I doe well beleue it;
That she loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe'r, that I indure him not,
Is of a constant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee be prone to *Desdemona*,
A most deere husband : now I doe loue her too,
Not out of absolute lust, tho peraduenture,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe suspect the lustfull Moore,
Harsh leap'd into my seate, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous minerall gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, nor shall content my soule,
Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife :
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least, into a Iealousie so strong,

That

The Moore of Venice.

That Iudgement cannot cure; which thing to doe,
 If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I crush,
 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll haue out *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
 (For I feare *Cassio*, with my nightcap to)
 Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an Ass,
 And practising vpon his peace and quiet,
 Euen to madnesse: tis here, but yet confus'd,
 Kinaeries plaine face is neuer seene, till vs'd.

Exit.

Enter a Gentleman reading a Proclamation.

It is *Othello's* pleasure; our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meete perdition of the *Turkish* Fleete; that euery man put himselfe into triumph: Some to dance, some make bonefires; each man to what sport and Reuels his minde leades him; for besides these beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptiails: So much was his pleasure should bee proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this present houre of siue, till the bell hath told cleuen. Heauen bleffe the Isle of *Cypres*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night,
 Lets teach our selues the honourable stoppe,
 Not to our sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath directed what to doe:
 But notwithstanding with my personall eye
 Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest,
Michael good night, to morrow with your earliest,
 Let me haue speech with you, come my deare loue,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,

II.i.

312

316

320

II.ii.

4

8

12

II.iii.

4

8

The Tragedy of Othello

The profits yet to come *twixt* me and you,
Good night.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caf. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre *Leutenant*, tis not yet ten a'clock : our *Generall* cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemona*. who let vs not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *Ione*.

Caf. She is a most exquisite *Lady*.

Iag. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Caf. Indeede she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has?

Me thinkes it sounds a parly of prouocation.

Caf. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Caf. It is indeede perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes --- come *Leutenant*, I haue a stoppe of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres Gallants*, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Caf. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wish courtesie would inuent some other custome of entertainment.

Iag. O they are our friends, --- but one cup : I'll drink for you.

Caf. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here : I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weaknesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of *Reuells*, the *Gallants* desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

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

Caf. I'll doe't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young miltris dog : --- Now my sicke foole *Roderigo*,
Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To

The Tragedy of Othello

Caf. Fore God this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

104 *Caf.* No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those things: well, God's about all, and there bee soules that must bee faued.

108 *Iag.* It is true good Leiutenant.

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

112 *Iag.* And so doe I Leiutenant.

Caf. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be faued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: God forgie vs our sins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our busi-
116 nesse; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

120 *All.* Excellent well.

Caf. Very well then: you must not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

124 *Mon.* To the platforme maisters. Come, let's set the watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,
128 He is a Souldier fit to stand by *Cesar*,
And giue direction: and doe but see his vice,
Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pittie of him,
I feare the trust *Oibella* put him in,
132 On some odde time of his infirmity,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his sleepe:
136 Hee'le watch the horolodge a double set,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

+ *Mon.* Twere well the Generall wete put in minde of it,
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature,
Praises the vertues that appears in *Cassio*,
+ 140 And looke not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*,
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe.

Enter Roderigo.

Exit Rod.

Mon. And tis great pittie that the noble Moore

should

The Moore of Venice.

H.iii.

Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

194

Iag. Nor I, for this faire Island:
I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within*
To cure him of this euill: but hearken, what saye.

198

Enter Cassio, driving in Rodrigo.

Cas. Zouns, you rogue, you rascal.

Mon. what's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A knaue, teach mee my duty: but I'le beate the knaue into
a wicker bottle.

199

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Doeest thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Lieutenant; pray sir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe sir, or ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

199

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke,

Cas. Drunke?

they fight.

Iag. Away I say, goe out and cry a muteny.
Nay good Lieutenant: godswill Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Lieutenant: Sir *Montanio*, sir,
Helpe maisters, here's a goodly watch indeed,
Who's that that rings the bell? Diabio --- ho,
The Towne will rise, godswill Lieutenant, hold,
You will be sham'd for euer.

199

A bell rung.

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. What is the matter here?

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

199

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Lieutenant, sir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of fence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall speakes to you; hold, hold, for shame.

199

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence arises this?
Are we turn'd *Turkes* and to our selues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:

F

For

The Tragedy of Othello

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle;
 He that stirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
 Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion;
 Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Ile
 From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
 Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
 Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
 In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groom,
 Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
 As if some planet had vnwitted men,
 Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
 Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
 And would in action glorious, I had lost
 These legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Monsanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
 The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
 The world hath noted, and your name is great,
 In men of wisest censure: what's the matter
 That you vnlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night brawler? giue me answer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
 Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
 Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
 By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
 Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
 And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
 When violence assayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
 Assayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre,

The Moore of Venice.

H. iii.

Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
 Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
 How this foule rout began, who set it on,
 And he that is approou'd in this offence,
 Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
 Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
 To mannage priuate and domesticke quarrels,
 In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
 Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?

208

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216

Mon. If partiality affi'd, or league in office,
 Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,
 Thou art no souldier.

+

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
 I had rather ha this tongue out from my mouth,
 Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
 Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
 And *Cassio* following him with det ermin'd sword,
 To execute vpon him; Sir this Gentleman
 Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
 My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
 Left by his clamour, as it so fell out,
 The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
 Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
 For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
 And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till to night,
 I ne're might see before: when I came backe,
 For this was brieft, I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
 When you your selfe did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report,
 But men are men, the best sometimes forget;
 Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best;

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The Tragedy of Othello

244 Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
248 Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.
Looke if my Gentle loue be not raise vp:
I'll make thee an example.

*Enter Desdemona,
with others.*

Desd. What is the matter?

252 *Oth.* All's well now sweeting:
Come away to bed: fir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the fowne,
256 And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,

Iag. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.

260 *Cas.* I, past all surgery.

Iag. Mary God forbid:

Cas. Reputation, reputation, I ha lost my reputation:
264 I ha loit the immortall part fir of my selfe,
And what remaines is bestiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

268 *Iag.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some
bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: re-
putation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit,
and lost without deseruing. You haue lost no reputation at all, vn-
272 lesse you repute your selfe such a loser; what man, there are wayes
to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a
punishment more in policy, then in malice, euen so, as one would
276 beate his offencelesse dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to
him againe, and hees yours.

Cas. I will rather see to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a
280 Comander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an Officer:
284 O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to bee knowne
by

THE IVVOOTE OF V CIHOC.

II.iii.

by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iag. What was he, that you followed with your sword?
What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iag. Ist possible?

Caf. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in there mouthes, to steale away there braines; that wee should with ioy, Reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our felues into beasts.

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

Caf. It hath pleasde the Diuell drunkenesse, to giue place to the Diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankely despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuerer a morraller; as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so besalne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Caf. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all: to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast. Euery vordinate cup is ynblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good Leutenant, I thinke you thinke I loue you.

Caf. I haue well approou'd it sir, --- I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at some time: I'll tell you what you shall do, -- our Generals wife is now the General; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: shee is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that shee holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to doe more then shee is requested. This braule betweene you and her husband, intrcate her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue

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I DE I Tragedy of Othello

shall grow stronger then was before.

332 *Cas.* You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:

340 Good night Leutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago*.

Exit.

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,

344 When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and indeed the course,

To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,

348 In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her

To win the Moore, we'r't to renounce his baptisime,

All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,

352 His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,

That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,

Euen as her appetite shall play the god

With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?

To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course.

356 Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,

When diuells will their blackest sins put on,

They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,

As I doe now: for while this honest foole

360 Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,

And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:

I'll poure this pestilence into his care,

364 That she repeales him for her bodies lust;

And by how much she striues to doe him good,

She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore,

So will I turne her vertue into pitch,

And out of her owne goodnesse make the net

368 That shall enmesh em all:

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo*?

Rod.

The Moore of Venice.

II.iii.

Rad. I do follow here in the chafe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgled: I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so much experience for my paines, as that comes to, and no money at all, and with that wit returne to *Venice*.

372

Iag. How poore are they, that ha not patience?

376

What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.

380

Do'st not goe well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast castred *Cassio*,
The other things grow faire against the sun,
But fruites that blosome first, will first be ripe,
Content thy selfe awhile; bi the masse tis morning;
Pleasure, and adion, make the houres seeme short:

384

Retire thee, goe where thou art bilited,
Away I say, thou shalt know more here after:
Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
I'll let her on.

388

My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuis: by coldnesse and delay.

392

Exeunt.

Enter Cassio with Musicians and the Clowne.

III.i.

Cas. **M**Asters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's bricfe, and bid good morrow Generall

Cl. Why masters, ha your instrumentes bin at Naples, that they
speake i' the nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Cl. Are these I pray, cold wind Instrumentes?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Cl. O, there by hangs a taylor.

Boy. Where by hangs a taylor sir?

Cl. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know: But
maisters,

8

The Tragedy of Othello

12 matters heere's money for you, and the Generall so likes your musique, that hee desires you of all loues, to make no more noyse with it.

Boy. Well sir, we will not.

16 *Clo.* If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they say, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

20 *Clo.* Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'lle away; goe, vanish away.

Cas. Doe't thou heare my honest friend?

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

Cas. Praethee keepe vp thy quillcts, there's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio*, entreats her a little fauour of speech --- wilt thou doe this?

28 *Clo.* She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted:

35-6 I ha made bold *Iago*, to send in to your wife,-- my suite to her, Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*, Procure me some access.

Iag. Ple send her to you presently,
And he deuise a meane to draw the Moore
40 Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse,
May be more free. *Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thanke you for it: I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde and honest:

Enter Emilia.

44 *Em.* Good morrow good Lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies,
70 That he you hurt is of great fame in Cypres,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wife done,

The Moore of Venice.

He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loues you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe.

Caf. Yet I beleech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some brieft discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall haue time,
To speake your holome freely.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters giue *Iago*, to the Palate,
And by him, doe my duties to the State;
That done, I will be walking on the workes,
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gen. We waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.

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

Em. Good Madam do, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the case were his.

Desd. O that's an honest fellow: - do not doubt *Cassio*,
But I will haue my Lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Caf. Bountious Madame,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

Desd. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

G

Caf.

III. i.

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III. ii.

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III. iii.

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The Tragey of Othello

Cas. I but Lady,
The pollicy may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice, and watrish diet,
Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My Generall will forget my loue and seruice:

Desd. Doe not doubt that, before *Emillia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place; assure thee
If I doe vow a friendship, I'll performe it
To the last Article; my Lord shall neuer rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a strife,
I'll intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Cassio's* suite; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy sooliciter shall rather die,
Then giue thee cause: away.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desd. Why stay and heare me speake.

Cas. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Visit for mine owne purpose.

Desd. Well, doe your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What doest thou say?

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

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iag. *Cassio* my Lord? -- no sure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would sneake away so guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.

Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.

Desd. How now my Lord,
I haue beene talking with a suiter here,
A man that languishes in your displeasur.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Desd. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord,

The Moore of Venice.

III.iii.

If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take :
For if he be not one that truly loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face,
I preethee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Desd. Yes faith, so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
I suffer with him ; good loue call him backe.

Oth. Not now sweete *Desdemona* some other time.

Desd. But shalt be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner sweete for you.

Desd. Shal't be to night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to night.

Desd. To morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home,

I meete the Captaines, at the Cittadell.

Desd. Why then to morrow night, or Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday morne, or night, or Wensday morne,
I preethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes : I faith hee's penitent,
And yet his trespasse, in our common reason,
(Saue that they say, the warres must make examples,
Out of her best) is not almost a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke : when shall he come ?

Tell me *Othello* : I wonder in my soule,
What you could aske me, that I should deny ?
Or stand so muttering on ? What *Michael Cassio* ?
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time
When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath tane your part, to haue so much to doe
To bring him in ? Birlady I could doe much.

Oth. Preethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Desd. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I should intreate you weare your gloues :

The Tragedy of Othello

Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
 Or sue to you, so doe a peculiar profit
 To your owne person : nay, when I haue a suite,
 80 Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
 It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
 And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
 84 Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
 To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

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

Oth. Farewell my *Desdomona*, I'll come to thee straight.

Desd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
 88 What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit Desd. and Em.*

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
 But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
 92 Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say *Iago*?

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
 96 Know of your loue?

Oth. He did from first to last : -- Why dost thou aske?

Iag. But for a satisfaction of my thoughts.
 No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?

Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her,

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? Indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
 100 Is he not honest?

Iag. Honest my Lord? *Oth.* Honest? I honest.

Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou thinke?

Iag. Thinke my Lord?

Oth. Thinke my Lord? By heauen he ecchoes me.
 As if there were some monster in his thought;
 108 Too hideous to be shewne: thou didst meane something;
 I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st it; not that,

When

The Moore of Venice.

III. iii.

When *Cassio* left my wife : what didst not like ?
 And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cri'dst indeed ?
 And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
 Some horrible counsell : if thou dost loue me,
 Shew me thy thought.

112

116

Iag. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou dost,
 And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
 And weighest thy words, before thou giue em breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more :
 For such things in a false disloyall knauc,
 Are trickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,
 They are close denotements, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

120

124

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare presume, I thinke that he is honest,

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be that they seeme,
 Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

128

Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,

I preethee speake to me to thy thinkings :
 As thou dost ruminare, and giue the worst of thought,
 The worst of word.

132

Iag. Good my Lord pardon me ;
 Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,
 Vtter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and false :
 As where's that pallace, where into foule things
 Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
 But some vnclanely apprehensions,
 Keepe leeres and law-dayes, and in Session sit
 With meditations lawfull ?

136

140

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend *Iago*,

The Tragedy of Othello

If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his eare
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my ghesse,
As I confesse it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not, I intreate you then,
From one that so imperfectly coniects,
You'd take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,
Out of my scattering, and vniure obseruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honestly, or wisdom, e,
To let you know my thoughts,

Oth. Zouns.

Iag. Good name in man and woman's deere my Lord;
Is the immediate Iewell of our soules:
Who steales my purse, steals trash, tis something, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin stauē to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. By heauen I'll know thy thought.

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

It is the greene eyd monster, which doth mocke
That meate it feedes on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells be ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loues.

Oth. O misery.

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

Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkst

I DO NOT DUBIT YOUR VIRTUE.

Thinkst thou I'de make a life of iealousie?
 To follow still the changes of the Moone
 With fresh suspitions? No, to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolu'd: exchange me for a Goate,
 When I shall turne the businesse of my soule
 To such exufflicate, and blowne surmises,
 Matching thy inference: tis not to make me iealous,
 To say my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
 Is free of speech, sings, playes, and dances well;
 Where vertue is, these are more vertuous:
 Nor from mine owne weake meritts will I draw
 The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
 For she had eies, and chose me: no *Iago*,
 I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
 And on the prooffe, there is no more but this:
 Away at once with loue or iealousie.

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I shall haue reason,
 To shew the loue and duty that I beare you,
 With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound
 Receiue it from me: I speake not yet of prooffe,
 Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*;
 Weare your eie thus, not iealous, nor secure,
 I would not haue your fire and noble nature,
 Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:
 I know our Countrey disposition well,
 In *Venice* they doe let God see the pranks
 They dare shew their husbands: their best conscience,
 Is not to leaue vndone, but keepe vnknowne.

Oth. Doe'st thou say so.

Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you;
 And when she seem'd to shake and feare your lookes,
 She lou'd them most, *Oth.* And so she did.

Iag. Why go too then,
 She that so young, could giue out such a seeming,
 To scale her fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
 He thought 'twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame,
 I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,

The Trageay of Utnello

For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a litle dasht your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. Ifaith I feare it has.

216

I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue : But I doe see you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To groser issues, nor to larger reach,

220

Then to suspection.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at : *Cassio's* my trusty friend :
My Lord, I see you are moou'd.

224

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

228

Iag. I, there's the point : as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends ;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion : thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me : I doe not in position,
Deltinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

232

236

Oth. Farewell, if more

Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue ; leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry ? This honest creature doubleesse
Secs and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.

My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

239-40

* Pers 244

The Moore of Venice.

III.iii.

Iag. To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
 Tho it be fit, that *Cassio* haue his place,
 For sure he fills it vp with great ability:
 Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,
 Your shall by that perceiue him and his meanes;
 Note if your Lady straine her entertainment,
 With any strong or vehement importunity,
 Much will be scene in that, in the meane time,
 Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
 As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am;
 And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit*

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
 And knowes all qualities, with a learned spirit
 Of humaine dealing: if I doe prooue her haggard,
 Tho that her Iesses were my deare heart strings,
 I'de whistle her off, and let her downe the wind,
 To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
 And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
 That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
 Into the valt of yeares; yet that's not much,
 Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
 Must be to lothe her: O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
 And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
 Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
 For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
 Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
 Tis destiny, vnfhunnable, like death:
 Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
 When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
 If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
 I'le not beleeeue it.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Desd. How now my deare *Othello*?

H

Your

248

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276

The Tragedy of Othello

Your dinner, and the generous Illander
By you invited, doe attend your presence,

Oth. I am to blame.

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

284

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, here.

Des. Faith that's with watching, it will away againe;
Let me but bind your head, within this houre
It will be well againe.

288

Oth. Your napkin is too little:

Let it alone, come I'll goe in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

292

Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Ex. Oth. and*
This was her first remembrance from the Moore, *Desd.*

My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Woored me to steale it, but she so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; I'll ha the worke taine out,
And giu't *Iago*: what hee'll doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I,

296

Enter Iago.

I nothing know, but for his fantasie.

300

Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?

Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing.

Em. Ha?

+ 304

Iag. To haue a foolish thing.

Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkercher?

Iag. What handkercher?

Em. What handkercher?

308

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha't stole is from her?

312

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, took't vp:
Looke here it is.

Iag. A good wench, giue it me,

Em.

The Moore of Venice.

Em. What will you doe with it, that you haue bin
So earnest to haue me filch it?

Iag. Why, what's that to you?

Em. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad.
When she shall lacke it,

Iag. Be not you knowne on't, I haue vse for it: -- go leaue me;
I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this napkin, *Exit Em.*

And let him finde it: trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy writ, this may doe something,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures pofsons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast,
But with a little art, vpon the blood, *Ent. Othello.*

Burne like the mindes of sulphure: I did say so:
looke where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drouse sicrops of the world,
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?

Iag. Why, how now Generall? no more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know a little.

Iag. How now my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolne houres of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am sorry to heare this.

Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres:

III.iii.

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319-20

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344

348

The Tragedy of Othello

That makes ambition vertue : O farewell,
 Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
 352 The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-piercing Fife;
 The royall Banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
 And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
 356 The immortall *Jones* great clamor counterfeit;
 Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a whore,
 360 Be sure of it, giue me the ocular prooffe,
 Or by the worth of mans eternall soule,
 Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,
 Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this?

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

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
 368 Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse.
 On horrors head, horrors accumilate :
 Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
 372 For nothing canst thou to damnation ad greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
 Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence ?
 God buy you, take mine office, — O wretched foole,
 376 That liuest to make thine honesty a vice,
 O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe,
 I thank you for this profit, and from hence,
 380 I'le loue no friend, since loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
 382 And looses that it workes for ;
 391 I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
 I doe repent me that I put it to you,

You

The Moore of Venice.

III. iii.

You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the superuisor grossely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth. Death and damnation -- oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see their boullster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this.

Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues, in pride; and fooles as grosse,
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,

But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep,
There are a kinde of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Cassio*:

In sleepe I heard him say, Sweete *Desdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monstrons, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

H 3

Oth.

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. But this deuoted a fore-gone conclusion,

Iag. Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll teare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet, tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,
Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.

Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.

Iag. I know not that, but such a handkercher,
I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. It be that.

Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speakes against her, with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge :
Now doe I see tis time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, -- tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted Throne,
To tirranous hate, swell bofome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aspects tongues.

Iag. Pray be content. *he kneeles.*

Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.

Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Neuer :

In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.

Iag. Doe not rise yet :

Witnessse you euer-burning lights about,
You Elements that clip vs round about, *Iago kneeles.*
Witnessse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The excellency of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* seruance : let him command,
And to obey, shall be remorse,

What

I DEVIOR OF VENICE.

III.iii.

What bloody worke so euer.

Orb. I greeke thy loue :

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will vpon the instant put thee to't,

Within these three dayes, let me heare thee say,

That *Cassio's* not aliue,

Iag. My friend is dead :

Tis done as you request; but let her liue.

Orb. Dam her lewd minks : O damlier,

Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw

To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,

For the faire diuill : now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt:

Enter Desdemonia Emilia and the Clowne.

Des. Do you know firrs, where the Lieutenant *Cassio* lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

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

Des. Go to, where lodges he?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging, and say he lies there, were to lie in my throte.

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

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

Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To doe this is within the compasse of a man, and therefore I'll attempt the doing of it.

Exit.

Desd. Where should I loose that handkercher *Emilia's*?

Em. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purple Full of Crusadoes : and but my noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneile, As ieaous creatures are, it were enough, To put him to ill thinking,

Em. Is he not ieaous;

H 4

Des.

472

476

III.ii.

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The Tragedy of Othello

Desd. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter Othello.*

Em. Looke where he comes.

32 *Des.* I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him : how is it with you my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady : O hardnesse to dissemble :
How doe you *Desdomona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

36 *Oth.* Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.

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

40 *Oth.* This argues fruitfulnessse and liberall heart,
Not hot and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty : fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout ;
For heere's a young and sweeting diuell here,
That commonly rebels : tis a good hand,
44 A franke one.

Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.

48 *Des.* I cannot speake of this, come, come, your promise.

Oth. What promise chucked?

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

52 *Oth.* I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkercher,

Des. Here my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me

Oth. Nor.

Des. No faith my Lord.

56 *Oth.* Thats a fault : that handkercher

Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and subdue my father
60 Intirely to her loue : But if she lost it,

The Moore of Venice

III. iv.

Intireiy to her loue : But if she lost it,
 Or made a gift of it : my fathers eye
 Should hold her lothely, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies: she dying, gaue it me,
 And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,
 To giue it her; I did so, and take heede on't,
 Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
 To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

Desd. I't possible ?

Oth. Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,
 A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
 The Sun to make two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke ;
 The wormes were ballowed that did breed the filke,
 And it was died in Mummy, with the skilfull
 Conserues of maidens hearts.

Des. Ifaith i't true ?

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

Des. Then would to God, that I had neuer scene it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore?

Des. Why doe you speake so startingly and rashly.

Oth. I't lost ? i't gone ? speake, is it out o'the way?

Des. Heauen bleffe vs.

Oth. Say you ?

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

Oth. Ha.

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,

Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
 This is a trick, to put me from my suite,
 I pray let *Cassio*, be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that handkercher, my mind misgiues.

Des. Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkercher.

Des. I pray talke me of *Cassio*.

Oth. The handkercher.

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shard dangers with you.

96 *Oth.* The handkercher.

Des. Ifaith you are too blame.

Oth. Zouns. *Exit.*

Em. Is not this man iealous?

100 *Des.* I ne're saw this before:
Sure there's some wonder in this handkercher,
I am most vnhappy in the losse.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

104 *Em.* Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.

108 *Iag.* There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.

Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

112 *Cas.* Madam, my former suite: I dee beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exit, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
116 That neither seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd meritt, in futurity
Can ransom me, into his loue againe
But to know so, must be my benefit,
120 So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And shoote my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.

124 *Des.* Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tunc;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor alred,
So helpe me, every spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,

And

The Moore of Venice

III. iv.

And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
 For my free speech : you must a while be patient,
 What I can doe I will, and more I will
 Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.

Iag. Is my Lord angry ?

Em. He went hence but now,

And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iag. Can he be angry ? I haue seene the Cannon,
 When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre ;
 And (like the Diuell) from his very arme,
 Pufft his owne brother, and can he be angry ?
 Something of moment then : I will goe meete him,
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Desd. I praethee do so : something sure of State,
 Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatht practice,
 Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him,
 Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases
 Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Tho great ones are the object,
 Tis euen so : for let our finger ake,
 And it endues our other heathfull members,
 Euen to that sence of paine ; nay, we must thinke,
 Men are not gods,
 Nor of them looke for such obseruances
 As fits the Bridall : beshrew me much *Emillia*,
 I was (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)
 Arraigning his vnkindensse with my soule ;
 But now I finde, I had subbornd the witnesse,
 And hee's indited falsly.

Em. Pray heauen it be State matters, as you thinke,
 And no conception, nor no ieaalous toy
 Concerning you.

Desd. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Em. But ieaalous soules will not be answered so,
 They are nor euer ieaalous for the cause,
 But ieaalous for they are ieaalous : tis a monster,
 Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

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The Tragedy of Othello

Desd. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.

Em. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio* walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, I'll moue your suite, *Exeunt Desd.*
And seeke to effect it to my vttermoſt. *and Emillia.*

Caf. I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*.

Enter Bianca.

Caf. What make you from home ?

How is it with you my most faire *Bianca* ?

Ifaith sweete loue I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging *Cassio* ;
What keepe a weeke away ? seuen daies and nights,
Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightscore times,
No weary reckoning.

Caf. Pardon me *Bianca*,

I haue this while with laden thoughts bin prest,
But I shall in a more convenient time,
Strike off this score of absence : sweete *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this ?

This is some token from a newer friend,
To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,
Ist come to this ?

Caf. Go to woman,

Throw your vile ghessees in the diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from some mistrisse, some remembrance.
No by my faith *Bianca*,

Bian. Why who's is it ?

Caf. I know not sweete, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you, wherefore ?

Caf. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

The Moore of Venice.

To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. But that you doe not loue me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night.

Caf. Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'le see you soone.

Bian. Tis very good, I must be circumstance'd.

Exeunt.

Actus. 4.

Enter Iago and Othello,

Iag. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so *Iago.*

Iag. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.

Oth. Naked abed *Iago,* and not meane harme?

It is hypocrisie against the diuell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,

The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen:

Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall flip;
But it I giue my wife a handkercher.

Oth. What then?

Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectres of her honour to,
May she giue that?

Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not scene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkercher.

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected house,

III. iv.

< 2 half lin

196

200

IV. i.

7

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12

16

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The Tragedy of Othello

Boding to all.) He had my hankercher.

Iag. I, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

24 *Iag.* What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong?

Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)

Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,

28 Or by the voluntary dotage of some mistris,

Conuinc'd, or iupplied them, cannot chuse,

But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

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

Oth. What hath he sayd?

32 *Iag.* Faith that he did -- I know not what he did.

Oth. But what? *Iag.* Lye.

Oth. With her?

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

36 *Oth.* Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely
her; lye with her, Zouns, that's fulsome, handkerchers, Confession,
37 hankerchers. *He falls downe.*

45 *Iag.* Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are
48 caught, and many worthy and chaste dames, euenthus all guildeffe,
meete reproach; What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*, -- how
now *Cassio*. *Enter Cassio.*

Cas. What's the matter?

52 *Iag.* My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iag. No, forbear,

56 The Lethergie, must haue his quiet course,
If not he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke he stirres:

Dee you withdraw your selfe a little while,

He will recouer straight, when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speake with you.

60 How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doeft thou mocke me?

Iag.

The Moore of Venice.

IV. 1.

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

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monster.

Oth. Did he confesse?

Iag. Good fir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yosk'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar: your case is better:
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Coach,
And to suppose her chaste: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list:
Whilst you were here ere while, mad with your grieffe,
A passion most vnfitting such a man,
Cassio came hither, I shifred him away,
And layed good scuse, vpon your extacy,
Bid him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promise: but incaue your selfe,
And marke the Iceres, the libes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife:
I say, but marke his ieaature, mary patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doeft thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But doeft thou heare, most bloody.

Iag. That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all; will you withdraw?

The Tragedy of Othello.

96

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;
 A hufwife that by selling her desires,
 Buys her selfe bread and cloatches : it is a Creature,
 That dotes on *Cassio* : as tis the strumpets plague
 To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent. Cassio:*
 He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
 From the excessè of laughter : here he comes :

100

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall goe mad,
 And his vnbookish ielousie must confter
 Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behauiour,
 Quite in the wrong : How doe you now Leutenant ?

104

Cas. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
 Whose want euen kills me.

108

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

Cas. Alas poore Catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man so.

112

Cas. Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith she loues me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Cassio* ?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,

Goe to, well said.

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

120

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph ?

3 words >

124

Cas. I marry her? I prethee beare some charity to my wit,
 Doe not thinke it so vnwholesome : ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so, laugh that wins.

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you shall marry her.

128

Cas. Preethee say true.

Iag. I am a very villaine else,

+

Oth. Ha you stor'd me well.

132

Cas. This is the monkies own giuing out; she is perswaded I wil
 marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth.

The Moore of Venice.

IV. i.

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

Caf. She was heere euen now, shee haunts me in euery place, I was tother day, talking on the sea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, by this hand she fals thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were: his iecture imports it.

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me; so hailes, and pulst me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how shee pluckt him to my Chamber, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

Caf. Well, I must leaue her company. *Enter Bianca.*

Iag. Before me, looke where she comes, 'Tis such another ficho; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane by this hanting of me.

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane by that same handkercher, you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I must take out the whole worke, a likely peece of worke, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke; there, giue it the hobby horse, wherefoeuer you had it, I'll take out no worke on't.

Caf. How now my sweete *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that should be my handkercher.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caf. Faith I must, shee'll raile i' the streete else.

Iag. Will you sup there?

Caf. Faith I intend so.

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

Caf. Preechee come, will you?

Iag. Goe to, say no more.

Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago*?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O *Iago*,

Iag. And did you see the handkercher?

Oth. Was that mine?

K

Iag.

184
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140

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152 + Pers.

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176

180

The Tragedy of Othello

188 *Oth.* I would haue him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget.

192 *Oth.* And let her rot and perish, and be dam'd to night, for she shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him taskes.

196 *Iag.* Nay that's not your way.

200 *Oth.* Hang her, I doe but say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sauagenesse out of a Beare; of so hye and plentious wize and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worfe for all this.

204 *Oth.* A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pittie of it *Iago*, the pittie.

208 *Ia.* If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

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

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

216 *Oth.* Get me some poison *Iago*, this night I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

220 *Iag.* Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, cuea the bed she hath contaminated.

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

224 *Iag.* And for *Cassio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight.

A Trumpet.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

228 *Iag.* Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the Duke, and see your wife is with him.

Lod.

The Moore of Venice.

IV. i.

Lod. God saue the worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lqd. The Duke and Senators of Venice greete you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: -- welcome to *Cypres*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues sir.

Des. Cousen, there's falne betweene him and my Lord,
An vkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will. --

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper :
Is there diuision betweene thy Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To atone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Desd. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Desd. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweete *Othello*?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,
Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Diuell, Diuell,

If that the earth could teeme with womens teares
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile :

The Tragedy of Othello

Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady :

260

I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Mistriffe.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir ?

Lod. Who, I my Lord ?

Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne :

264

Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe ;
And shee's obedient, as you say, obedient ;
Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,

268

Concerning this sir : O well painted passion :

I am commanded here : -- get you away,

Ple send for you anon : -- Sir, I obey the mandat,

And will returne to *Venice* : --- hence, auant,

272

Cassio shall haue my place; and sir tonight

I doe intreate that we may sup together,

You are welcome sir to *Cypres*, -- goates and monkies.

Exit.

276

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate

Call all in all sufficient ? This the noble nature,

Whom passion could not shake ? Whose solid vertue,

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance

Could neither graze, nor peirce ?

Iag. He is much changed.

280

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

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my censure,

What he might be, if as he might, he is not,

I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife.

284

Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroake would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his vsf ?

Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.

And new create this fault ?

Iag. Alas, alas.

It

The Moore of Venice.

It is not honesty in me to speake,
 What I haue seene and knowne, you shall obserue him,
 And his owne courses will denote him so,
 That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after,
 And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello and Emillia.

Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.

Oth. Yes, and you haue seene *Cassio* and she together.

Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
 Each sillable that breath made vp betweene 'em.

Oth. What, did they neuer whisper?

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Em. Neuer.

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

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Em. I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay downe my soule at stake: if you thinke other,
 Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
 If any wretch ha put this in your head,
 Let heauens requite it with the Serpents curse,
 For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy, the purest of her Sex
 Is foule as slander.

Exit Emillia.

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
 She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,
 That cannot say as much: this is a subtle whore,
 A closet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
 And yet shee'll kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray chuckedome hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

K 3

Oth.

IV. i.

288

292

IV. ii.

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24

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. Let me see your eyes -- looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function mistrisfe,

Leaue procreants alone, and shut the dore,

Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,

Your mistery, your mistery: nay dispatch. *Exit Em.*

Des. Vpon my knees, what does your speech import?

I vnderstand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, dam thy selfe,

Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselues

Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd,

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

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

Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

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

Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?

If haply you my father doe suspect,

An Instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me; if you haue left him,

Why I haue left him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen

To try me with affliction, had he ram'd

All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,

Giuen to captiuiy, me and my hopes,

I should haue found in some part of my soule

A drop of paxience; but alas, to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,

To point his slow vnrouing fingers at -- oh, oh,

Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.

But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart.

Where either I must liue, or beate no life,

The Moore of Venice.

IV. ii.

The fountaine, from the which my citrant ruines,
 Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
 Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
 To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
 Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin.
 I here looke grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. O I, as summers flies, are in the sharables,
 That quicken euen with blowing:
 O thou blacke weede, why art so louely faire?
 Thou smell'st so sweete, that the sence akes at thee,
 Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
 Made to write whore on? --- What, committed?
 Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winkes,
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes,
 Is hush't within the hallow mine of earth,
 And will not hear't: -- what committed, - impudent strumpet.

Des. By heauen you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,
 From any hated foule vnlawfull touch,
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saued.

Enter Emilia

Oth. Ist possible?

Des. O heauen forgiuenesse.

Oth. I cry you mercy,

I tooke you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with *Othello*: you mistrissic,
 That haue the office opposite to *S. Peter*,
 And keeps the gates in hell, I, you, you, you;
 We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,
 I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue?

The Tragedy of Othello

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

Des. Faith halfe asleepe.

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

Des. With who?

Em. Why with my Lord Madam.

Des. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,

I cannot weepe, nor answer haue I none,

But what should goe by water: preethee to night

Lay on my bed our wedding sheetes, remember,

And call thy husband hisher.

Em. Here is a change indeed.

Exit.

Des. 'Tis meete I should be wise so, very well;

How haue I bin betrau'd, that he might sticke

The smallest opinion, on my greatest abuse.

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam,

Enter Iago.

How itt with you?

and Emillia.

Des. I cannot tell: those that doe teach young babes

Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes,

He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,

I am a child at chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,

As true hearts cannot beare.

Des. Am I that name *Iago*?

Iag. What name faire Lady?

Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was?

Em. He call'd her whore: A begger in his drinke,

Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Caller.

Iag. Why did he so?

Des. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.

Em. Has she forsooke so many noble marches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, all her friends,

To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Bestrew him for it; how comes this trickie vpon him?

Desd.

A THE IVIYIUIE OF VENICE.

IV.ii.

Des. Nay, heauen doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,
Some bufie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, coufening flauē, to get some office,
Haue not deuifde this flander, I'le be hang'd elfe.

132

Iag. Fie, there is no fuch man, it is impoffible.

Des. If any fuch there be, heauen pardon him.

136

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:
Why fhould he call her whore? who keepes her company?
What place, what time, what for me, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by fome outragious knaue:
Some bafe notorious knaue, fome fcuruy fellow,
O heauen, that fuch companions thoudft vnfold,
And put in euery honeft hand a whip,
To lafh the rafcall naked through the world,
Euen from the Eaft to the Weft.

140

144

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him; fome fuch fquire he was,
That turnd your wit, the feamy fide without,
And made you to fufpect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

148

Des. O Good *Iago*,

VVhat fhall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I loft him.

151

165

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

Des. If't were no other.

168

Iag. Tis but fo, I warrant you;
Harke how thefe Inftuments fummōn you to fupper,
And the great Mefengers of *Venice* ftay,
Goe in, and weepe not, all things fhall be well. *Exit women.*
How now *Roderigo*?

172

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealft iuftly with me.

Iag. VVhat in the contrary?

Rod. Every day, thou doftelt me, with fome deuife *Iago*;

176

L

And

The Tragedy of Othello

And rather, as it seemes to me, thou keepest from me,
 All conueniency, then suppliest me, with the least
 180 Advantage of hope : I will indeed no longer indure it,
 Nor am I yet periwaded to put vp in peace, what already
 I haue foolishly sufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

184 *Rod.* Faith I haue heard too much, for your words,
 And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniually.

4 words > 188

Rod. I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes : the Jewels you haue
 had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted
 a Votarist : you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and return'd mee
 192 expectation, and comforts, of suddaine respect, and acquittance, but
 I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe so, very good.

196 *Rod.* Very well, goe so, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well,
 by this hand, I say tis very scuruy, and begin to finde my selfe sopt
 in it.

Iag. Very well.

200 *Rod.* I say it is not very well : I will make my selfe knowne to
Desdemona, if she will returne me my Jewels, I will giue ouer my
 suite, and repent my vniawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe
 I'll seeke satisfaction of you.

204 *Iag.* You haue said now.

Rod. I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest entendment
 of doing.

208 *Iag.* Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this
 time doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me
 thy hand *Roderigo* : Thou hast taken against me a most iust concep-
 212 tion, but yet I protest, I haue delt most directly in thy affaires.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

216 *Iag.* I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is
 not without wit and iudgement : But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that
 within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeeue now,
 then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if
 220 thou the next night following enjoyest not *Desdemona*, take mee
 from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod.

The Moore of Venice.

IV. ii.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse ?

224

Iag. Sir, there is especiall command come from *Venice*,
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true ? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

228

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd
Here by some accident, wherein none can be so
determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

232

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him ?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

236

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I; and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and right, hee sups
to night with a harlot, and thither will I goe to him ; --- he knowes
not yet of his honourable fortune : if you will watch his going
thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one,
you may take him at your pleasure : I will be neere to second your
attempt, and hee shall fall betweene vs : come, stand not amaz'd
at it, but goe along with mee, I will shew you such a necessity in his
death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. it is
now high supper time, and the night growes to waft : about it.

240

244

248

Enter *Othello*, *Desdemona*, *Lodouico*, *Emilia*,
and Attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied. *Ex. Iag. and Rod.*

252

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

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

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir : --- O *Desdemona*.

4

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith,
dispatch your Attendant there, --- looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

8

Des. I will my Lord.

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

L 2

Des

The Tragedy of Othello

72

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me?

16

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adiuue,
We must not now displease him.

Em. I would you had neuer seene him.

20

Des. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.

24

Des. All's one good faith: how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheetes.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

+ 28

Des. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it, that Song to night,
Will not goe from my mind -- harke, who's that knocks?

37

53

V

58

Em. It is the wind:

Des. Now get thee gone, good night:
Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?

59

67

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?

Em. Why would not you.

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,
I might doe it as well in the darke.

68

Des. Would thou doe such a thing for all the world?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

72

Em. By my troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done
it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt ring; or for mea-
sures.

The Moore of Venice.

fures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, or Petticoates, nor Caps, nor any such exhibition; but for the whole world? vds pittie, who would not make her husband a Cuckole, to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

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

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

Des. Good night good night: God me such vsage send,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5.

Enter Iago and Roderigo,

Iag. Here stand behind this Bulke, strait he come,
Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'll be at thy elboe;
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe most firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the dead;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons,
Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young gnat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry now: whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Jewells, that I bodd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

He has a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore
 May vnfold me to him; there stand I in perill:
 No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming. *Ent. Cas.*

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou diest.

Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
 But that my coate is better then thou think'ft,
 I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. O I am slaine.

Cas. I am maid for euer, fight ho, murder, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis euen so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and Iust,
 That hast such noble sence of thy friends wrong,
 Thou teacheest me; -- minion, your deare lies dead,
 And your fate hies apace; strumpet I come;
 Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are biotted,
 Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lusts blood be spotted. *Ex.*

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

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

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

Cas. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
 These may be counterfeits, let's think't vn safe
 To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago with a light.

Lod. Harke.

Grat. Here's one comes in his shirt, with lights and weapons,

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

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

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

Iag.

The Moore of Venice.

V.i.

Iag. What's the matter.

Grat. This is *Oshello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

52

Iag. What are you here, that cry so greuoufly?

Cas. Iago, O I am spoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me some helpe.

Iag. O my Lieutenant: what villaines haue done this?

56

Cas. I thinke the one of them is heere about,
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villaines:

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

Rod. O, helpe me here.

60

Cas. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous slaue, O villaine.

Rod. O dambd *Iago,* O inhumaine dog,-- o, o, o.

Ia. Kill him i' the dark? where be those bloody theecues?
How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder?

64

What may you be, are you of good or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iag. Seignior *Lodosico.*

Lod. He fir.

68

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

Grat. *Cassio.*

Iag. How is it brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

72

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, I'lle bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho, who ist that cried?

Iag. Who ist that cried.

Bian. O my deare *Cassio,* O my sweete *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.*

76

Iag. O notable strumpet: *Cassio* may you suspect
Who they should be, that thus haue mangled you?

Cas. No.

80

Grat. I am sorry to find you thus, I haue bin to seeke you.

84

Bian. Alas he faints, O *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.*

84

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe suspect this trash

84

I he I rageay of Uthello

To deare a part in this : patience a while good *Cassio* :

Lend me a light ; know we this face, or no ?

Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man :

Roderigo ? no, yes sure : O heauen *Roderigo*.

Gra. What of *Venice* ?

Iag. Euen he fir, did you know him ?

Gra. Know him ? I.

Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardons
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

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

Gra. *Roderigo*.

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

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the Generalls Surgeon : for you mistrisse,
Saue you your labour, he that lies slaine here *Cassio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you ?

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

Iag. What, looke you pale ? O beare him out o'th aire.

Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse ?

Doe you perceiue the ieaftures of her eye,

Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon :

Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,

Doe you see Gentlemen ? Nay guiltinesse

Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter Em.*

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

Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,

By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are scap't,

Hoe's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Als good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia*,

Goe know of *Cassio*, where he supt to night :

What, doe you shake at that ?

Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

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

Em. Fie, fie vpon thee strumper.

Bian.

I NE LVIDOTE OF V ENICE.

Vi.

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

Em. As I : fough, fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* drest,
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.

124

Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt :
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,
That either markes me, or foredoes me quite.

126

+

Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light.

Vii.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres :
It is the cause, yet I'le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then snow,
And smooth, as monumentall A lablaster ;
Yet she must die, else shee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light :
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe, thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning patterne of excellling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light returne : when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needes wither ; I'le smell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword once more,
Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after : once more, and this the last, *He*
So sweete was ne're so fatall : I must weepe, *kesses her.*
But they are cruell teares ; this sorrowes heauenly,
It strikes when it does loue : she wakes,

4

8

12

16

20

Des. Who's there, *Othello* ?

Oth. I, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed my Lord ?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona* ?

24

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. I my Lord:

Oth. If you be thinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Sollicite for it fraite.

Des. Alas my Lord, what may you meane by that?

Oth. Well doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I feare you, for you are farall then,
When your eyes roule so, why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.

Des. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou diest.

Des. That death's vanatural, that kills for louing,
Alas, why gnaw you so your neather lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,

These are portents: but yet I hope

They doe not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

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

Oth. That handkercher which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gauest to *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soule,
Send for the man and aske him.

Oth. Sweete soule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
For to deny each article with oath,

THE PICTURE OF VICE.

V.ii.

Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong conceit,
That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say Amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too:

I neuer did offend you in my life, -- neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrant of heauen,
As I might loue: I neuer gaue him token.

Oth. By heauen I saw my handkercher in his hand,
O periured woman, thou doest stone thy heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice,
I saw the handkercher.

Des. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,
And let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He has confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath ---- yds death.

Des. How, vnlawfully?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,
Honest *Iago* hath tane order for't.

Des. My feare interprets then, -- what is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haire bin liues,

My great reuenge had stomacke for 'em all.

Des. Alas he is betraid, and I yndone.

Oth. O strumpet, -- weepest thou for him to my face?

Des. O bannish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, an you strue.

Des. But halfe an houre, but while I say one prayer,

Oth. Tis too late. *he stifles her.*

Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord. *Emillia calls within.*

Em. My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

M 2

Oth

56

60

64

68

72

76

80

< i line

84

I DE I TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,

88 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- so, so.

Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. Who's there?

Em. O good my Lord, I'de speake a word with you.

Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: shee's dead:

92 Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death;

The noyse was here; ha, no more mouing,

Still as the graue: shall she come in? were't good?

I thinke she stirres againe; no, what's the best?

96 If she come in, shee'll sure speake to my wife.

My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;

O insupportable: O heauy houre.

Me thinks it should be now a huge Ecclips

100 Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,

Should yawne at alteration.

Em. I doe beseech you I may speake with you, - good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.

104 Soft, by and by; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent. Emil.*

Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?

Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.

Oth. What, now?

108 *Em.* But now my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,

She comes more neere the earth, then she was wont,

And makes men mad.

112 *Em.* *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,

Call'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?

Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kild, then murders out of tune,

116 And sweete reuenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.

Em. O Lord, what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Em. Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce;

Helpe,

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

V.ii.

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweete *Desdemona*, O sweete Mistresse speake.

120

Des. A guiltlesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed ?

Des. No body, I my selfe, farewell :

124

Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *see dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered ?

Em. Alas, who knowes ?

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

Em. She sayd so, I must needes report a truth.

128

Oth. She's like a lyer, gone to burning Hell,

'Twas I that kild her.

Em. O, the more Angell she,

And you the blacker diuell.

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

132

Em. Thou doest bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou as rash as fire,

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

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

136

O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed, vpon iust grounds,

To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband ?

140

Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlocke ?

Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,

If heauen would make me such another world,

144

Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,

I'de not haue sold her for it.

Em. My husband ?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me first,

An honest man he is, and hates the slime,

148

That sticks on filthy deedes.

Em. My husband ?

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

150

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule

155

The Tragedy of Othello

Rot halfe a graine a day : he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

Oth. Ha?

Em. Doe thy worst,

This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirt; thou hast done a deed ---
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?

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

All. What is the matter?

Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou told'st him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.

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

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule, a lie, a wicked lie:

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

Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.

Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake.

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

Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leasue to speake,
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Oth. falls on the bed.

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and sore,

THE TWO OF THREE

For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. O she was foule :

I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stoppt,
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure grieffe,
Shore his old thread atwane : did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, bur yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed ; *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With the recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her ; I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkercher ; an Antique token
My father gaue my mother.

Em. O God, O heavenly God.

Iag. Zouns, hold your peace.

Em. 'Twill out, 'twill : I hold my peace fir, no,
I'll be in speaking, liberall as the ayre,
Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speake.

Iag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou speakst on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He beg'd of me to steale it.

Iag. Villainous whore.

Em. She gaue it *Cassio*: no alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.

The Tragedy of Othello

Iag. Filth thou lieft.

232 *Em.* By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe ! what should fuch a foole
Doe with fo good a woman ?

The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no ftones in heauen,
But what ferues for the thunder ? pretious villaine.

236 *Gra.* The woman falls, fure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my miftrefse fide. *Exit Iago.*

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

+
240 *Mon.* Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore :
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paffe,
But kill him rather, I'lle after that fame villaine,
For tis a damned flauie. *Exit Mont. and Gratiano.*

244 *Oth.* I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipfter gets my fword,
But why fould honour out liue honefty ?
246 Let it goe all.

249 *Em.* Moore, fhe was chafte, fhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my foule to bliffe, as I fpeake true ;
So fpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *fhe dies.*

252 *Oth.* I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a fword of Spaine, the Iſebrookes temper;
O here it is; Vncle I muft come forth. *Gra. within.*

256 *Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will coft thee decre,
Thou haft no weapon, and perforce muft fuffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and fpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will affault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

260 *Oth.* Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it felfe fuftaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh : I haue fene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good fword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
+ Then twenty times you ftop : but O vaine boaft,
263 Who can controule his Fate ? tis not fo now,

The Moore of Venice.

V.ii.

Pale as thy smocke, when we shall meete at court,
This looke of thine, will hurle my soule from heauen.

273

And fiends will snatch at it : cold, cold, my girle,
Euen like thy chastity; O cursed slaue :

276

Whippe me you Diuells,

From the possession of this heauenly sight,

Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,

Wash me in sleepe downe gulphes of liquid fire :

280

O *Desdemona*, *Desdemoua* dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, and Officers

Cassio in a Chaire.

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunate man.

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

284

Lod. Where is this Viper, bring the villaine forth.

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
If thou beest a diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wring his sword from him.

288

Iag. I bleed sir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my sense tis happinesse to die.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,

Falne in the practise of a damned slaue,

292

What should be said to thee ?

Oth. Why any thing,

An honourable murderer if you will :

For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy :

296

Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death ?

Oth. I.

Caf. Deare General, I did neuer giue you cause.

Oth. I doe belecue it, and I aske you pardon,

300

Will you pray; demand that deny diuell,

Why he hath thus inlar'd my soule and body ?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know,

From this time forth I neuer will speake word.

304

Lod. What not to pray ?

Grat. Torments will op'e your lips.

N

Oth.

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. Well, thou doest best.

Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befallne,
 308 Which, as I thinke you know not : here is a letter,
 Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
 And here another; the one of them imports
 311-2 The death of *Cassio*; to be vndertooke --- by *Roderigo*.

Oth. O villaine.

Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
 Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
 316 *Roderigo* meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
 But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke
 Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catieffe !
 How came you *Cassio* by a handkercher,
 320 That was my wifes ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber,
 And he himselfe confest it euen now,
 That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose ;
 Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter
 How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
 Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
 That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
 328 After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
 Your power and your command is taken off,
 332 And *Cassio* rules in *Cypres* : for this slaue,
 If there be any cunning cruelty,
 That can torment him much, and hold him long,
 It shall be his : you shall close prisoner rest,
 336 Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
 To the *Venetian* State ; come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
 I haue done the State some seruice, and they knowt ;

The Moore of Venice.

V. ii.

No more, of that : I pray you in your letters,
 When you shall these vnlucky deedes relate,
 Speake of them as they are ; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set downe ought in malice, then must you speake,
 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well :
 Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,
 Perplex in the extreame ; of one whose hand,
 Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
 Richer then all his Tribe : of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
 Drops teares as fast as the *Arabian* trees,
 Their medicinall gum ; set you downe this,
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a *Malignant* and a *Turb and Turke*,
 Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State ;
 I tooke b'ith throate the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus.

He stabs himselfe.

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
 Killing my selfe, to die vpon a kisse.

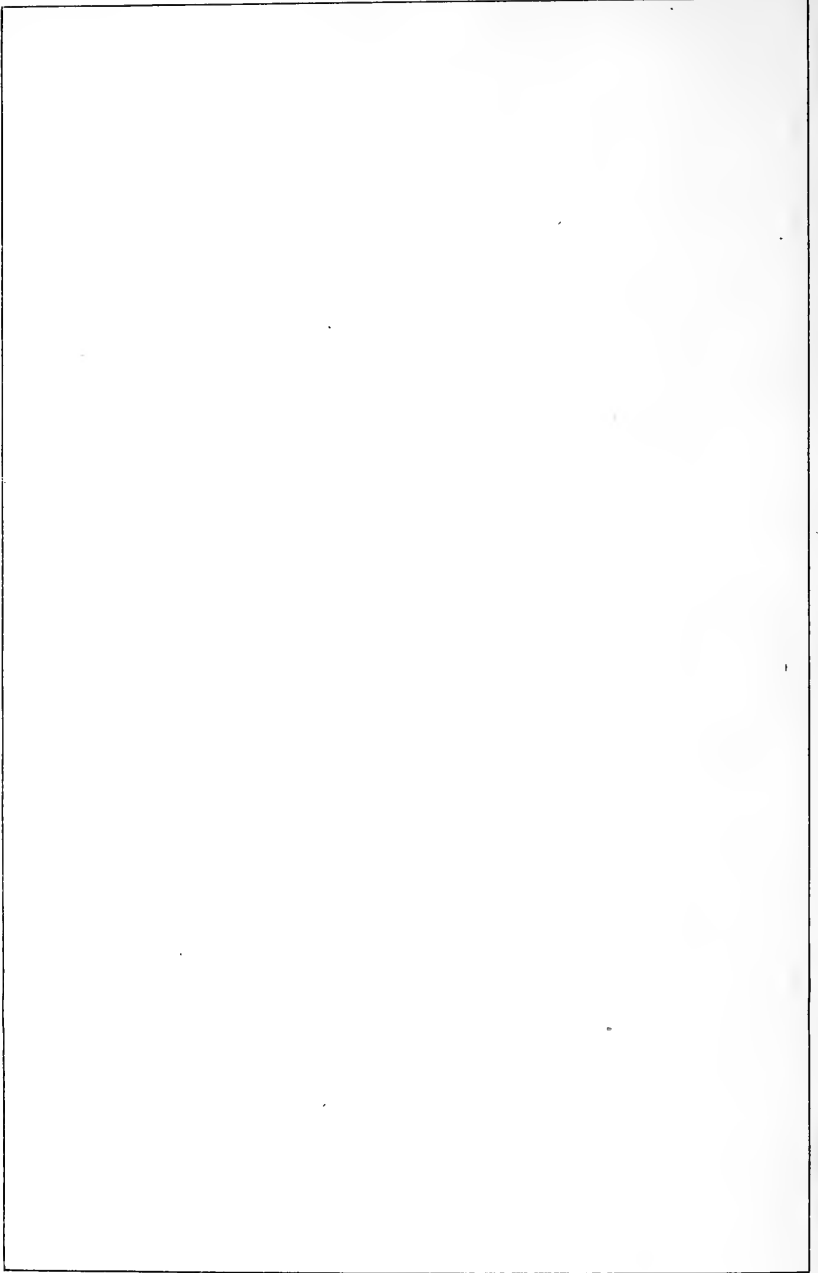
He dies.

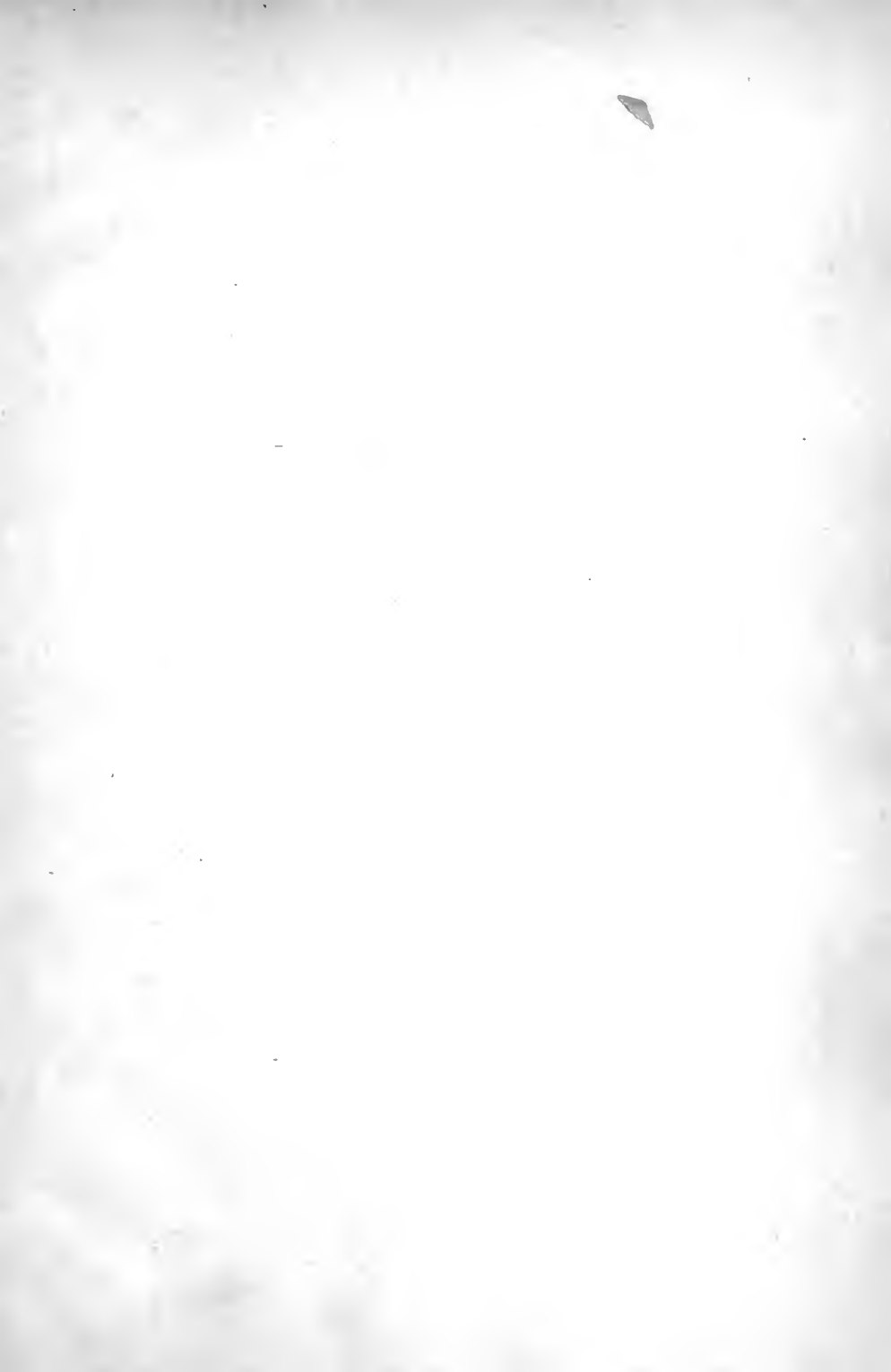
Caf. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartane dog,
 More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea,
 Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed :
 This is thy worke, the obie& poisons fight,
 Let it be hid : *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
 And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the *Moore* :
 For they succeed to you, to you Lord *Gouernour*,
 Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
 The time, the place, the torture : O inforce it,
 My selfe will strait aboard, and to the State,
 This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.







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