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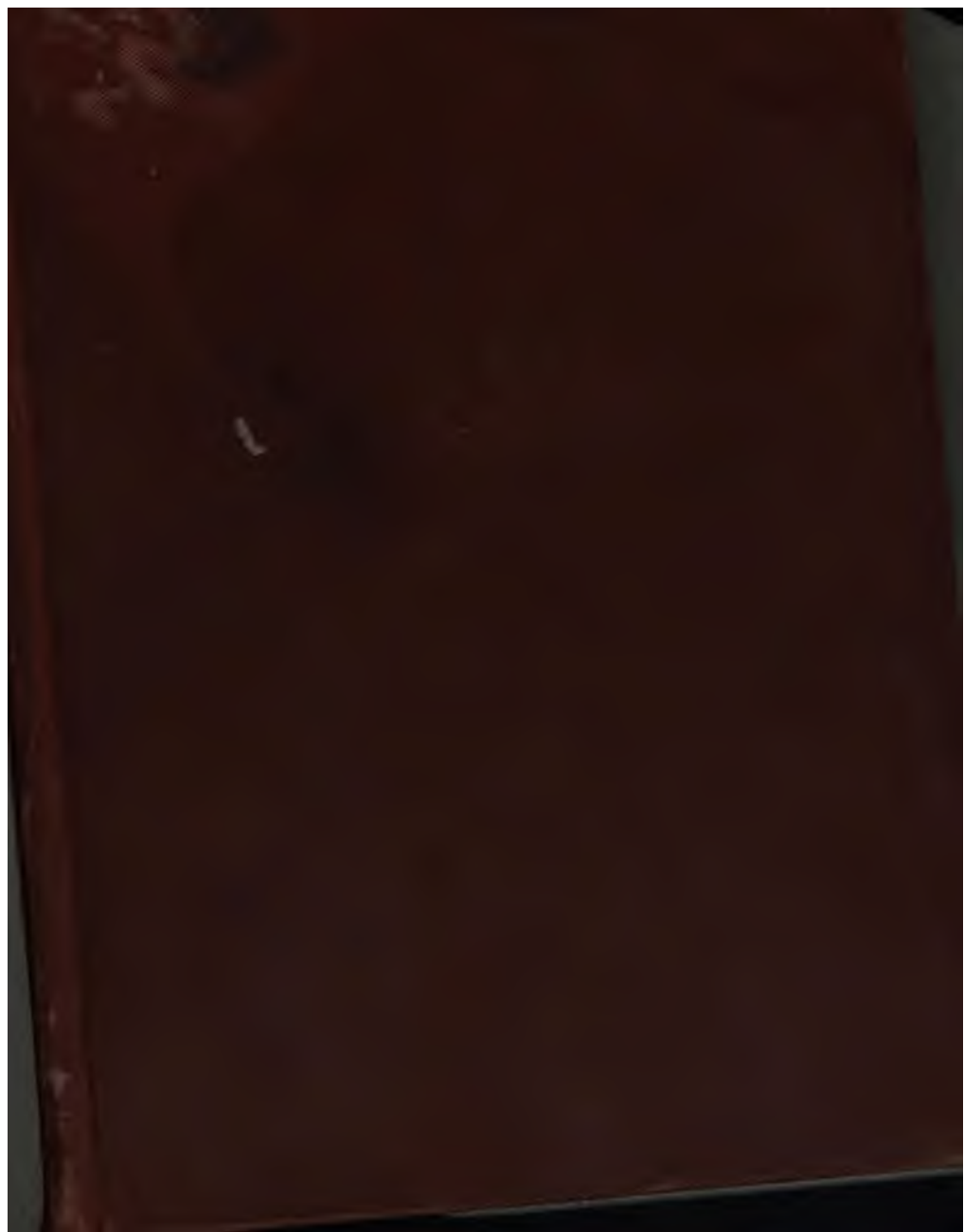
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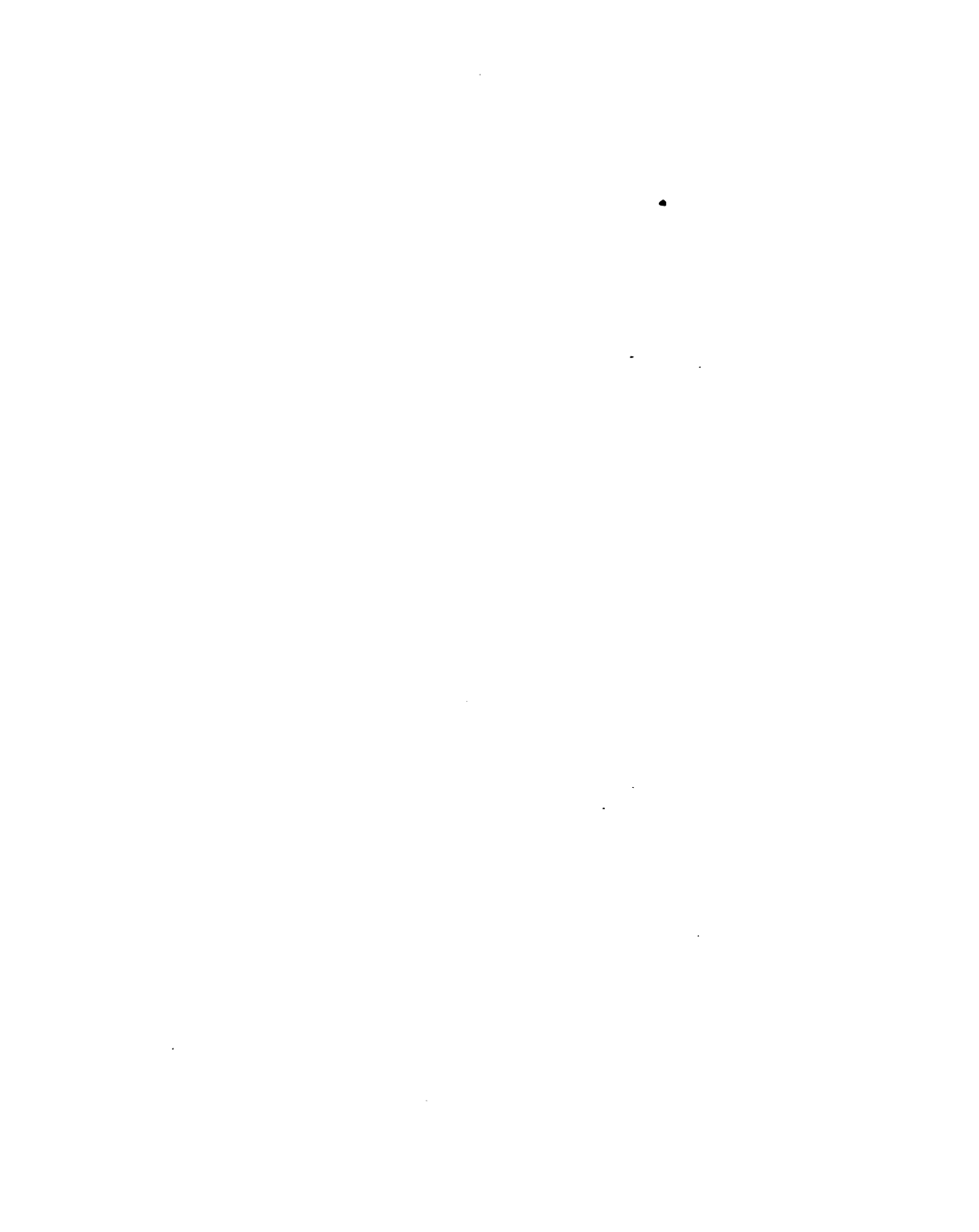
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W. H.

OTHELLO.



The Student's Shakespeare.

o

THE TRAGEDY

OF

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

By William Shakespeare.

EDITED, WITH NOTES.

BY

ROSCOE MONGAN, B.A.,

(GOLD MEDALLIST,)

Author of the "Treasury of Thought from Shakespeare," etc.

o

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PREFACE.

THE Tragedy of *Othello* having been appointed for the Military Examinations of 1883, and there being no *practical* English Edition—such as in the *Clarendon Press* or *Rugby* series—I have earnestly endeavoured to meet the requirements of Schools and Colleges.

The expurgation of the text has been managed as far as the sense and spirit of the original would allow. The greatest care has been taken, not only to explain verbal difficulties and difficult passages, but also to introduce, in appropriate places, the views and criticisms of the best English and German commentators. The quotations marked “Clarke” denote the eminent names of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, authors of the “Concordance.”

Copious references have been made to Dr. Abbott’s valuable

Shakesperian Grammar—an admirable work, indispensable to every student of Shakespeare.

LONDON, *Feb.*, 1883.





INTRODUCTION.

Date of this Play. The best modern authorities consider that this play was composed and produced in, or near, the year 1604, and they base their opinions chiefly on internal evidence. The first edition of *Othello* was a quarto, published in 1622.

Stokes* thus proves that this play was written before the year 1606. In i. i. 4 in the quarto of 1622 is found the expression, "Sblood," while this oath is omitted in the folio. This shows that the quarto was printed from a copy made before the Act of Parliament issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays, etc.

The date (1604) is confirmed chiefly by such metrical tests as the comparative absence of rhyme and also by the comparative absence of classical allusions. Professor Dowden remarks that the general character and spirit of the play renders it "one of the group of tragedies of passion which

* See *Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*. By the Rev. H. P. Stokes (London), 1878, p. 116.

includes *Macbeth* and *Lear*." . . . These dramas all end in confusion and sorrow, as those of a later period—*The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*—close with reconciliation and peace.

At the period of the production of *Othello*, Shakespeare was in the full vigour of his splendid intellectual powers. *Hamlet* had already been produced; *Macbeth* and *Lear* were soon about to complete the group of these "four great tragedies."

Distinguished critics are almost unanimous in considering these "four great tragedies" as forming the grandest group in either ancient or modern literature. Of *Othello*, Macaulay says: "It is, perhaps, the greatest work in the world."

Sources of the Plot. The story on which the plot of *Othello* is founded seems to have been taken from the *Heccatomithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist, first published at Monte Regale, in Sicily, in 1576. Verplanck* thus describes the tale and the uses which Shakespeare has made of it.

"The following is the outline of the original story, sufficient to enable the reader to judge of the extent of the English dramatist's obligations to the Italian novelist, which are much less than is commonly supposed by those who take their ideas of the Italian story from some of the critics, and suppose it to be a novel, filled with dialogue and sentiment, instead of a meagre tale, not longer than one act of *Othello*.

"There lived at Venice a valiant Moor, held in great esteem for his military talent and services. Desdemona, a lady of marvellous beauty, attracted not by female fancy (*appetito donnesco*), but by his high virtues, became enamoured of the Moor, who returned her love; and, in spite of the opposition of her parents, married her. They lived in great happiness in

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York), 1847.

Venice until the Moor (he has no other name in the story) was chosen to the military command of Cyprus, whither his wife insisted on accompanying him.

“He took with him a favourite ensign, a man of great personal beauty, but of the most depraved heart—a boaster and a coward. His wife is the friend of Desdemona. The ensign falls passionately in love with Desdemona, who, wrapped up in love of her husband, pays no regard to him. His love then turns to bitter hate, and he resolves to charge her with infidelity, and to fix the Moor’s suspicions upon a favourite captain of his. Soon after, that officer strikes and wounds a soldier on guard, for which the Moor cashier him. Desdemona endeavours to obtain his pardon; and this gives the ensign an opportunity of insinuating accusations against her, and rousing the Moor’s jealousy. These suspicions he confirms by stealing from her a favourite worked handkerchief, and leaving it on the captain’s bed. Then the Moor and his ensign plot together to kill Desdemona and her supposed lover. The latter is waylaid and wounded in the dark by the ensign. Desdemona is beaten to death by him also ‘with a stocking filled with sand’; and then the Moor and he attempt to conceal their murder by pulling down the ceiling, and giving out that she was killed by the fall of a beam. The Moor becomes almost frantic with his loss—turns upon the ensign, whom he degrades and drives from him. The ensign revenges himself by disclosing the murder to the captain, upon whose accusation to the Senate the Moor is arrested, tried, tortured, and then banished, and afterwards killed by Desdemona’s relations.

“The tale has little beauty of style, power of narration, or vivid delineation of character. Indeed, none of the personages, except Desdemona, have any name, nor any distinctly and naturally drawn character; nor has the narrative any of that charm of expression and sentiment which has made others

W. H.

OTHELLO.

100



*By - only due to
welcome Iago's admission
into*

OTHELLO.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Roderigo. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this—*Ca. just*

Iago. But you will not hear me;
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Roderigo. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the
city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators ; for, "Certes," says he,
 "I have already chose my officer."

And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

(A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife)

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoretic,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose

As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election ;

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof

At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds

Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster :

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I—Heav'n bless the mark !—his Moorship's ancient.

Roderigo. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. Why, there 's no remedy ; 't is the curse of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,

And not by old gradation, where each second

Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd

To love the Moor.

Roderigo. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you ;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender, and when he 's old, cashier'd ;
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats
 Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
 And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
 In following him, I follow but myself ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 't is not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at ; I am not what I am.

Roderigo. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe, what
 If he can carry 't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him ; make after him, poison his delight,
 Próclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies ; though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Roderigo. Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

Roderigo. What, ho, Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho, Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !
 thieves !

would never expose
~~external~~ real self

prejudice

51

70

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

87

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window.*

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

Roderigo. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd ?

Brabantio. Why, wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you 're robbed ; for shame, put on your
gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul :
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Brabantio. What, have you lost your wits ?

Roderigo. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ? ⁹⁷

Brabantio. Not I ; what are you ?

Roderigo. My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio. The worser welcome ;

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
'To start my quiet.

Roderigo. Sir, sir, sir,—

Brabantio. But thou must needs be sure ¹⁰⁰

My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo. Patience, good sir.

Brabantio. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;
My house is not a grange.

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

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve
God, if the devil bid you.

Brabantio. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Brabantio. This thou shalt answer ; I know thee, Roderigo.

Roderigo. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent, 111
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs ;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe 121
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself ;
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Brabantio. Strike on the tinder, ho ! 130
Give me a taper ! call up all my people !—
This accident is not unlike my dream ;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—

Light, I say ! light ! [Exit above.

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—
 Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state,
 However this may gall him with some check,
 Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, 140
 Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business : in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Brabantio. It is too true an evil : gone she is ; 150
 And what 's to come of my despised time
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !
 With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father !—
 How didst thou know 't was she ?—O, she deceives me
 Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more tapers !
 Raise all my kindred !—Are they married, think you ?

Roderigo. Truly, I think they are.

Brabantio. O heaven !—How got she out ?—O treason of
 the blood !

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

Roderigo.

Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Brabantio. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Roderigo. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

Brabantio. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call ; 170
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo ; I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants *with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murther ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's ; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Othello. Let him do his spite ;
My services which I have done the signiory

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

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends ;
 You were best go in.

Othello. Not I ; I must be found :
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.

Othello. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
 What is the news ?

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

Othello. What is the matter, think you ?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
 It is a business of some heat ; the galleys
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night at one another's heels,
 And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
 Are at the duke's already : you have been hotly call'd for ;
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Othello. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit.

Cassio. Ancient, what makes he here ?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack ; 50
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who ?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

Othello. Have with you.

Cassio. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

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

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and
weapons.*

Othello. Holla ! stand there !

Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moor.

Brabantio. Down with him, thief !
[They draw on both sides.

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

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

Good signior, you shall more command with years 60
Than with your weapons.

Brabantio. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my
daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
 The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
 Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
 Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
 That weaken motion. I'll have 't disputed on ;
 'T is probable and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
 Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
 Subdue him at his peril.

Othello. Hold your hands,
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest ;
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
 To answer this your charge ?

Brabantio. To prison, till fit time
 Of law and course of direct session
 Call thee to answer.

Othello. What if I do obey ?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state,
 To bring me to him ?

Officer. 'Tis true, most worthy signior ;
 The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

Brabantio. How ! the duke in council !
 In this time of the night !—Bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own ;
 For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Council-chamber.*

The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table ; Officers attending.

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

1 Senator. Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
 My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Senator. And mine, two hundred ;
 But though they jump not on a just account,—
 As in these cases, where the aim reports,
 'T is oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
 A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;

I do not so secure me in the error,

But the main article I do approve

In fearful sense.

Sailor [*Within*]. What, ho ! what, ho ! what, ho !

1 Officer. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business ?

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

Duke. How say you by this change ?

1 Senator. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason ; 't is a pageant,
 To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
 The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,

And let ourselves again but understand,
 That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
 So may he with more facile question bear it,
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks the abilities
 That Rhodes is dress'd in,—if we make thought of this,
 We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
 To leave that latest which concerns him first,
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
 To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes. 30

Officer. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
 Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
 Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

Senator. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Messenger. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
 Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
 Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
 With his free duty recommends you thus, 40
 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is certain, then, for Cyprus.
 Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

Senator. He 's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste despatch.

Senator. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

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

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
 Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

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

Brabantio. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me ;
 Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
 Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care
 Take hold on me, for my particular grief
 Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
 That it engults and swallows other sorrows
 And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter ?

Brabantio. My daughter ! O, my daughter !

Duke and Senators. Dead ?

Brabantio. Ay, to me ;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks ;
 For nature so preposterously to err,
 Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
 Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
 Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
 After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
 Stood in your action.

Brabantio. Humbly I thank your grace.
 Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
 Your special mandate for the state affairs
 Hath hither brought.

Duke and Senators. We are very sorry for 't.

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

Brabantio. Nothing, but this is so.

Othello. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her :

The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace :
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
 For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
 I won his daughter.

Brabantio. A maiden never bold ;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself ; and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !
 It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
 That will confess perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
 Without more wider and more overt test
 Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Senator. But, Othello, speak :
 Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Othello. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. 120

Othello. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the place.—
[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Othello. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd. 130

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history ;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my *hint to speak*,—such was the process :

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing, 150
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange, 160
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful ;
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man ; she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake ;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—
 Here comes the lady ; let her witness it. 170

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best ;

Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Brabantio. I pray you, hear her speak ;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man !— Come hither, gentle mistress ;
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience ?

Desdemona. My noble father, 180
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;
I am hitherto your daughter ; but here 's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Brabantio. God be with you !—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ; 190
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor ;
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers 200
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Brabantio. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.

210

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
 But words are words ; I never yet did hear
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—
 Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for
 Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to
 you ; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed
 sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws
 a more safer voice on you : you must therefore be content to
 slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn
 and boisterous expedition.

220

Othello. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down ; I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness, and do undertake
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

230

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Brabantio. I 'll not have it so.

Othello. Nor I.

Desdemona. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

240

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Desdemona. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world : my heart 's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord ;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

250

Othello. Let her have your voices.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My *speculative* and *offic'd* instruments,

260

That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation !

270

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer it.

1 *Senator.* You must away to-night.

Othello.

With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.—
 Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you,
 With such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

280

Othello. So please your grace, my ancient ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust :
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
 Good-night to every one.—And, noble signior,
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Senator.* Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

290

Brabantio. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see ;
 She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, etc.*

Othello. My life upon her faith !—Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
 I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,
 And bring them after in the best advantage.—
 Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,

To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Roderigo. Iago—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

300

Roderigo. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Roderigo. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

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

309

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Roderigo. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

316

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Roderigo. It cannot be.

329

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. *Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind*

puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness ; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow these wars ; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her ; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ;—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills ;—fill thy purse with money :—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice ; she must have change, she must : therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst : if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make money. A plague of drowning thyself ! it is clean out of the way ; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Roderigo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? 35*

Iago. Thou art sure of me,—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : my cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him ; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Roderigo. Where shall we meet i' the morning? 36*

Iago. At my lodging.

Roderigo. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Roderigo. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear ?

Roderigo. I am changed ; I'll sell all my land.

[*Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office : I know not if 't be true ;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do as if for surety. He holds me well ;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio 's a proper man : let me see now ;
 To get his place and to plume up my will
 In double knavery—How, how ?—Let's see :—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
 That he is too familiar with his wife.
 He hath a person and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected, fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose
 As asses are.
 I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

370

380

390

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and two* Gentlemen.

Montano. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

1 Gentleman. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Montano. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of this ?

2 Gentleman. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

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

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gentleman. News, lads ! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts ; a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Montano. How ! is this true ?

3 *Gentleman.*

The ship is here put in ;

A Veronessa. Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore : the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Montano. I am glad on 't ; 't is a worthy governor.

3 *Gentleman.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of
comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Montano.

Pray heavens he be ;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho !
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gentleman.*

Come, let's do so :

For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cassio. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor ! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Montano. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cassio. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. [A cry within; "A sail, a sail, a sail !"]

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cassio. What noise ?

4 *Gentleman.* The town is empty ; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry " A sail ! "

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns heard.*

2 *Gentleman.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy ;
Our friends at least.

Cassio. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arrived.

2 *Gentleman.* I shall.

[*Exit.*

Montano. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd ?

60

Cassio. Most fortunately : he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the engineer.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now ! who has put in ?

2 *Gentleman.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cassio. He's had most favourable and happy speed.
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

70

Montano. What is she ?

Cassio. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

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

80

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

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore !
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round !

Desdemona. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cassio. He is not yet arriv'd ; nor know I aught
But that he's well and will be shortly here.

Desdemona. O, but I fear— How lost you company ?

90

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

[*Within*, "A sail, a sail !" *Guns heard.*

2 Gentleman. They give their greeting to the citadel ;
This likewise is a friend.

Cassio. See for the news.—[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome.—[*To Emilia*] Welcome,
mistress.—

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners ; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

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

100

Desdemona. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep :
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emilia. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds. 110

Desdemona. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emilia. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Desdemona. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Desdemona. Come on, assay.—There 's one gone to the
harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam. 120

Desdemona. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise. —
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize ;
It plucks out brains and all : but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Desdemona. Well prais'd ! How if she be black and
witty ? 130

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Desdemona. Worse and worse.

Emilia. How if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Desdemona. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh
i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's
foul and foolish ?

Iago. There 's none so foul and foolish thereunto, 140
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Desdemona. O heavy ignorance ! thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman in
deed, one that in the authority of her merit did justly put on
the vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said "Now I may,"
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh, 150
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Desdemona. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Desdemona. O most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do
not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say
you, Cassio ? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor ?¹⁶²

Cassio. He speaks home, madam ; you may relish him more
in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm : ay, well said, whis-
per ; with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as
Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own
courtship. You say true : 't is so indeed : if such tricks as these
strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had

not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips?—[*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cassio. 'T is truly so.

173

Desdemona. Let 's meet him and receive him.

Cassio. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Othello. O my fair warrior!

Desdemona. My dear Othello!

Othello. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

180

Desdemona. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Othello. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
That e'er our hearts shall make!

190

Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

[*Kissing her.*]

Othello. Come, let us to the castle.
 News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
 How does my old acquaintance of this isle ?—
 Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus ;
 I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay and disembark my coffers ;
 Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
 Once more, well met at Cyprus.

200

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—Come hither.—If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. † The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

213

Roderigo. With him ! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies ; and will she love him still for prating ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ? When the blood is made dull, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune

as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Roderigo. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes;²⁴⁰ if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Roderigo. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo!—But, sir, be you ruled by me; I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command I'll lay 't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you; do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Roderigo. Well.²⁵⁵

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the im-

pediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity. 264

Roderigo. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Roderigo. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; 270
 That she loves him, 't is apt and of great credit:
 The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
 And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
 Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,
 But partly fed to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof 280
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb— 290
 For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too—
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter a Herald with a proclamation ; People following.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him : for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello ! [*Exeunt.* 10]

SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Othello. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night ;
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cassio. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Othello. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night ; to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] Come, my
dear love.—

Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cassio. Welcome, Iago ; we must to the watch. 20

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

Cassio. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cassio. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love ?

Cassio. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cassio. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking ; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

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

Cassio. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ! 't is a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cassio. Where are they ?

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

Cassio. I 'll do 't ; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep ; and he 's to watch,
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle, —

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
 Am I to put our Cassio in some action 59
 That may offend the isle.—But here they come :
 If consequence do but approve my dream,
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO ; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen ; Servants following with wine.

Cassio. 'Fore Heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

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

Iago. Some wine, ho !

[Sings] *And let me the canakin clink, clink !*

And let me the canakin clink !

A soldier 's a man ;

A life 's but a span ; 60

Why, then, let a soldier drink !

Some wine, boys !

Cassio. 'Fore Heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting ; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho !—are nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled. 70

Cassio. To the health of our general !

Montano. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

[Sings] *King Stephen was a worthy peer,*

His breeches cost him but a crown ;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

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

80

Some wine, ho !

Cassio. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again ?

Cassio. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God 's above all ; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

90

Cassio. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cassio. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this ; let 's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let 's look to our business.—Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

100

All. Excellent well.

Cassio. Why, very well then ; you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Montano. To the platform, masters ; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before ;
 He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
 And give direction : and do but see his vice.
 'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
 The one as long as the other ; 't is pity of him.
 I fear the trust Othello puts him in,

110

On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Montano. But is he often thus ?

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

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

120

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo !
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

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

Iago. Not I, for this fair island ;
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But, hark ! what noise ?

[*Cry within* : “ Help ! help ! ”]

Enter CASSIO, *pursuing* RODERIGO.

Cassio. You rogue ! you rascal !

Montano. What 's the matter, lieutenant ? 130

Cassio. A knave teach me my duty !
I 'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Roderigo. Beat me !

Cassio. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

[*Striking Roderigo.*]

Montano.

Nay, good lieutenant ;
[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cassio.

Let me go, sir,

Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Montano.

Come, come, you 're drunk.

Cassio. Drunk !

[*They fight.*]

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say ; go out, and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen !—

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

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

[*Bell rings.*]

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

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

You will be sham'd for ever.

140

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Othello.

What is the matter here ?

Montano. Zounds, I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.

[*Faints.*]

Othello. Hold, for your lives !

Iago. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant, — sir,— Montano,— gentlemen !—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

Hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, hold ; for shame !

Othello. Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl !

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters ?—

150

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know : friends all but now, even now,
 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now—
 As if some planet had unwitted men—
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Othello. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cassio. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Othello. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure : what 's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Montano. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
 Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught
 By me that 's said or done amiss this night,
 Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin
 When violence assails us.

Othello. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
 And passion having my best judgment collid,
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on,
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
 'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began 't ?

190

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

Iago. Touch me not so near :
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow crying out for help,
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
 The town might fall in fright ; he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
 For this was brief—I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report :
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget.
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

200

210

220

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Othello. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine.—

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

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

Desdemona. What 's the matter ?

Othello. All 's well now, sweeting ; come away to bed.—
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—
 Lead him off.— 230
[Montano is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
 Come, Desdemona ; 't is the soldiers' life
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cassio. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cassio. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost
 my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and
 what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation ! 240

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received
 some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in repu-
 tation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft
 got without merit, and lost without deserving : you have lost
 no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.
 What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again. You

are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he is yours.

Cassio. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

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

Cassio. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cassio. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

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

Cassio. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

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

Cassio. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature,

if it be well used ; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk ! 286

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general :—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces : confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter ; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cassio. You advise me well. 299

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

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

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain ?
 When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
 Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
 To win the Moor again ? For 't is most easy 310
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit ; she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.—

320

330

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Roderigo. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost
 spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I
 think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my
 pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return
 again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe;
 Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 't is morning;

340

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted.

350

Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :

Nay, get thee gone.—[*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done :

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;

I'll set her on :

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that 's the way ;

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

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.

Cassio. Masters, play here ; I will content your pains ;
Something that 's brief ; and bid—Good morrow, general.

[*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples,
that they speak i' the nose thus ?

1 *Musician.* How, sir, how !

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments ?

1 *Musician.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tale. But, masters, here 's
money for you ; and the general so likes your music, that he
desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it. 10

1 *Musician.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't

again ; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 *Musician.* We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away.
Go ; vanish into air ; away ! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cassio. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you. 19

Cassio. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entertains her a little favour of speech ; wilt thou do this ?

Clown. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cassio. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then ?

Cassio. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife ; my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access. 30

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently ;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cassio. I humbly thank you for 't.—[*Exit Iago.*] I never
knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia. Good morrow, good lieutenant ; I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will sure be well.

The general and his wife are talking of it ;
 And she speaks for you stoutly : the Moor replies,
 That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
 And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
 He might not but refuse you ; but he protests he loves you,
 And needs no other suitor but his likings
 To take the safest occasion by the front
 To bring you in again.

Cassio. Yet, I beseech you,
 If you think fit, or that it may be done,
 Give me advantage of some brief discourse
 With Desdemona alone.

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

Cassio. I am much bound to you.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Othello. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
 And by him do my duties to the senate.
 That done, I will be walking on the works ;
 Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.

Othello. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't ?
Gentlemen. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Garden of the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

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

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

As if the case were his.

Desdemona. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Desdemona. I know 't ; I thank you. You do love my lord :

You have known him long ; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cassio. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Desdemona. Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emilia. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cassio. Madam, I 'll take my leave.

Desdemona. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cassio. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Desdemona. Well, do your discretion. [Exit *Cassio*.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Othello. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord ; or if—I know not what.

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

Iago. *Cassio*, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Othello. I do believe 't was he.

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

Othello. Who is 't you mean ?

Desdemona. Why, your lieutenant, *Cassio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I prithee, call him back.

Othello. Went he hence now ?

Desdemona. Ay, sooth ; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Othello. Not now, sweet *Desdemona* ; some other time.

Desdemona. But shall 't be shortly ?

Othello. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Desdemona. Shall 't be to-night at supper ?

Othello. No, not to-night.

Desdemona. To-morrow dinner, then ?

Othello. I shall not dine at home ;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Desdemona. Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn ;
Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn :

I prithee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days. In faith, he 's penitent ;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason—

Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come ?

Tell me, Othello ; I wonder in my soul,

What you would ask me that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio,

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

When I have spoken of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part,—to have so much to do

To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much—

Othello. Prithee, no more : let him come when he will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

Desdemona. Why, this is not a boon ;

'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person : nay, when I have a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,

And fearful to be granted.

Othello. I will deny thee nothing ;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Desdemona. Shall I deny you ? no ; farewell, my lord.

Othello. Farewell, my Desdemona ; I 'll come to thee
straight.

Desdemona. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you ;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Othello. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love ?

Othello. He did, from first to last ; why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Othello. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

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

Othello. O, yes ; and went between us very oft. 100

Iago. Indeed !

Othello. Indeed ! ay, indeed ; discern'st thou aught in that ?
Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord !

Othello. Honest ! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Othello. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord !

Othello. Think, my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel 110
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst " Indeed ! "
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Othello.

I think thou dost ;

And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more ;
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that 's just
They are close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

¹²⁰
dramatic
working

Iago.

For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Othello. I think so too.

Iago.

Men should be what they seem ;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

Othello. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.

Othello. Nay, yet there 's more in this.

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminatè, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

¹³⁰

Iago.

Good my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?

¹⁴⁰

Othello. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
 Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
 From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance. 150
 It were not for your quiet nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Othello. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
 Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
 'T is mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed. 160

Othello. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand; *I am not*
 Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody. *what I am*

Othello. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves! 170

Othello. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
 But riches fineless is as poor as winter
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy!

Othello. Why, why is this?
 Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous,
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago!
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:
 And on the proof there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to 't.
 I know our country disposition well:
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Othello. Dost thou say so?

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

Othello. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
 He thought 't was witchcraft— But I am much to blame ;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much loving you.

Othello. I am bound to thee for ever.

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

Othello. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
 Comes from my love. But I do see you 're mov'd :
 I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 Than to suspicion.

Othello. I will not.

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

Othello. No, not much mov'd ;
 I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think
 so !

Othello. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point ; as—to be bold with you—
 Not to affect many proposed matches
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
 Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
 Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
 But pardon me ; I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

Othello. Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : leave mè, Iago. 240

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

Othello. Why did I marry ? This honest creature doubt-
less

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

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

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time.
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.
Note if your lady strain his entertainment 250
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Othello. Fear not my government.

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

Othello. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard, 260
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much—
She 's gone. I am abus'd ; and my relief

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great ones ;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;
 'T is destiny unshunnable, like death :
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us
 When we do quicken.—Desdemona comes.

270

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !
 I 'll not believe 't.

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

280

Othello. I am to blame.

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

Othello. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Desdemona. Faith, that 's with watching ; 't will away again :
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Othello. Your napkin is too little ;

[He puts the handkerchief from him ; and it drops.]

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

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

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Emilia. I am glad I have found this napkin.
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor :
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,
 For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,

290

That she reserves it evermore about her
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give't Iago : what he will do with it
 Heaven knows, not I ;
 I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

300

Emilia. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me ? it is a common thing—

Emilia. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emilia. O, is that all ? What will you give me now
 For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emilia. What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her ?

310

Emilia. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence,
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
 Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

Emilia. What will you do with 't, that you have been so
 earnest

To have me filch it.

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

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

Iago. Be not acknown on 't ; I have use for it.
 Go, leave me.

319

[*Exit Emilia.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ ; this may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison ;
 Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
 But with a little act upon the blood
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so ;
 Look, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Othello. Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

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

Othello. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the rack.
 I swear 't is better to be much abus'd
 Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord !

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

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Othello. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell ! 350
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation 's gone !

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord ?

Othello. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
 Be sure of it : give me the ocular proof ;
 Or, by the word of man's eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my wak'd wrath !

360

Iago. Is 't come to this ?

Othello. Make me to see 't ; or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Othello. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
 Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd :
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than that.

370

Iago. O grace ! O heaven forgive me !
 Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ?
 God be wi' you ; take mine office. O wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !
 O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest is not safe.
 I thank you for this profit ; and from hence
 I 'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

380

Othello. Nay, stay ; thou shouldst be honest.

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

Othello. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
 I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion ;
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied ?

Othello. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may : but how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
 If imputation and strong circumstances,
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Othello. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office ;
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
 Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
 I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
 One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say " Sweet Desdemona,
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ;"
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
 Cry " O sweet creature !" and then kiss me hard,
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
 That grew upon my lips ; and sigh'd, and then
 Cried " Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor !"

Othello. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

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

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Othello. I 'll tear her all to pieces !

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ; 420
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

Othello. I gave her such a one ; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Othello. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Othello. O that the slave had forty thousand lives ! 430
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true. Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'T is gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues !

Iago. Yet be content.

Othello. O, blood, blood, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind perhaps may change. 440

Othello. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
'To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven, [Kneels.
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow
 I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above, 451
 You elements that clip us round about,
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody business ever. [They rise.

Othello. I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to 't ;
 Within these three days let me hear thee say 460
 That Cassio 's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 't is done at your request :
 But let her live.

Othello. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
 Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Desdemona. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio
 lies ?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Desdemona. Why, man ?

Clown. He 's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Desdemona. Go to ; where lodges he ?

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

Desdemona. Can any thing be made of this ?

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

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

Clown. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Desdemona. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing. [Exit.

Desdemona. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emilia. I know not, madam.

Desdemona. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of crusadoes ; and, but my noble Moor Is true of mind and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emilia. Is he not jealous ?

Desdemona. Who, he ? I think the sun where he was born Drew all such humours from him.

Emilia. Look, where he comes.

Desdemona. I will not leave him now till Cassio Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is 't with you, my lord ?

Othello. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Desdemona. Well, my good lord.

Othello. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout; 40

For here 's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,

A frank one.

Desdemona. You may, indeed, say so;

For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Desdemona. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Othello. What promise, chuck?

Desdemona. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Othello. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me; 50

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Desdemona. Here, my lord.

Othello. That which I gave you.

Desdemona. I have it not about me.

Othello. Not?

Desdemona. No, indeed, my lord.

Othello. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her amiable and subdue my father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies. She dying gave it me ;
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
 To give it her. I did so : and take heed on 't ;
 Make it a darling like your precious eye :
 To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
 As nothing else could match.

Desdemona. Is 't possible ?

Othello. 'T is true ; there's magic in the web of it.
 A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
 The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
 And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Desdemona. Indeed ! is 't true ?

Othello. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

Desdemona. Then would to God that I had never seen 't !

Othello. Ha ! wherefore ?

Desdemona. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Othello. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out o' the way ?

Desdemona. Heaven bless us !

Othello. Say you ?

Desdemona. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

Othello. How !

Desdemona. I say, it is not lost.

Othello. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

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

This is a trick to put me from my suit ;

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Othello. Fetch me the handkerchief ; my mind misgives.

Desdemona. Come, come ;

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Othello. The handkerchief!

90

Desdemona.

I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Othello. The handkerchief!

Desdemona.

A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shar'd dangers with you,—

Othello. The handkerchief!

Desdemona. In sooth, you are to blame.

Othello. Away!

[*Exit.*

Emilia. Is not this man jealous?

Desdemona. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief;

100

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emilia. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:

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

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband!

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

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

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Desdemona. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,

That by your virtuous means I may again

110

Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart

Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past nor present sorrows

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit,

So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
 And shut myself up in some other course
 To fortune's alms.

120

Desdemona. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio !
 My advocacy is not now in tune ;
 My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,
 Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure
 For my free speech ! You must awhile be patient :
 What I can do I will ; and more I will
 Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

130

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

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

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother ;—and can he be angry ?
 Something of moment then : I will go meet him ;
 There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Desdemona. I prithee, do so.—

[*Exit Iago.*

Something, sure, of state,

Either from Venice or some unhatch'd practice
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
 Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and in such cases
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so ;
 For let our finger ache, and it indues
 Our other healthful members even to that sense
 Of pain : nay, we must think men are not gods,
 Nor of them look for such observancy
 As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,

140

I was, unhandsome warrior as I am, 150
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he 's indicted falsely.

Emilia. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think,
 And no conception nor no jealous toy
 Concerning you.

Desdemona. Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.

Emilia. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous : 't is a monster 160
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Desdemona. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
 mind !

Emilia. Lady, amen.

Desdemona. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout ;
 If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cassio. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bianca. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cassio. What make you from home ?
 How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?
 I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house. 170

Bianca. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
 What, keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?
 Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,
 More tedious than the dial eight score times ?
 O weary reckoning !

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca ;
 I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd,
 But I shall in a more continue time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.

Take me this work out.

Bianca. O, Cassio, whence came this ?

This is some token from a newer friend ;

180

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.

Is 't come to this ? Well, well.

Cassio. Go to, woman !

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance ;

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bianca. Why, whose is it ?

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

I like the work well ; ere it be demanded—

As like enough it will—I 'd have it copied :

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

190

Bianca. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Cassio. I do attend here on the general ;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bianca. Why, I pray you ?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bianca. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little,

And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cassio. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,

For I attend here ; but I 'll see you soon.

Bianca. 'T is very good ; I must be circumstanc'd.

200

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the Castle.**Enter* OTHELLO *and* IAGO.*Iago.* Will you think so ?*Othello.* Think so, Iago !*Iago.* What,

To kiss in private ?

Othello. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

It is hypocrisy against the devil ;

They that mean virtuously and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 't is a venial slip ;

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Othello. What then ?*Iago.* Why, then, 't is hers, my lord ; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.*Othello.* She is protectress of her honour too ;

May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen ;

They have it very oft that have it not :

But, for the handkerchief,—

Othello. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?*Othello.* That 's not so good now.*Iago.* What, 20

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong ?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
 Who having, by their own importunate suit,
 Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
 But they must blab—

Othello. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,
 No more than he 'll unswear.

Othello. What hath he said ?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did. 29

Othello. What? what?—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour ;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish ! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil ! [Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
 My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
 All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord ! 40
 My lord, I say, Othello !

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio !

Cassio. What 's the matter ?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy :
 This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.

Cassio. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear ;
 The lethargy must have his quiet course :
 If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
 Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight ; when he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speak with you. 50
 [Exit Cassio.
 How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?

Othello. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you ! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a man !

Othello. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,
 And many a civil monster.

Othello. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;

Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd
 May draw with you. There 's millions now alive 60
 That nightly lie in those unproper beds
 Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better.
 O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
 And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;
 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Othello. O, thou art wise ; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart ;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.
 Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—
 A passion most unsuited such a man— 70
 Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,
 Bade him anon return and here speak with me ;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face ;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife :
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ; 80

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

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

Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello retires.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio ; as 't is the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one. 90
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter.—Here he comes.—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cassio. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, 100
How quickly should you speed !

Cassio. Alas, poor caitiff !

Othello. Look, how he laughs already !

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

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

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

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Othello. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er : go to ; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her ;
Do you intend it ?

Cassio. Ha, ha, ha !

110

Othello. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph ?

Cassio. I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee, bear
some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome.
Ha, ha, ha !

Othello. So, so, so, so ; they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cassio. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Othello. Have you scored me? Well.

119

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

Othello. Iago beckons me ; now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was here even now ; she haunts me in every
place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with
certain Venetians ; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this
hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

Othello. Crying "O dear Cassio!" as it were ; his gesture
imports it.

129

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so hales
and pulls me : ha, ha, ha !

Othello. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber.
—O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw
it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me ! look, where she comes.

Cassio. 'T is such another fitchew ! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

138

Bianca. Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! What did

you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't.

Cassio. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Othello. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bianca. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

150

Cassio. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cassio. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*

Othello. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

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

Othello. O, Iago!

150

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Othello. Was that mine?

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

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

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

158

Othello. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Othello. Hang her ! I do but say what she is ; so delicate with her needle ! an admirable musician ! O ! she will sing the savageness out of a bear ! of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Othello. O, a thousand thousand times ;—and then, of so gentle a condition !

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

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

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

Othello. I will chop her into messes ! Cuckold me !

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Othello. With mine officer !

Iago. That 's fouler.

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

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

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

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

Othello. Excellent good !—[*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure.—'T is Lodovico Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

Lodovico. Save you, worthy general !

Othello.

With all my heart, sir.

Lodovico. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Othello. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Desdemona. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ;

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lodovico. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Desdemona. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my
lord

An unkind breach ; but you shall make all well.

Othello. Are you sure of that ?

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. [*Reads*] " This fail you not to do, as you will— "

Lodovico. He did not call ; he 's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

Desdemona. A most unhappy one ; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Othello. Fire and brimstone !

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. Are you wise ? 210

Desdemona. What, is he angry ?

Lodovico. May be the letter mov'd him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

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

Othello. Indeed !

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. I am glad to see you mad.

Desdemona. Why, sweet Othello,—

Othello. [*Striking her*] Devil !

Desdemona. I have not deserv'd this.

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

Though I should swear I saw 't ; 't is very much :
Make her amends ; she weeps.

Othello. O devil, devil !

230

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight !

Desdemona. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

Lodovico. Truly, an obedient lady ;

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Othello. Mistress !

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. What would you with her, sir ?

Lodovico. Who, I, my lord ?

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

Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;

240

And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,

Very obedient,—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir.—O well-painted passion !—

I am commanded home.—Get you away ;

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

And will return to Venice.—Hence, avault !—

[*Exit Desdemona.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together ;

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys !

[*Exit.*]

Lodovico. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

250

Call all-in-all sufficient ? Is this the nature

Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident nor dart of chance

Could neither graze nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

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

Iago. He 's that he is ; I may not breathe my censure.
 What he might be—if what he might he is not—
 I would to heaven he were !

Lodovico. What, strike his wife !

Iago. Faith, that was not so well ; yet would I knew
 That stroke would prove the worst !

Lodovico. Is it his use ?
 Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas ! alas !
 It is not honesty in me to speak
 What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
 And his own courses will denote him so
 That I may save my speech ; do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.

Lodovico. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Othello. You have seen nothing, then ?

Emilia. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Othello. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Othello. What, did they never whisper ?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. Nor send you out o' the way ?

Emilia. Never.

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

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. That 's strange.

Emilia. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,

Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
 If any wretch have put this in your head,
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
 For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
 Is foul as slander.

Othello. Bid her come hither ; go. [*Exit Emilia.*
 She says enough ; yet she's a simple bawd
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
 A closet lock and key of villanous secrets :
 And yet she'll kneel and pray ; I have seen her do 't.

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.

Desdemona. My lord, what is your will ?

Othello. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Desdemona. What is your pleasure ?

Othello. Let me see your eyes ;
 Look in my face.

Desdemona. What horrible fancy's this ?

Othello. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress ; shut
 the door ;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery ; nay, despatch. [*Exit Emilia.*

Desdemona. Upon my knees, what doth your speech im-
 port ?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Othello. Why, what art thou ?

Desdemona. Your wife, my lord ; your true
 And loyal wife.

Othello. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
 Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-damn'd ;
 Swear thou art honest.

Desdemona. Heaven doth truly know it.

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

Desdemona. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

Othello. O Desdemona! away! away! away!

Desdemona. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

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

Why, I have lost him too.

Othello. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction, had they rain'd

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at!

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

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

Where either I must live or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs

Or else dries up,—to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Desdemona. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Othello. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Desdemona. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Othello. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner! 70
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Desdemona. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Othello. Are not you a strumpet?

Desdemona. No, as I am a Christian;
If to preserve this vessel for my lord 80
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Othello. What, not a whore?

Desdemona. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Othello. Is 't possible?

Desdemona. O, heaven forgive us!

Othello. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there 's money for your pains. 90

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [Exit.

Emilia. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Desdemona. Faith, half asleep.

Emilia. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Desdemona. With who?

Emilia. Why, with my lord, madam.

Desdemona. Who is thy lord?

Emilia. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Desdemona. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia ;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets : remember ;
And call thy husband hither.

Emilia. Here's a change indeed ! [*Exit.*]

Desdemona. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is 't with you ?

Desdemona. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young
babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emilia. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Desdemona. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Desdemona. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emilia. He call'd her whore ; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so ?

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

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

123

Emilia. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Desdemona. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?

Desdemona. Nay, heaven doth know.

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

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

130

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

Emilia. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

140

Emilia. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Desdemona. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form,
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore :
 It doth abhor me now I speak the word ;
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

159

160

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 't is but his humour :
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Desdemona. If 't were no other,—

Iago.

'T is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat :
 Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.—

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo !

Roderigo. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

170

Roderigo. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago ;
 and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all con-
 veniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope.
 I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to
 put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

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

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Roderigo. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor't is not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Roderigo. I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Roderigo. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Roderigo. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Roderigo. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Roderigo. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no: he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio. 220

Roderigo. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Roderigo. And that you would have me to do? 225

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it! 234

Roderigo. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lodovico. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

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

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

Desdemona. Your honour is most welcome.

Othello.

Will you walk, sir ?

O,—Desdemona,—

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returned forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look it be done.

Desdemona. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

Emilia. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did. 10

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

Emilia. Dismiss me !

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

Emilia. I would you had never seen him !

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

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them. 20

Emilia. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Desdemona. All 's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our
minds !—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emilia. Come, come, you talk.

Desdemona. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara ;
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad
And did forsake her. She had a song of " willow " ;
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do 60
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Prithee, despatch.

Emilia. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Desdemona. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia. A very handsome man.

Desdemona. He speaks well.

Emilia. I know a lady in Venice would have walked bare-foot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Desdemona. [Singing] *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*

Sing all a green willow ;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow :

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;—

Lay by these :—

[Singing] *Sing willow, willow, willow ;*

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

[Singing] *Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

Let nobody blame him ; his scorn I approve,—

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

Emilia. It 's the wind.

Desdemona. [Singing] *I call'd my love false love ; but what said he then ?*

Sing willow, willow, willow :

If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men.—

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

Doth that bode weeping ?

Emilia. 'T is neither here nor there.

Desdemona. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men !—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind ?

Emilia. There be some such, no question.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia. Why, would not you?

Desdemona. No, by this heavenly light!

Emilia. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia. The world 's a huge thing; it is a great price
For a small vice.

Desdemona. In troth, I think thou wouldst not. 68

Emilia. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Desdemona. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emilia. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Desdemona. I do not think there is any such woman. 80

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

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour out treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
 I think it is ; and doth affection breed it ?
 I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs ?
 It is so too ; and have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have ?
 Then let them use us well ; else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Desdemona. Good night, good night ; heaven me such uses
 send,
 Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend ! 100 *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come :
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
 Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I 'll be at thy elbow.
 It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Roderigo. Be near at hand ; .I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires.

Roderigo. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :
 'T is but a man gone. Forth, my sword ; he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense, 10

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my game. Live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona ;
 It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life
 That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :
 No, he must die.—But so ; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Roderigo. I know his gait, 't is he.—Villain, thou diest !

[Makes a pass at Cassio.]

Cassio. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st ;
 I will make proof of thine. *[Draws and wounds Roderigo.]*

Roderigo. O, I am slain !

[Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.]

Cassio. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !
[Falls.]

Enter OTHELLO.

Othello. The voice of Cassio ; Iago keeps his word.

Roderigo. O, villain that I am !

Othello. It is even so.

Cassio. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !

Othello. 'T is he.—O brave Iago, honest and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
 Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your unblest fate hies ; strumpet, I come !
 FORTH OF MY HEART THOSE CHARMS, THINE EYES, ARE BIOTTED ;
 Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

Cassio. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gratiano. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cassio. O, help!

Lodovico. Hark!

Roderigo. O wretched villain!

Lodovico. Two or three groan; it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Roderigo. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lodovico. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

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

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

Lodovico. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cassio. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What's the matter?

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

Lodovico. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cassio. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cassio. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]

Roderigo. O, help me here!

Cassio. That 's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain !
[*Stabs Roderigo.*]

Roderigo. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these bloody thieves ?—

How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !—

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

Lodovico. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lodovico. He, sir.

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

Gratiano. Cassio !

Iago. How is 't, brother ?

Cassio. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

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

Enter BIANCA.

Bianca. What is the matter, ho ? who is 't that cried ?

Iago. Who is 't that cried !

Bianca. O my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio ! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !

Iago. O notable strumpet !—Cassio, may you suspect Who they should be that have thus mangled you ?

Cassio. No.

Gratiano. I am sorry to find you thus ; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter.—So.—O for a chair, To bear him easily hence !

Bianca. Alas, he faints ! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come ;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no ?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman

Roderigo ! no :—yes, sure ; O heaven ! Roderigo.

Gratiano. What, of Venice ?

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

Gratiano.

Know him ! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle pardon ;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

Gratiano. I am glad to see you.

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

Gratiano. Roderigo !

Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[*A chair brought in.*] O, that 's well said ; the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;

I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend ; what malice was between you ?

Cassio. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bianca*] What, look you pale ?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress ?—

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye ?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her :

Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia. Alas, what 's the matter ? what 's the matter, husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo and fellows that are scap'd ;
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emilia. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What, do you shake at that ?

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

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

Emilia. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet !

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

Emilia. As I ! foh ! fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray ?—*[Aside]* This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Castle ; DESDEMONA in
bed asleep ; a light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Othello. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—
It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light !
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me ; but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It must needs wither ; I 'll smell it on the tree. [*Kissing her.*
 Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword? One more, one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more, and this the last ;
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears : this sorrow 's heavenly ;
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona. Who 's there? Othello?

Othello.

Ay, Desdemona.

Desdemona. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Othello. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Desdemona.

Ay, my lord.

Othello. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Desdemona. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Othello. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
 No ; heaven forfend ! I would not kill thy soul.

Desdemona. Talk you of killing?

Othello.

Ay, I do.

Desdemona.

Then heaven.

Have mercy on me !

Othello.

Amen, with all my heart !

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

Othello. Hum !

Desdemona. And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal then
 When your eyes roll so : why I should fear I know not,
 Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

Othello. Think on thy sins.

Desdemona. They are loves I bear to you.

Othello. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Desdemona. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Othello. Peace, and be still !

Desdemona. I will so. What 's the matter ?

Othello. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Desdemona. No, by my life and soul !
Send for the man, and ask him.

Othello. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury ; thou art on thy death-bed.

Desdemona. Ay, but not yet to die.

Othello. Yes, presently :
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Desdemona. Then Lord have mercy on me !

Othello. I say, amen.

Desdemona. And have you mercy too ! I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love ; I never gave him token.

Othello. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Desdemona. He found it then ;

I never gave it him : send for him hither ;
Let him confess a truth.

Othello. He hath confess'd.

Desdemona. What, my lord ?

Othello. That he hath us'd thee.

Desdemona. How ? unlawfully ?

Othello. Ay. 70

Desdemona. He will not say so.

Othello. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Desdemona. O ! my fear interprets ; what, is he dead ?

Othello. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

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

Othello. Out, strumpet ! weep'st thou for him to my
face ?

Desdemona. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not !

Othello. Down, strumpet !

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

Othello. Nay, if you strive,—

Desdemona. But half an hour !

Othello. Being done, there is no pause.

Desdemona. But while I say one prayer !

Othello. It is too late.

[*He stifles her.*]

Emilia. [*Within*] My lord, my lord ! what, ho ! my lord,
my lord !

Othello. What noise is this ?—Not dead ? not yet quite
dead ?

I that am cruel am yet merciful ;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emilia. [*Within*] What, ho ! my lord, my lord !

Othello. Who 's there ?

Emilia. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you !

Othello. Yes ;—'t is Emilia.—By and by.—She 's dead.—⁹⁰
'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—
The noise was here.—Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in ? were 't good ?—
I think she stirs again ;—no. What 's best to do ?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife.—
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.
O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration. 100

Emilia. [*Within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord !

Othello. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—
Soft ; by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou ? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

What 's the matter with thee now ?

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

Othello. What, now ?

Emilia. But now, my lord.

Othello. It is the very error of the moon ;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad. 110

Emilia. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Othello. Roderigo kill'd !
And Cassio kill'd !

Emilia. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

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

Desdemona. O, falsely, falsely murther'd !

Emilia. Alas, what cry is that ?

Othello. That ! what ?

Emilia. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice.—

Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !

Sweet Desdemona ! O sweet mistress, speak !

Desdemona. A guiltless death I die.

Emilia. O, who hath done this deed ?

Desdemona. Nobody ; I myself. Farewell !

Commend me to my kind lord ; O, farewell !

[*Dies.*

Othello. Why, how should she be murther'd ?

Emilia. Alas, who knows ?

Othello. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emilia. She said so ; I must needs report the truth.

Othello. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell ;

'T was I that kill'd her.

Emilia. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil !

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

Emilia. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Othello. She was false as water.

Emilia. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

Othello. O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emilia. My husband !

Othello. Thy husband.

Emilia. That she was false to wedlock ?

Othello. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I 'd not have sold her for it.

Emilia. My husband !

Othello. Ay, 't was he that told me first ;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emilia. My husband !

Othello. What needs this iterance, woman ? I say thy
husband.

Emilia. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love !—
My husband say that she was false !

Othello. He, woman ;
I say thy husband : dost understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emilia. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Othello. Ha !

Emilia. Do thy worst ;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Othello. Peace, you were best !

Emilia. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword ; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ! Murder ! murder !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Montano. What is the matter ?—How now, general !

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

Gratiano. What is the matter ?

Emilia. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man ;
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.

I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain ;
 Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

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

Iago. I did.

Emilia. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie ;
 Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie !

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

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

Emilia. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to
 speak :

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

All. O, heavens fend !

Emilia. And your reports have set the murther on.

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

Gratiano. 'T is a strange truth.

Montano. O, monstrous act !

Emilia. Villany, villany, villany !

I think upon 't, I think ;—I smell 't ;—O, villany !—

I thought so then !—I 'll kill myself for grief.—

O, villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emilia. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

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

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

Othello. O ! O ! O !

[*He falls on the bed*]

Emilia. Nay, lay thee down and roar ;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Othello. [*Rising*] O, she was foul !—

I scarce did know you, uncle ; there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gratiano. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father 's dead.
 Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
 Shore his old thread in twain ; did he live now,
 This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
 Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
 And fall to reprobation.

Othello. 'T is pitiful ; but yet Iago knows
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame 210
 A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it :
 And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love
 Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand ;
 It was a handkerchief, an antique token
 My father gave my mother.

Emilia. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emilia. 'T will out, 't will out !—I peace !
 No, I will speak as liberal as the north ;
 Let heaven and men and devils, let them all, 220
 All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emilia.

I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*

Gratiano.

Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

Emilia. O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou
 speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband ;
 For often, with a solemn earnestness,
 More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
 He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore !

Emilia. She give it Cassio ! no, alas ! I found it,
 And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

230

Emilia. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

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

[*He runs at Iago; Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia,
and exit.*]

Gratiano. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

Emilia. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side.

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

Montano. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

240

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

For 't is a damned slave. [*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

Othello. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emilia. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music. [*Singing*] *Willow, willow, willow.*—

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking—as I think—I die—I die.

[*Dies.*]

Othello. I have another weapon in this chamber;

251

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—

O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gratiano. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

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

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. What is the matter ?

Othello. Behold, I have a weapon ;
 A better never did itself sustain
 Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,
 That with this little arm and this good sword 260
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast !
 Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now.—
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd ? 't is a lost fear ;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires.—Where should Othello go ? 270
 Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !
 Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl !
 Even like thy chastity.—
 O, cursed, cursed slave !—
 Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !
 O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ! 280
 Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and
 Officers with IAGO, prisoner.*

Lodovico. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Othello. That 's he that was Othello ; here I am.

Lodovico. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Othello. I look down towards his feet ; but that 's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*

Lodovico. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Othello. I am not sorry neither : I 'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

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

Othello. Why, any thing :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lodovico. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Othello. Ay.

Cassio. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Othello. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : what you know, you know ;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lodovico. What, not to pray ?

Gratiano. Torments will ope your lips.

Othello. Well, thou dost best.

Lodovico. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another ; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Othello. O villain !

Cassio. Most heathenish and most gross !

Lodovico. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
 But that, belike, Iago in the interim
 Came in and satisfied him.

Othello. O, the pernicious caitiff!—
 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
 That was my wife's?

Cassio. I found it in my chamber ;
 And he himself confess'd but even now
 That there he dropt it for a special purpose
 Which wrought to his desire.

320

Othello. O, fool ! fool ! fool !
Cassio. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
 How he upbraids Iago that he made him
 Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
 That I was cast : and even but now he spake,
 After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on.

Lodovico. You must forsake this room, and go with us ;
 Your power and your command is taken off,
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
 If there be any cunning cruelty
 That can torment him much and hold him long,
 It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

330

Othello. Soft you ; a word or two before you go.
 I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
 No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice ; then must you speak
 Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
 Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose hand,

340

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinable gum. Set you down this ;
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus.

359

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lodovico. O bloody period !

Gratiano. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Othello. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee ;—no way but this,
 Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Falls on the bed, and dies.*]

Cassio. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
 For he was great of heart.

360

Lodovico. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;
 This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;
 Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
 The time, the place, the torture ; O, enforce it !
 Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

370

[*Exeunt.*]



NOTES.



ACT I. SCENE I.

INTRODUCTORY.

“The Republic of Venice became the virtual sovereigns of Cyprus in 1471; when the State assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III. of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the State to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine in 1489 abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the Republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II. in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish empire. Leikosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal seaport, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident therefore that we must refer the action of *Othello* to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after Act i. must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known when (iii. 2. 3) he wrote ‘I will be walking on the *works*.’”—*Knight's Shakespeare*.

The other historical facts connected with the play are as follows: Selim II. formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians. The invasion of Cyprus *really* took place much as is described in the play. The Turkish fleet (before the successful invasion) first came sailing towards Cyprus; then went to Rhodes, and afterwards resumed its course towards Cyprus.

Coleridge thus remarks with regard to the opening of the play:—

“Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakesperian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise

his art, and in doing so display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour which his rank and connexions had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago—the purse—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter."

3. **Know of this.** Be aware of the elopement and marriage of Desdemona.

10. **Off-capp'd.** Took off their caps; stood cap in hand, soliciting him. This is the reading of the folio; the quartos have "oft capt," implying that "*cap*" is equivalent to "salute by taking off the cap." Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7. 63: "I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes."

12. **Loving his own pride and purposes.** Scorning to be influenced by anything except his own proud will.

13. **Bombast circumstance.** The term *bombast* originally meant wadding used for lining and stuffing out garments. *Circumstance* here denotes circumlocution or a round-about way of speaking. Hence, the two words mean, *pompous circumlocution*.

16. **Certes.** A corruption of *certain is = certainly*.

17. **Chose**, for *chosen*. "Owing to the tendency to drop the inflection *en*, the Elizabethan authors frequently used the curtailed forms of past participles which are common in Early English: 'I have spoke, forgot, writ, chid,' etc.

'Have you *chose* this man?'—*Coriol.* ii. 3. 163.

Where, however, the form thus curtailed was in danger of being confused with the infinitive, as in 'taken,' they used the past tense for the past participle."—*Dr. Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar*.

19. **Arithmetician.** "Commercial calculator; one brought up to commerce. Cassio was a native of Florence, one of the principal trading towns of Italy. Venice was not only renowned for commerce, but it also had a warlike celebrity;

and Iago, who was a Venetian, means to disparage Cassio by calling him a Florentine."—*Hunter*. Steevens quotes *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. 106: "that fights by the book of arithmetic."

21. **Wife**, here, according to most commentators, means simply *woman*, as it does in *Henry V.*, iii. 3. 40, and in *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 58. The allusion seems to be Cassio's passion for his mistress Bianca, whose charms appeared to be such as to make this world seem a paradise for him, and to thus put him in danger of forfeiting the happiness of the world to come. Such is what Shakespeare is supposed to have meant in describing Cassio as "almost damned in a fair wife." Others consider the line to mean "A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a pretty woman," and this view is favoured by the allusion to a *spinster* which follows. Theobald would read "the Florentine's, A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife," making it a quotation of Othello's remark concerning Iago, and meaning, he says, that "Iago had such a beautiful wife that she was his heaven on earth, and that he idolized her." White reads, "wise"; Capell, "face." Tyrwhitt conjectures "life" for *wife*, "alluding to the judgment denounced in the Gospel against those of *whom all men speak well*." Steevens explains the passage as meaning "very near being married," and quotes iv. 1. 116 below: "Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her."

23. **Division**, arrangement, disposition.

Ib. **Battle**, here means *an army*.

24. **Spinster**. The termination *-ster* formerly denoted the *female agent*; thus, *brewster* and *bakester* denoted respectively a woman employed in brewing or in baking. *Spinster* is the only word in which the termination *-ster* is still retained as denoting the female agent.

Ib. **Unless the bookish theoretic**. Except only the theory of military art as taught in books. *Theoretic* and *practic* are old forms for *theory* and *practice*.

25. **The toged consuls**. The gowned councillors; *toged*, or *toga'd*, means *robed with the senatorial toga* or gown. "*Toged*" is the reading of the 1st quarto; the folios have "*tongued*." Theobald suggests "*couns'lors*" instead of "*consuls*." Steevens suggests that Shakespeare may have formed the word "*toged*,"

in allusion to the Latin adage: "*Cedant arma togæ*," "Let arms give way to *the garb of peace*."

Ib. **Propose**, here means "to discourse, or talk about."

30. **Be-lee'd**. "Placed on the lee, or in a position unfavourable to the wind."—*Schmidt*.

31. **Debitor and creditor**. "The title of certain ancient treatises on book-keeping; here used as a nickname."—*Clarke*. Similarly, *counter-caster* is a contemptuous term for an accountant, or one who reckons by counters.

33. **Ancient**. This word is a corruption of the French *enseigne*, and means "*Ensign*" or "*Standard Bearer*." Such is its usual interpretation; others consider that it is a corruption of the Italian *anziano*, and almost equivalent to our "*Adjutant-General*."

36. **Letter**. "Recommendations by letter."—*Schmidt*. The Collier *MS.* reads "favour."

37. **Old gradation**. The old-established order of promotion.

39. **Affin'd**, etc. Paraphrase thus: "Under such just obligations to the Moor as to be obliged to love him." Instead of "*affin'd*" the 1st quarto has "*assign'd*."

44. **Shall**. With regard to the Elizabethan authors, Dr. Abbott observes: "You *shall* see, find, etc., was especially common in the meaning 'you may,' 'you will,' applied to that which is of common occurrence, or so evident that it *cannot but be seen*."

45. **Knee-crooking**. Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 66: "And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," etc.

Ib. **Knave** is derived from the German *knabe*, a boy; and, as Archbishop Trench observes, "it once meant no more than a lad." But lads are so prone to mischievous tricks, that the word was afterwards employed to denote "a thief," or "a rogue."

48. **Cashier'd**. Paid off; dismissed. From the Italian *cassiere*, a cashier.

50. **Trimm'd in forms and visages**. Paraphrase thus: "Wearing the outward appearances of dutiful attention."

63. **Compliment extern**. *Schmidt* explains this as meaning "outward appearance."

66. Full fortune does the thick-lips owe. The reading of the folio is "*fall* fortune," the sense of which would be, as it were, "a windfall of fortune." *Owe*, here, as in many places in Shakespeare, means *own*, *have*, or *possess*. "*Thick-lips*" has been cited in support of the notion that Othello is a negro, but Roderigo simply uses the term contemptuously as denoting an African.

With regard to this, Coleridge thus remarks: "Roderigo turns off to Othello; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it—would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro plead royal birth—at a time, too, when negroes were not known except as slaves? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies merely that Othello was a Moor—that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and Negro, yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word. . . . Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakespeare ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis personæ* to each other as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona which Shakespeare does not appear to have at all in the least contemplated."

67. Carry it thus. Triumph in this manner.

68. **Rouse him: make after him.** The first *him* refers to Brabantio, the second to Othello.

72. **Changes.** This is the reading of the quartos. "*Chances*" is another reading.

73. **As** is here equivalent to "so that."

76. **By night and negligence.** *At night* and *through negligence*.

87. **Burst.** Broken into. The expression "burst" is often used of the heart; as in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 190; and in *King Lear*, v. 3. 182.

93. **Worser.** Such *double comparatives* (as well as *double superlatives*) were commonly used in Early English and during the Elizabethan Period; thus we find:—

"*More elder.*"—*Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 251.

"*More nearer.*"—*Hamlet*, ii. 1. 11.

"*More braver.*"—*Tempest*, i. 2. 439.

"*Thy most worst.*"—*Winter's Tale*, iii. 2. 180.

"*Most unkindest.*"—*Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 187.

With regard to such forms, Dr. Abbott remarks, in his *Shakesperian Grammar*: "The inflections *-er* and *-est*, which represent the comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives, though retained, yet lost some of their force, and sometimes received the addition of *more*, *most*, for the purpose of greater emphasis."

98. **Upon malicious bravery.** "Urged by a malicious desire to brave me."—*Clarke*. "Knavery" is the reading of the folios. In the above phrase, "upon" denotes "for the purpose of." The word is now seldom used in this sense, except in such expressions as "*upon* an errand," "*upon* business."

100. **Needs**, an instance of an *adverb* formed from the *possessive case* of the noun "need."

104. **A grange.** A lonely farm-house, where a robbery could be easily committed. The word *grange* is derived from the Latin *granum*, grain.

113. **Odd-even**, etc. "Cicero says that the extreme test of a man's honesty is, that you can play at odd and even with him in the dark. And, perhaps, 'odd-(and)-even' here means

a time when there is no distinguishing between *odd* and *even*."—*Dr. Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar*.

117. **Your allowance.** Is allowed or approved of by you.

120. **We have your wrong rebuke.** We are wrongly, or unjustly, rebuked by you.

121. **From.** In Shakespeare, "from" is frequently used in the sense of "contrary to," "away from," without a verb of motion.

"From thence (*i.e.* away from home) the sauce to meat is ceremony."—*Macbeth*, iii. 4. 36.

"I am best pleased to be *from* such a deed."

King John, iv. 1. 86.

"Anything so overdone is *from* the purpose of playing."

Hamlet, iii. 2. 22.

126. **In an extravagant and wheeling stranger.** "*In*" was changed by *Pope* to "*To*." *Extravagant* means *wandering* or *vagabond*, and *wheeling* is used in a sense somewhat similar.

138. **Check.** Rebuke, or reprimand.

139. **Cast.** Cast him away; dismiss him.

141. **Stand in act.** Are now going on.

142. **Fathom.** Ability; depth of mind. Coleridge here remarks: "The forced praise of Othello followed by the bitter hatred of him in this speech! And observe how Brabantio's dream prepares for his recurrence to the notion of philters, and how both prepare for carrying on the plot of the arraignment of Othello on this ground."

148. **Sagittary.** Most commentators consider this to have been the name of an inn. Clarke suggests that it may have been "a private house, bearing one of those distinctive names, and even signs, which it was the mode formerly to give to private mansions in England." From i. 2. 45, below, it is evident that Othello was not at his usual lodging, and that the messengers of the Senate did not know where to find him. If the *Arsenal*, consisting of the largest collection of public buildings in Venice, had been the "place" alluded to, no guide

to it would have been necessary. Knight's conjecture, that the *Arsenal* at Venice was the "place" intended, is altogether disproved by internal evidence. According to the best authorities, the word *Sagittary* means, not an ordinary archer, but a *Centaur* with a bow, as in the familiar representations of the zodiacal sign *Sagittarius*. This is its sense in the only other passage in which Shakespeare uses it,—

"the dreadful *Sagittary*
Appals our numbers."—*Troilus and Cressida*, v. 5. 14.

151. **My despised time.** Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4. 110: "a despised life clos'd in my breast."

161. **Is there not charms.** *Inflection in -s preceding a plural subject.* "When the subject is as yet future, and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection. Such passages are very common, particularly in the case of 'There is,' as—

'There *is* no more such matters.'—*Cymb.* iv. 2. 371.

'*Is* there not charms?'—*Othello*, i. 1. 172."

Dr. Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar.

162. **Property**, here means "the natural disposition."

163. **Abus'd.** Deceived; imposed upon; deluded.

171. **At most.** That is, at most of the houses.

172. **Night.** This is the reading of the 1st quarto; the 1st folio has "might."

ACT I. SCENE II.

2. **Stuff o' the conscience.** A matter of conscience.

3. **Contriv'd.** Premeditated; deliberate. Compare *Henry V.*, iv. 1. 171: "premeditated and contrived murder."

It. **I lack iniquity**, etc. Paraphrase the whole passage thus: "Although in the trade of war I have slain men, yet I consider it a matter of conscience not to commit any deliberate or premeditated murder. I have not in my nature such iniquity as might sometimes be of service to me."

5. **Yerk'd him.** Stabbed Roderigo.

6. 'Tis better, etc. Coleridge here remarks: "How well these few words impress at the outset the truth of Othello's own character of himself at the end, that he was 'not easily wrought'! His self-government distinguishes him throughout from Leontes." *He*, in this line, most probably refers to Roderigo.

10. Full hard forbear him. With great difficulty put up with his abusive language.

12. Magnifico. "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *magnifici*, i.e. *magnificoes*."—*Minshew*.

14. Double. It is a mistake to imagine that the Duke had *two* voices or votes in the Venetian Senate. As Steevens suggests, the word "double" in this passage simply means "forcible." In this view he is borne out by Theobald.

17. Give him cable. Give him cable *for*.

22. Siege. From the French *siège*, a seat, means "rank," or "state." In *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2. 101, the word is used in its literal sense: "upon the very *siège* of justice." "Height" or "hight" is the reading of the quartos.

Ib. Demerits. This word implies what a person *merits* or deserves, and in Shakespeare's time was used in either a *good* or a *bad* sense. Steevens quotes Dugdale, *Warwickshire*: "Henry Conway, Esq., for his singular *demerits*, received the dignity of knighthood." In the sense of *defects* or *faults*: "Not for their own *demerits*, but for mine," etc.—*Macbeth*, iv. 3. 226.

23. Unbonneted. Schmidt remarks: "Perhaps the meaning is simply, I may say so with all courtesy and humility; and Othello's words must perhaps be accompanied by a corresponding gesture, as the 1st folio seems to imply by placing the word *unbonneted* in a parenthesis." Coleridge says: "It is not *I*, but my *demerits*, that may speak *unbonneted*—without the symbol of a petitioning inferior." Theobald proposed, "and bonneted," and Hanmer, "e'en bonneted."

26. Unhoused. "Not tied to a household and family."—*Schmidt*. "Free from domestic cares."—*Johnson*. "Without fixed residence; unmarried."—*Hunter*.

27. Circumscription. Control; restraint.

28. For the sea's worth. Compare *Henry V.*, i. 2. 164:—

“as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sunless treasuries.”

28. **Yond.** “Another demonstrative pronoun,” says Dr. Adams, in his “English Language,” § 241, “is *yon, yond* (A. S. *geond*; O. E. *yund*), or *yonder*, meaning ‘that in the distance.’”

“Nor *yon* volcano’s flaming fountains.”—*Shelley*.

30. **You were best.** In such expressions the *you* was originally a *dative* (for you it were best), but it came to be regarded as a *nominative*. Hence we find such expressions as “I were better” (2 *Henry IV.*, i. 2), “I were best” (1 *Henry VI.*, v. 3).

31. **Parts.** “Merits.”—*Schmidt*. Compare i. 3. 252 below: “his valiant parts.”

32. **Is it they?** See i. 1. 161 above.

33. **Janus.** Compare *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 50: “by two-headed Janus.”

37. **Haste-post-haste.** An emphatic form of *post-haste*.

40. **Heat.** Haste; urgent importance.

43. **Consuls.** Meaning “senators,” or “councillors”; as in i. 1. 25 above. Theobald says, “I change it to *couns’lers*, i. e. the grandees that constitute the great *council* at Venice.”

46. **Quests.** Searching-parties. “The abstract term used for the concrete, like *search* in i. 1. 148.”—*Schmidt*.

49. **What makes he here?** What does he here? What is his business at this house? So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: “What *make* you from Wittenberg?” “It is not unlikely that, in such instances, *make* has its very frequent meaning, *come*; and *what* is adverbial, meaning *for what*.”—*Hunter*.

50. **Carack.** (Portuguese, *carraca*.) A large ship, or galleon. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. 140: “whole armadoes of caracks.”

52. **To who?** *Who* is often used by Shakespeare for *whom*. Blackstone suggests that Cassio pretends not to know that Othello had married Desdemona, in order to keep his friend’s secret until it should be publicly known.

53. **Marry.** By the Virgin Mary; by our Lady.

53. **Have with you.** I am ready to go with you.

55. **Be advis'd.** Be cautious. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, i. 142: "with more *advised* watch."

67. **Opposite.** Opposed; averse to. Compare *Lear*, ii. 1. 51:—

"Seeing how loathly *opposite* I stood
To his unnatural purpose," etc.

68. **Curled darlings.** Foppish, elegant, fashionable men. Warburton suggests "*culled* darlings," *i.e.* picked, select, chosen from the common suitors." *Darlings* is a corruption of *darlings*, which latter word is the reading of the folio.

71. **To fear, not to delight.** Dr. Abbott, in his excellent *Shakesperian Grammar*, § 405, explains this on the principle of ellipsis:—

"Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou (a thing *fit*) to fear (*act.*), not to
delight."

It here seems to be implied that "to fear" is equivalent to "inspire fear," and "to delight" is equivalent to "inspire pleasure." Malone interprets, "To one more likely to terrify than to delight her."

72. **Gross in sense.** "Palpable to reason."—*Clarke.*

75. **Weaken motion.** "Subdue the impulse of affection."—*Clarke.* Compare i. 3. 111:—

"Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's *affections*?"

Ritson interprets these words as meaning to "impair the faculties"; referring to the power attributed to love-potions or philters "of perverting and of course weakening or impairing both the sight and judgment, and of procuring fondness or dotage towards any unworthy object."

Ib. **Disputed on.** Argued before a legal tribunal.

77. **Attach.** Arrest. A law term. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 173 "whoe'er you find attach."

78. **Abuser of the world.** Corrupter of the community.

79. **Arts inhibited,** etc. Paraphrase thus: "Practices prohibited and utterly unlawful."

83. **My cue.** My turn. (Fr. *queue*, a tail.) *Cue* properly means the last few words in a dramatic speech, whereby the actor who is to speak next knows his turn. Should he forget his *cue*, the *prompter* reminds him. This is alluded to in the next line.

86. **Course of direct session.** The regular course of legal proceedings.

94. **In.** Shakespeare frequently uses *in* for “at,” or “during” :—

“This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time as this, nothing becoming you.”
Cymbeline, iv. 4. 15.

“*In* all which time.”—*Richard III.*, i. 3. 127.

99. **Bond-slaves and pagans.** Negroes and heathens shall be the rulers over us. *Pagan* originally meant merely a *villager*; but since Christianity spread most quickly amongst the large towns, and the villagers remained mostly in ignorance, the word *pagan* came to denote an unbeliever, or a heathen. For *pagans*, Theobald suggested *pageants*, implying, “if we let such injurious actions go unpunished, our statesmen must be *slaves*, *ciphers in office*, and have no power of redressing wrongs.”

ACT I. SCENE III.

1. **Composition in these news.** Consistency in this intelligence. Shakespeare uses the word “news” both as a singular and a plural. Here it is plural; in line 32 below, it is singular.

5. **Jump not.** Do not agree exactly. Compare *Twelfth Night*, v. i. 259: “till each circumstance . . . do cohere and jump.” *Just* here means *exact*.

6. **Where the aim reports.** “Where men report, not by certain knowledge, but by *aim*, or *conjecture*.”—*Johnson*.

10. **I do not**, etc. “I do not feel so over-confident in the error that may be in these reports, but that I can perceive ground for dread in the main particular.”—*Clarke*. The adjective *secure* literally means, *free from care*. The word *fearful* here means, *full of fear*. So in 3 *Henry VI.*, ii. 5: “the fearful flying hare.”

17. **By this change.** Concerning this altered course.
 18. **No assay of reason.** By any test of reason. *With regard to the double negative,* Dr. Abbott observes, § 406 : "Many irregularities may be explained by the desire of emphasis, which suggests repetition, even where repetition, as in the case of a negative, neutralizes the original phrase :—

"First he *denied* you had in him *no* right."
Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 7.

"You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause."
Richard III., i. 3. 90.

This idiom is a very natural one, and quite common in Early English.

- 1b. Pageant.* Mock show, pretence.
 23. **With more facile question bear it.** "With greater facility of contest carry it."—*Clarke. Question* here means, "trial and decision by force of arms."—*Schmidt.*
 24. **Stands not in such warlike brace.** Is not in such a warlike condition of defence. *Brace* originally meant *armour*; hence it came to signify, in general, *any state of protection.*
 31. **In all confidence.** Without a doubt.
 35. **Injointed.** Joined, allied. Knolles, in his "*Historie of the Turks*," states that, by arrangement, one fleet was to wait for another at Rhodes, and that the two together were thence to proceed to Cyprus, to besiege Nicosia, the chief city of the island.
 41. **Recommends you.** Commends himself to you.
 42. **To believe him.** "That is, not to doubt the truth of this intelligence."—*Johnson.*
 44. **Luccicos.** This is the reading of all the early editions. Capell altered it to "Lucchese," because it is not an Italian form. Knight suggests that it is probably the name of "a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an Estradiot—one who from his local knowledge was enabled to give him information."
 48. **Valiant Othello,** etc. Knight states thus : "The general of the Venetian forces, to whatever nation he might trace his birth, was always a *foreigner*, selected for that office, 'lest,' as Paulus Jovius says, 'any one of their own countrymen might

be puffed up with pride, and grow too ambitious.” *With regard to the appointment of foreigners to the command of the Venetian forces*, Reed quotes Thomas’s “*Historie of Italy*”: ‘By lande, they are served of straungers, both for generalls, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre; because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande; Fearing, I thinke, Cæsar’s example.”

52. **Good your grace.** Similar to such an expression as “Dear my lord.”—*Julius Cæsar*, ii. i. 265. The phrase “my lord” is here treated as if it were simply one compound word, like the French “*monsieur*,” “*milord*,” formed by the *unemphatic possessive adjective* and the simple noun. As such, it is preceded by the adjective “dear,” instead of that word being placed *between* “my” and “lord,” as in the ordinary expression, “My dear lord.” On a similar principle of *transposition*, we find—

“Sweet my mother.”—*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 200.

“Good my brother.”—*Hamlet*, i. 3. 46.

See *Dr. Abbott’s Grammar*, § 13.

57. **Engluts.** Swallows up. Compare *Henry V.*, iv. 3. 83 :—

“For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted.”

58. **And it is still itself.** “And, thus all-absorbing, it continues ever itself alone.”—*Hunter*.

61. **Mountebanks.** Quacks. Compare *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 142 : “I bought an unction of a mountebank.”

64. **Sans witchcraft could not.** Without witchcraft could not err so absurdly. The French word *sans*, “without,” was familiarly used in English in Shakespeare’s time.

67. **The bloody book of law.** “By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal.”—*Clarke*.

69. **Proper.** Own. Here used in its literal sense; derived from the Latin *proprius*, one’s own. So in *Measure for Measure*, iii. i. 413 : “his proper tongue.”

70. **Stood in your action.** Were the subject of your accusation.

74. **In your own part.** *In* is here used for *on*. "What, on your own part, can you say to this?"

84. **Now some nine moons wasted.** About nine months ago. Similarly, we find in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. i. 59: "March is wasted fourteen days." In Elizabethan English, "to waste time" often meant simply "to spend time."

85. **Dearest.** Most serious or important.

90. **Round.** Plain, direct, and explicit.

96. **Herself.** Here used for "itself."

105. **Conjur'd to this effect.** Charmed by incantations to produce this effect.

107. **More wider.** "More apparent or obvious."—*Schmidt*. For the sake of greater emphasis, *double comparatives* were frequently employed in Early and in Elizabethan English. See i. i. 94 above. *Open test.* "Open proofs, external evidence."—*Johnson*.

108. **Thin habits.** The thin garb, as it were, with which you invest the matter; superficial appearances.

109. **Modern.** Ordinary, common, insignificant.

115. **Sagittary.** See note i. i. 148 above.

124. **Justly.** In a truthful manner.

139. **Portance.** Conduct, deportment. So in *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 232: "his present portance."

140. **Antres vast and deserts idle.** *Antres*, caverns (from the Latin *antrum*). *Idle*, barren, uncultivated.

144. **Anthrophagi**, etc. Man-eaters. During the adventurous period of Queen Elizabeth's reign wonderful stories were afloat with regard to strange discoveries in foreign countries. What Shakespeare states here, and in *The Tempest*, is based chiefly on the travels of his friend Sir Walter Raleigh. Theobald's interesting notes on this subject are too diffuse for quotation here. I select this extract only: "We may be able to account, perhaps, in a few lines for the mystery of the supposed headless people. Olearius, speaking of the manner of clothing of the *Samojeds*, a people of Northern *Muscovy*, says: 'Their garments are made like those that are called *cosaques*, open only at the necks. When the cold is extraordinary, they put their *cosaques* over their heads, and let the sleeves hang down, their faces being not to be seen, but at the cleft which is

at the neck. Whence some have taken occasion to write that, *in these northern countries there are people without heads, having their faces in their breasts.*"

153. **Dilate.** Relate fully.

155. **Intentively.** In an attentive manner.

160. **Swore . . . passing.** Steevens quotes Whitaker's "Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots" (with regard to the word *swore*): "Let not the modern be hurt here and at paragraph x. at a Lady, a Queen, and a Mary, *swearing*. To *aver upon faith and honour* was then called *swearing*, equally with a solemn appeal to God; and considered the same as with it." *Passing.* "Often used adverbially, but only before adjectives and adverbs."—*Schmidt.*

163. **Her.** Is here equivalent to "*for her.*" Some, with less probability, consider "*her*" as in the objective case and in apposition with "man."

167. **Upon this hint I spake.** Taking advantage of this opportunity I spoke. In line 142 above, *It was my hint to speak*, means, "I had occasion to speak."

173. **Take up this.** Make the best of the matter.

183. **Learn.** In Shakespeare's time this word meant "to teach," as well as "to receive instruction."

188. **Challenge.** Claim. Compare *Lear*, i. i. 54: "Where nature doth with merit challenge," etc.

191. **Than.** "The word *than*," observes Dr. Adams, in his "English Language," § 513, in comparative sentences, is a later form of the adverb *then*. Hence, "This is better than that," means, "First this is better; then that is better." Hence we sometimes find the superlative with *then*—

"For *paramour* I loved her *first*, *then* thou."—*Chaucer.*

Than, though an *adverb* in origin, is now usually considered as a *conjunction*. *Milton* adopted a Latin idiom, when, in his "Paradise Lost," he used the expression—

"Satan,
Than whom none higher sat."

197. **Escape.** From the French *escapade*. Clarke thinks that this word may have the sense of "sally, prank," in addition to that of "flight" or "elopement."

199. **Like yourself.** Sir J. Reynolds explains this: "Let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion." Clarke thinks that the passage means: "In a strain of resignation to that which is irretrievably past and gone, like yours when you say, 'I have done.'"

200. **Grise.** From the Latin *gressus*, and the Old French *gré*; means "a step," "a degree." Compare *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 16: "every grise of fortune."

209. **Bootless.** Useless, unprofitable. The expression "to boot" is derived from the A.S. *botan*, to compensate.

213. **The free comfort,** etc. "The gratuitous sentiments of consolation which he hears delivered together with the sentence."—*Clarke*.

219. **Pierced.** Reached, penetrated. Warburton would read "pieced," meaning "cured."

222. **Fortitude of the place.** Strength of the position.

223. **Allowed.** Approved, acknowledged.

224. **Opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects.** Reputation, which influences the minds of men, and produces great effects.

226. **Slubber.** Besmear, soil, or sully.

230. **Thrice-driven.** Thrice winnowed. The fine down was often separated from the feathers by means of a winnowing fan.

Ib. **Agnize.** Acknowledge, confess, or recognise.

232. **Hardness.** Hardship; as in *Cymbeline*, iii. 6. 21: "hardness ever of hardiness is mother."

235. **Disposition.** Arrangement.

236. **Reference . . . exhibition.** *Reference*, assignment; *exhibition*, allowance, provision.

237. **Accommodation and besort.** "Besorting or convenient accommodation."—*Schmidt*.

238. **As levels with her breeding.** As is suited to her noble birth and rank in life.

243. **To my unfolding,** etc. Paraphrase thus: "Grant a favourable hearing to what I am about to unfold."

244. **Let me find a charter,** etc. "Let your favour *privilege* me."—*Johnson*.

248. **My downright violence,** etc. Paraphrase thus: "My determined opposition to the wishes of my father, and the

storm of difficulties which I have voluntarily encountered, may loudly declare to the world that I love Othello."

249. **Subdued**, etc. Has yielded itself cheerfully to the very nature of my lord. Malone interprets *quality* as meaning *profession*. Instead of "very quality," the 1st quarto has "utmost pleasure."

255. **A moth**. "Figuratively, an idle eater."—*Schmidt*.

258. **Dear**. Regretted, deeply felt. Some commentators think that "his *dear* absence" may mean "the absence of *him who is so dear*."

262, 263. **Not to comply**, etc. Of the attempts to explain this much-disputed passage, Johnson's seems the best. He says: "I ask it, not to please appetite or satisfy loose desires, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife." Theobald alters the passage thus:—

"I therefore beg it not

To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to apply with heat, the young *affects*,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind."

He thus interprets the passage: "I do not beg her company with me, merely to please myself; nor to indulge the heat and *affects* (*i.e.* *affections*) of a new-married man, in my own distinct and proper satisfaction; but to comply with her in her request and desire of accompanying me." For *affects*, as used for *affections*, he quotes *Love's Labour Lost*, i. 1. 152: "For every man with his *affects* is born," etc. The quartos have "heate, the young affects, In my defunct;" the 1st folio, "heate, the yong affects ("effects" in later folios), In my defunct," etc. From the context, Othello seems to mean that the early impetuosity of his passions is past—that he can control them, and no longer be controlled by them.

265. **Defend**. Forbid, prevent. Paraphrase thus: "Heaven prevent your generous hearts from thinking that I will neglect your serious and important business on account of her being with me."

267. **For**. Because. So, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 38: "I hate him, *for* he is a Christian," etc.

267. **Toys.** Trifles. Compare 1 *Henry VI.*, iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard."

268. **Seel.** Blind; to close up the eyes of a hawk; a term used in falconry. *Seel with wanton dulness*, etc., *i.e.* "Close with wanton dulness *my organs of sight* charged with official responsibility."—*Hunter.* *Speculative* here refers to the "visual powers." So, in *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 95: "Thou hast no *speculation* in these eyes," etc., *speculation* means *sight*, or *vision*. "Offic'd" is the folio reading; the quartos have "active." In either case, the meaning is "my visual and active powers."

270. **Disports.** Sports, pastimes.

271. **Skillet.** A saucepan used for cooking.

272. **Indign.** Unworthy. From the Latin *indignus*.

273. **Estimation.** Character. This is the folio reading; the quartos have "reputation."

277. **Away to-night.** The verb "go" is here omitted. Such instances of ellipsis, particularly with regard to verbs of motion, are common in Elizabethan English, because, from a desire for brevity, the authors of that period objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided that the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context.

288. **Delighted.** Delightful, delighting. The past used for the present participle. Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 102:—

"to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted."

291. **If thou hast eyes to see.** Coleridge here remarks: "In real life, how do we look back to little speeches as sentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them."

296. **In the best advantage.** At the most favourable opportunity.

304. **Incontinently.** Immediately.

310. **Four times seven years.** "It is remarkable that Shakespeare has here taken pains to specify the exact age of Iago, as he has specified that of Hamlet. They are perhaps the two most intellectual characters that our poet has drawn;

and he has made them nearly of the same age, as if at that period of life a man's intellect were at its culminating point of activity and energy. . . . That Iago should be no more than twenty-eight years old, and yet so versed in worldly ways, so decided in his opinions, so competent in stratagem, so expert in turning the worthiest as well as the weakest points of human nature to his purpose, so utterly without faith in goodness as he is, makes him the more an innate villain. His cynical contempt is not the growth of sad experience or soured feeling, his coarseness and hardness are not the result of a long course of battling with the world, the savage pertinacity of his revenge is not the offspring of an old-conceived resentment; but he is a hard, cold-blooded, almost vivacious scoundrel, from inherent disposition, who uses his keen intellect with the same fierce joy in its skill and power to destroy that he uses his sharp dagger or sword."—*Clarke*.

314. **Guinea-hen.** A cant term for a disreputable female.

316. **Fond.** Weak-minded, foolish. So, *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 3. 10:—

"I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request."

320. **Gender.** Species, or kind. *Distract* here means *diversify*.

321. **Idleness.** Want of cultivation.

326. **Motions . . . unbitted.** Unbridled sensual impulses.

328. **Sect.** A cutting. From the Latin *seco*, I cut.

333. **Perdurable.** Exceedingly durable. An emphatic form of *durable*.

334. **Stead.** Assist, help, be of use to.

335. **Defeat thy favour.** Disguise thy face. *Favour* here means *face*, or *countenance*. So, *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 91: "As well as I do know your outward favour."

This is an old meaning of the word. Hence Joseph is called "a goodly person, and well-favoured" (Gen. xxxix. 6).

339. **Sequestration.** Separation, rupture.

342. **Locusts.** By this word, Theobald thinks that Shakespeare meant "not the *insect*, but the fruit of the *locust-tree*,

which is sweet and luscious in the same degree as *coloquintida*, the fruit of the wild *gourd*, is acerb and bitter." On the other hand, Schmidt thinks that *locusts* are, "perhaps, here called *luscious* from their association with *honey* in *Matthew* iii. 4."

342. **Coloquintida.** Colocynth, "bitter apple," or the fruit of the wild gourd.

348. **Erring.** From the Latin *errans*, here used in its primitive sense of "wandering." So, *Hamlet*, i. i. 154: "The extravagant and erring spirit," etc.

350. **Clean.** Completely, entirely. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3. 35: "clean from the purpose." *Supersubtle*, exceedingly subtle or crafty.

357. **Hearted.** Fixed or seated in the heart.

360. **Traverse.** "A military word of command, meaning 'march,' 'go on.'"—*Schmidt*.

372. **Snipe.** "*Woodcock* is the term generally used by Shakespeare to denote an insignificant fellow (see *Hamlet*, v. 3. 99); but Iago is more sarcastic, and compares his dupe to a smaller and meaner bird."—*Stevens*.

377. **Do as if for surety.** "Act as if I were certain of the fact."—*Mason*. *Holds me well*. Holds me in great esteem.

379. **Proper.** Good-looking, handsome. So, *Richard III.*, speaking of his personal appearance, says that he is considered "a marvellous proper man" (*Rich.* iii. 1. 2).

384. **Dispose.** Disposition, behaviour. "Suffixes were sometimes influenced by the Elizabethan licence of converting one part of speech into another. We should append *-ation* or *-ition*, *-ure* or *-ing* to the following words used by Shakespeare as nouns: 'solicit,' 'consult,' etc.; 'my *depart*,' 2 *Hen. VI.*, i. 1. 2; 'incurable *discomfort*,' 2 *Hen. VI.*, v. 2. 86; 'a smooth *dispose*,' *Othello*, i. 3. 388."—*Dr. Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Seaport in Cyprus. Famagusta, which was, at that time, the chief port of the island.

3. **Heaven.** Sky. The 1st quarto has "haven."

5. **Methinks.** Dr. Latham considers that "methinks" is an *impersonal* verb. But Dr. Adams, in his "*English Language*,"

276, states, with much greater probability, "There are no *impersonal* verbs in English. In *me-seems* and *me-thinks*, i.e. it appears to me,' the subject is expressed in the words that follow or precede the verb." According to the latter view, we should analyse line 5 thus:—

"[The fact that] the wind hath spoken aloud at land seems evident to me."

7. **Ruffian'd.** Acting like ruffians, boisterous. Compare 2 *Henry IV.*, iii. i. 22: "the ruffian billows."

8. **Mountains melt.** Meaning *waves as huge as mountains*; a metaphor extremely common in poetry:—

"Her march is o'er the *mountain waves*,
Her home is on the deep."—*Campbell.*

9. **Mortise.** A reference to the tenon and mortise of carpentry.

10. **Segregation.** Separation, dispersal.

12. **Chidden.** The quartos have "chiding," in the sense of "making an incessant noise."

13. **Wind-shak'd.** Shakespeare uses *shaked*, *shook*, and *shaken* as the participle.

15. **The guards**, etc. The best commentators consider these to be the two stars commonly called *the Pointers*. Johnson says, "alluding to the star *Arctophylax*." The *constellation* now known as *Bootes* was originally called *Arctophylax*, or *Arcturus*, both of which names mean the *guard* or *keeper of the bear*.

16. **Molestation.** Violent agitation, disturbance.

17. **Enchafed.** Chafed, enraged. Compare *Cymbeline*, iv.

2. 174: "Their royal blood enchafed."

18. **Embay'd.** Land-locked. See *Dr. Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar*, § 440.

22. **Designment.** Design, enterprise.

23. **Sufferance.** Suffering, disaster.

26. **A Veronessa.** Hunter *judiciously* remarks: "This seems to mean a ship called *Veronessa*. It cannot refer to Cassio, who was not a native of Verona; nor can it mean a ship of Verona, for Verona was not a maritime town."

30. **On 't.** Of it. See *Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar*, § 181.

34. **With.** Is here equivalent to "by."

36. **A full soldier.** A perfect soldier.

40. **Regard.** Is here used in the sense of "view."

49. **Expert and approv'd allowance.** Paraphrase thus: "Allowed or acknowledged to have had great experience, and to have given great proofs of ability."

50. **My hopes,** etc. "My hopes, not having been utterly destroyed by reiterated false excitement and successive defeat, remain in confident expectation of being fulfilled."—*Clarke.*

57. **Our friends at least.** At all events, they are friendly to us.

61. **Achiev'd.** Won. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 210: "Achiev'd her mistress," etc.

On this passage Coleridge remarks: "Here is Cassio's warm-hearted, yet perfectly disengaged, praise of Desdemona, and sympathy with the 'most fortunately wived' Othello; and yet Cassio is an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. O, that detestable code that excellence cannot be loved in any form that is female but it must needs be selfish! Observe Othello's 'honest,' and Cassio's 'bold' Iago, and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and 'the divine Desdemona.' And also note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud, bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. *Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains.*"

63. **Quirks of blazoning pens.** Inventive ingenuity of highly-praising writers. *Quirks* means "conceits" or "ingenious inventions or devices"; *blazoning* denotes "praising" or "extolling."

64. **Essential vesture of creation.** "The real qualities with which creation has invested her."—*Johnson.*

65. **Does tire the engineer.** "Wearies out the inventor."—*Schmidt.* Or, tires out any person that attempts to devise praises worthy of her.

70. **Ensteep'd.** “Steeped, lying under water.”—*Schmidt*. “*Traitors ensteep'd*”; “traitors concealed under the water.”—*Boswell*.

72. **Mortal.** Deadly. So, in *Macbeth*, iv. 3: “Hold fast the mortal sword.”

74. **Captain's captain.** Compare *Richard III.*, iv. 4. 336: “And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.”

77. **Se'nnight's.** As *two* weeks are called a *fortnight*, that is *fourteen-night*, so a week used to be called a *se'nnight*, that is *seven-night*. We find the word *seven-night* in *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 17, and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 1. 375.

Ib. **Jove.** With regard to the employment of this word here, there is a difference of opinion amongst the commentators. Malone says: “For this absurdity I have not the smallest doubt that the Master of the Revels, and not our poet, is answerable.” On the other hand, Clarke remarks: “Far from thinking that there is either ‘absurdity’ in the word, or that it was a substitution for any other, we believe it to have been the author's own word, characteristically put into Cassio's mouth here. To this day Italians use mythological adjurations in common with Christian appeals; and in Shakespeare's time the custom was almost universal.”

79. **Tall ship.** “Tall” was anciently used to denote “brave” or “sturdy.”

82. **Riches.** From the French *richesse*; is properly a *singular*, the *s* belonging to the original root and not being a *plural affix*. Shakespeare correctly uses it here as a noun in the *singular* number.

86. **Enwheel.** Encircle, encompass.

103. **Still, when I have list,** etc. Constantly, when I feel an *inclination* (*list*) to go to sleep. The folios and later quartos have “leave.”

106. **Chides with thinking.** Chides or scolds in thought.

110. **Saints in your injuries.** When doing injuries, you make yourselves appear as pure as saints.

118. **Critical.** Severe in criticism; censorious.

125. **Frize.** A coarse kind of woollen cloth.

132. **White.** “There is a play on *white* and *wight*” (line 156 below).—*Schmidt*.

137. **Fond.** Foolish. See i. 3. 317 above.

144. **One that**, etc. Paraphrase thus: "A person who, in the consciousness of her own integrity, did justly challenge the avowal and testimony of malice itself on her own behalf."

153. **To change the cod's head**, etc. "Steevens thinks this means to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. He does not precisely hit the intended meaning. The salmon is implied to be superior to the cod, but the upper part of the cod from which the first supplies are carved, to be better than the lower part of the salmon which was left for servants, and which here represents a man whose best days are gone by."—*Hunter*.

156. **Wight.** This word originally meant "a person," and was applied to both sexes. Compare Drayton's *Muses' Elys*—

"These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,
Call'd Lirope the bright ;
In the whole world there scarcely was
So delicate a wight."

158. **To chronicle small beer.** To score up reckonings at a tavern, or, to keep petty household accounts. Compare what Desdemona had previously said (137, 138): "These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse."

161. **Profane and liberal counsellor.** A coarse and wanton adviser.

162. **Home.** "Without reserve."—*Schmidt*. Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 29: "she'll tax him home;" that is, "reprove him soundly."

164. **Well said.** Meaning, "well done."

166. **Gyve.** Fetter, shackle. This is the only instance in which Shakespeare employs this word as a *verb*. It is usually employed as a *noun*:—

"With gyves upon his wrist."
Hood's Dream of Eugene Aram.

167. **Courtship.** Here means "acts of courtesy or politeness."

170. **Apt to play the sir in.** Ready to play the part of an admirer.

176. **O my fair warrior.** Othello thus addresses Desdemona on account of the brave spirit which she showed in following him to the scene of warfare.

Ib. **My dear Othello.** "Exquisitely true to such a nature as Desdemona's, her having no more words than this simple exclamation in which to express her full-hearted happiness; while equally true to the glowing ardour of such a nature as Othello's is his giving way to that burst of eloquent tenderness which describes the overflow of his manly delight."—*Clarke.*

185. **Content so absolute.** Happiness so unalloyed.

196. **As honest as I am.** That is, in your opinion.

199. **Well desir'd.** Well beloved, a favourite.

201. **Out of fashion.** "Out of conventional method."—*Clarke.*

204. **Master.** Meaning the *captain* of the ship.

209. **Base men,** etc. "The insolent contempt with which Iago treats Roderigo, not even caring to conceal the disdain he feels for his inferiority of intellect and weak credulity, is one of the peculiarities of his tact in swaying this poor dupe. It coolly assumes his own superiority as an incontrovertible fact, which imposes upon his victim, and tames him into unquestioning submission."—*Clarke.*

212. **The court of guard.** The court-yard where the guard musters.

215. **Thus.** "That is, on thy lips, while thou art listening to a wise man."—*Johnson.*

222. **Favour.** Countenance, personal appearance. See note on i. 3. 337 above.

223. **Required conveniences.** Requisite attractions.

225. **Heave the gorge.** Reject what is offered to it; *or*, be in a state of angry excitement.

227. **Pregnant.** Probable. Compare *Measure for Measure*, i. i. 23: "'Tis very pregnant," etc.

229. **Knave.** A fellow. "Knave" in Early English was not *always* used in a bad sense, as it is at the present day. Here it is used as a kind of "*medium nomen*"; its force is intensified in line 235, where it is decidedly used in a *bad* sense.

Ib. **Conscionable.** Conscientious.

231. **Salt.** Licentious. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. i. 21, etc.

232. **Slipper.** Slippery, treacherous. "Slippery" is the reading of the later folios.

233. **A finder of occasions.** A person who finds out opportunities.

236. **Green.** Inexperienced; easily imposed on. So, in *Hamlet*, i. 3. 101, etc.

240. **Condition.** Temper, disposition, qualities. So, *Julius Cæsar*, ii. i. 255: "As it hath much prevailed with your condition."

246. **Index.** A prologue. In former times, the index was usually placed at the *beginning* of books.

253. **Tainting his discipline.** Finding fault with his carelessness or irregularity with regard to matters of discipline.

259. **Whose qualification,** etc. "Whose resentment shall not be so *qualified* or *tempered* as to be *well* tasted, as not to retain some bitterness."—*Johnson*. "*Qualification*" here seems to mean simply "submission."

262. **Prefer.** Promote, advance. Compare *Henry VIII.*, iv. i. 102: "Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary," etc.

Ib. **The impediment.** After these words we must supply "*shall be*," although this is out of grammatical keeping with the previous "*you shall have*."

268. **His.** "Even the word *his* here, in reference to Othello, without naming him or giving him his title, has characteristic effect in Iago's mouth as a piece of cool, off-hand, slighting mention; and is therefore calculated to confirm the impression he wishes to produce upon Roderigo of hatred towards the Moor."—*Clarke*.

271. **Apt and of great credit.** Natural and very credible.

272. **Howbeit that I endure him not.** Although, as it were, I cannot bear his very name or presence. How skilfully does our great poet, incidentally, as it were, make the designing and relentless villain acknowledge the purity of Othello's "constant, loving, noble nature"!

279. **I do suspect,** etc. Coleridge here remarks: "This thought, originally by Iago's own confession a mere suspicion, is now ripening, and gnaws his base nature as his own

'poisonous mineral' is about to gnaw the noble heart of his general."

287. **Trash . . . whom I trash.** The first *trash* means a *poor, worthless fellow*. For this first *trash*, Warburton substituted "brach" (a worthless hound), and Collier adopts this reading. *Whom I trash* means *whom I restrain*. To *trash* a hound, was to check his speed, when too eager, by means of a collar weighted with lead. For this second *trash*, the 1st quarto has "crush," and the other early editions, "trace." The emendation is Steevens's, and is generally adopted. The general meaning is, that Iago restrains Roderigo, like a hound, from his too eager and impatient pursuit after Desdemona.

288. **The putting on.** The instigation. Alluding to Iago's scheme for urging Roderigo to pick a quarrel with Cassio.

289. **On the hip.** At an entire advantage. Alluding to a practice in wrestling, whereby one antagonist tried to disable the other. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, iv. i. 3. 334: "Now, infidel, I have you on the hip."

290. **In the rank garb.** In the coarsest fashion. For "garb" meaning "fashion." Compare *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 390: "Let me comply with you in this garb," etc.

296. **Knavery's plain face,** etc. The full intentions of villainy are never discovered until the moment comes for putting them into operation.

ACT II. SCENE II.

2. **Mere perdition.** Complete destruction. *Dr. Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar*, § 15, supplies the following:—

Mere = "unmixed with anything else;" hence, by inference, "intact," "complete."

"The *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet."—*Othello*, ii. 2. 3. *i.e.* the "complete destruction."

"Strangely-visited people,

The *mere* despair of surgery."—*Macbeth*, iv. 3. 132.

i.e. "the utter despair." So *Rich. III.*, iii. 7. 263.

The word now means "unmixed," and, therefore, by inference, "nothing but," "bare," "insignificant." But, in

accordance with its original meaning, "not merely," in Bacon, is used for, "not *entirely*." So *Hamlet*, i. 2. 137.

3. **Put himself into triumph.** Act as if he were celebrating a victory, or triumph.

5. **Addiction.** Propensity, inclination. So in *Henry V.*, i. 1. 54: "Since his addiction was to courses vain."

6. **Nuptial.** The quartos have "nuptials."

Ib. **So much was,** etc. His pleasure was, that so much should be proclaimed.

7. **Offices.** The rooms in the castle where food and drink were hospitably supplied.

ACT II. SCENE III.

1. **Good Michael,** etc. "These few words, introduced at this juncture, are illustrative of Shakespeare's peculiar skill in dramatic art. They seem insignificant; but they give augmented effect to Othello's subsequent anger at Cassio's having been betrayed, not only into neglect of duty in preserving order, but into breach of order himself. They also serve to set well before the mind Othello's trust and confidence in Cassio as his chosen officer, and his liking for him as a personal friend; calling him by his Christian name, *Michael*, which, after the one final impressive appeal to him, 'How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?' he never again uses."—*Clarke*.

10. **We must to the watch.** We must *go* to the watch. In the Elizabethan writers the desire for brevity was so strong that they omitted any verbs which might be supplied from the context.

12. **Cast.** Dismissed us; sent us away.

13. **Who.** For "*whom*." Such grammatical inaccuracies are frequent in the Elizabethan writers, because, very often, the governed word is separated so far from the word which governs it.

21. **Stoup.** A cup; a flagon.

22. **A measure.** A toast in measured glasses. So, in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: "Anon we'll drink a measure the table round."

30. **Craftily qualified.** Cautiously or slyly diluted by Cassio himself, for the purpose of avoiding intoxication.

lb. **Innovation it makes here.** (Pressing his hand to his head.) What a disturbance it creates within my brain.

37. **It dislikes me.** It displeases me. See *Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar*, § 297.

43. **Carous'd.** Drunk. Gifford says, "A *rouse* was a large glass in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a *carouse*." Compare *Hamlet*, v. 2. 300: "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," etc.

44. **Pottle-deep.** What they have drunk to the bottom of the *pottle*, or tankard, which was originally a measure of two quarts.

45. **Swelling.** Proud, haughty. Compare *Henry V.*, v. 1. 15: "here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock."

46. **That hold their honours,** etc. That are peculiarly sensitive on points in which they think their honour concerned, and who are quick to take offence at a supposed insult.

47. **The very elements.** "A pure extract, as it were; the very quintessence of the isle."—*Schmidt*. "As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water."—*Johnson*.

50. **Am I to put Cassio in some action,** etc. Paraphrase thus: "Make Cassio do something which may rouse the indignation of the people of Cyprus."

52. **If consequence,** etc. If the result only justifies my expectation. "Every scheme subsisting in the imagination may be termed a *dream*."—*Johnson*.

54. **A rouse.** A bumper; too deep a draught.

58. **Canakin.** A diminutive of *can*; used by Shakespeare in this passage only.

70. **Almain.** From the French *Allemand*, means a *German*. So, Germany was called *Almany*; as in Harrington's *Ariosto*: "And dwelt in Almany."

75. **King Stephen,** etc. This is part of an old ballad, "Take thy old cloak about thee," which is given in *Percy's Reliques*. Compare *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 221: "O King Stephano! O peer!"

78. **Lown.** Another form of *loon*; a stupid, low, vulgar fellow.

92. **Man of quality.** Man of rank.

109. **Equinox.** A counterpart, an equal.

115. **He'll watch the horologe,** etc. He will remain awake while the hour-hand goes twice round the clock, that is, for twenty-four hours.

125. **Ingraft infirmity.** Such an ingrafted or inveterate propensity. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, ii. i. 184: "the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar," etc.

126. **Action.** In scansion, this word is here a trisyllable; same as *patience* in line 345 below.

130. **Rascal.** Originally meant a *lean* or *worthless deer*.

132. **Twiggen bottle.** A bottle covered with twigs or wicker-work.

135. **Mazzard.** An old word for *the head*.

140. **Diablo.** "*The devil!* appropriately put into the mouth of the Italian Iago."—*Clarke*.

149. **Turn'd Turks.** Have we become Turks, and fight against ourselves, just after Heaven has interposed to prevent the Ottomans from fighting against us. *To turn Turk* became a common phrase, meaning *to break off allegiance, to apostatize*. So, *Hamlet*, iii. 2: "If the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me."

150. **Ottomites.** The Ottomans.

152. **To carve for his own rage.** To gratify his own passionate fury, or desire for revenge. Compare *Hamlet*, i. 3. 20:—

"He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself;"

that is, *do as he pleases, or indulge his own inclinations.*

155. **From her propriety.** Out of herself; out of *her own* (Latin *proprius*) natural and habitual state of tranquillity.

159. **In quarter.** "In peace or concord."—*Schmidt*. Others interpret these words as meaning, "on our station," "at our posts."

Ib. **In terms.** In friendly conversation, on familiar terms.

160. **Devesting.** Undressing. From the Latin *de*, from or off, and *vestis*, a garment. From *vestis* we also have our English

word *vestry*, meaning the place where the clergyman puts on or takes off his robes.

161. **Some planet.** In ancient times, the planets were supposed to exercise a great influence on the destinies of men. Compare *Hamlet*, i. 1. 162: "no planets strike." Even still, there remain in the English language vestiges of the exploded theories of "astrology," such as, "*disastrous*," *born or begun under an unfavourable star*; "*jovial*," *born under the influence of the planet Jupiter*.

164. **Peevish odds.** Absurd, silly quarrel.

167. **Are you thus forgot.** Have you so far forgotten yourself. See *Abbott's Grammar*, § 295.

169. **Wont be civil.** Wont *to* be civil. With regard to the omission of "to," see *Abbott's Grammar*, § 349.

172. **Censure.** Judgment. From the Latin *censeo*, I think, I value. Originally, the word "censure" meant simply *judgment* or *opinion*, without having any idea of praise or blame attached to it. Thus we find in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 16: "*censure* me in your wisdom;" that is, "according to your wisdom *judge me impartially*."

173. **Unlace.** "Disgrace."—*Schmidt*. "Slacken, or loosen; or, perhaps, strip off its ornaments."—*Johnson*.

174. **Spend your rich opinion.** Carelessly throw away your valuable reputation.

176. **Hurt to danger.** Dangerously wounded.

178. **Something now offends me.** Somewhat pains me now. *Something* is here used adverbially for *somewhat*.

181. **Self-charity.** Charity to one's self, care of one's self.

184. **My blood**, etc. "My angry impulse begins to prevail over my steadier sense and judgment."—*Clarke*.

185. **Collied.** Darkened or obscured. The word literally means, *blackened as if with coal*.

186. **Assays.** Attempts, endeavours.

188. **Give me to know.** Inform me instantly.

190. **Approv'd in this offence.** Proved to have been guilty of thus offending. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 79: "approve it with a text," etc.

192. **Loose me.** Forfeit all claims to kinsmanship or friendship.

194. **Manage.** To cause, or create.

195. **The court and guard of safety.** "The very spot and guarding-place of safety."—*Clarke*.

196. **Monstrous.** Here a trisyllable, as in *Macbeth*, iii. 6. 8. See *Abbott's Grammar*, § 477.

197. **Partially affin'd.** Influenced by partiality on account of any tie or affinity.

198. **Deliver.** Speak, or relate. So, *Hamlet* :—

"till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you."

207. **To execute upon him.** "To wreak his anger upon him."—*Schmidt*.

208. **Entreats his pause.** Entreats him to stop. Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 68 : "Must give us pause," etc.

209. **Myself, etc.** "Iago's thoroughly lying account of the incidents that occurred, with his art in seeming to 'mince' the 'matter' and make 'it light to Cassio,' while in fact contriving to give all possible heightening touches of his misdeed, is most skilfully managed in this speech. It will be remembered that far from *pursuing* Roderigo, and *returning* to the scene of the conflict, Iago never stirs from the spot, but remains to direct the movements of his puppets, and prompt them in the parts which he has previously designed that they should perform; and that instead of Cassio's being 'high in oath,' he has given vent to nothing more offensive in speech than the threats, 'I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle,' and 'I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.'"—*Clarke*.

232. **Surgeon.** The original meaning of *surgeon* (a corruption of *chirurgion*, through the medium of the French *chirurgien*) is a *manual operator*. It is derived from the Greek words, *cheir*, a hand, and *ergon*, a work.

245. **Sense.** Sense of feeling; sensibility. The quartos have "offence."

249. **To recover the general again.** To recover the favour of the general.

250. **Cast in his mood.** Dismissed; cashiered in consequence of his anger.

252. **Affright.** Staunton suggests "appease."
255. **Slight.** Insignificant. So in *Julius Caesar*, iv. i. 7 : "slight, unmeritable man." "*Slight*," is the folio reading ; the quartos have "*light*."
256. **Speak parrot.** Talk at random ; talk nonsense.
257. **Discourse fustian.** Argue in an absurd, bombastic manner.
261. **What.** On "*what*" for "*who*," see *Dr. Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar*, § 254.
267. **Pleasance.** "Pleasure," which latter word is the reading of the quarto.
272. **Unperfectness.** Imperfection ; error.
274. **Moraler.** Moralizer. *Er*, in Shakespeare, is sometimes appended to a *noun* for the purpose of signifying an agent ; thus we find in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 163 : "O most gentle pulpiter ;" and in *2 Henry VI.*, iv. 1. 35 : "A Roman sworder."
- Ib.* **The time, the place.** "The time refers to the attempted invasion of Cyprus ; the place refers to the platform or the court of guard."—*Hunter*.
279. **Hydra.** An allusion to heathen mythology. The *hydra*, or "water-snake," was supposed to have been a venomous serpent with numerous heads. As soon as one head was cut off, another sprang up in its place. Hercules is said to have destroyed this monster by burning off or cauterizing the neck, from which the head had just been cut off by him. Allusions to the *Hydra* occur in *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 93, and in *1 Henry IV.*, v. 4. 25.
283. **Familiar creature.** "There is here an allusion to the *familiar spirit* of witchcraft, as suggested by Cassio's saying, 'The ingredient is a devil.'"—*Hunter*.
286. **Approved.** Proved, tested it.
291. **Denotement of her parts.** Paraphrase thus : "The careful noting down, as it were ; the observation of all the indications of her good qualities."
296. **To splinter.** To bind up with splints. Compare *Richard III.*, ii. 2. 118 :—
- "The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together."

296. **Lay.** Stake, wager. So, in *Cymbeline*, i. 4. 159; and in 2 *Henry VI.*, v. 2. 27.
297. **Crack.** Breach. Compare *Love's Labour Lost*, v. 2. 415: "My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw."
307. **What's.** For "who is."
309. **Probal.** A contraction of *probable* or *provable*.
311. **Inclining.** Yielding, kindly disposed.
312. **Fruitful as the free elements,** etc. Paraphrase thus: "As generous and bountiful as the elements out of which all things are produced."
319. **Function.** "Operation of the mental faculties."—*Schmidt*. Compare *Macbeth*, i. 3. 140: "function is smother'd in surmise."
320. **This parallel course.** This course which agrees with his wish or purpose. "The course towards Desdemona being closely parallel to, or in the same direction with, that towards Othello."—*Hunter*.
322. **Put on.** Urge on, instigate.
323. **Suggest.** Prompt, tempt.
327. **Pestilence.** This poisonous suggestion.
328. **Repeals him.** Recalls him; that is, endeavours to restore him to the position which he has forfeited. Compare *Julius Caesar*, iii. 1. 51: "For the repealing of my banished brother."
335. **The cry.** The pack of hounds. Compare *Coriolanus*, iii. 3. 120: "You common cry of curs."
340. **Patience.** This word is here a trisyllable. See *Abbott's Grammar*, § 479.
345. **Hast cashier'd,** etc. Hast caused Cassio to be cashiered, or dismissed from the service.
346. **Though other things,** etc. Clarke explains the passage thus: "Although our other plans are growing to maturity, yet the fruits of our scheme for the removal of Cassio, as it first bore promising blossom, will naturally first ripen." Iago is trying to inspire Roderigo with patience for the ripening of his plan against Desdemona, by bidding him remember that meanwhile his plan against Cassio is succeeding." This passage is thus explained by Johnson: "Of many different things, all planned with the same art and promoted with the same dili-

gence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Everything cannot be done at once ; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun.*"

348. **By the mass.** The reading of the folio is "In troth."

350. **Retire thee.** Retire thyself ; withdraw thyself. Shakespeare and other Elizabethan writers used the verb *retire* in the French reflexive manner, *Se retirer.*

353. **Move for Cassio.** Make the first move in favour of Cassio ; intercede for him.

356. **Jump.** This word is here an adverb, and means "just," "exactly," "at the exact time." Compare *Hamlet*, i. i. 65 : "jump at this dead hour."

ACT III. SCENE I.

1. **Content your pains.** Pay you for your trouble. Compare *Richard III.*, iii. 2. 113 : "Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you," etc.

2. **Bid—Good-morrow.** To *wish*, or invoke the blessing, "Good-morrow, general." To *bid* still retains this primitive sense in such expressions as "to *bid adieu*," "to *bid farewell*." On the morning after their nuptials, it was customary to bid a newly-married couple *good-morrow* by a morning song.

3. **In Naples.** "The Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect ; and Shylock tells us of 'when the bagpipe sings i' the nose.'"—*Clarke*. The entertainment called *Punchinella*, or *Punch*, which is so peculiarly characterized by a nasal twang, originated at Naples.

20. **Quillets.** Quibbles ; crafty playing upon the meanings of words.

26. **Good my friend.** See note on i. 3. 52 above, and *Abbott's Grammar*, § 13.

Ib. **In happy time.** Just in time.

27. **A-bed.** This *a*, which still exists in *alive*, *afoot*, is a contraction of A. S. *on*, or the less common form *an*. In Early

English we find "*on* live," "*on* foot." But this use of *a* was becoming unintelligible and vulgar in Shakespeare's time, and he generally uses *at* instead. See *Abbott's Grammar*, § 140, and § 143.

32. **Access.** Shakespeare accents this word on the last syllable, except in *Hamlet*, ii. i. 110. See *Abbott's Grammar*, § 490.

33. **A mean.** This word is often used in the singular by Shakespeare, but more frequently in the plural. See *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 89.

34. **Converse.** Conversation. Compare *Hamlet*, ii. i. 42 : "your party in converse," etc.

37. **A Florentine.** That is, even a Florentine ; as if Cassio had said, "one of my own people," Cassio seeming to have regarded the Venetians generally as having a reputation for craft and cunning, but Iago as exceptionally "kind and honest."

39. **For your displeasure.** "That is, the displeasure you have incurred from Othello."—*Steevens*.

43. **And great affinity.** And highly connected.

47. **To bring you in again.** To restore you to the position which you have forfeited.

51. **Bestow you.** Conduct you to a place.

52. **Your bosom.** Your most anxious thoughts.

Ib. **Much bound to you.** Much indebted to your kindness.

ACT III. SCENE II.

2. **Do my duties.** Present my respects.

3. **The works.** That is, the works or battlements of the fortifications.

ACT III. SCENE III.

1. **Do.** That is, "perform." "The student," says Dr. Adams, in his *English Language*, § 369, "should be careful to distinguish this verb from another of similar form, but different origin (A.S. *dugan*), meaning 'thrive,' 'avail.' In the phrase 'How *do* you *do*?' the first *do* is the verb, 'I perform,'

employed as an auxiliary. The second is the verb '*dugan*,' 'to fare,' 'to prosper.' The latter verb is found in such expressions as 'that will *do*;' 'it *did* very well.'"

3. **Warrant.** The quarto reading is "know."

4. **Case.** The reading of the quarto; the folios have "cause."

12. **Strangeness.** Cold, distant behaviour.

Ib. **Further.** The distinction between *further* and *farther* is that *further* denotes progression; as, "the ship moves *further* on;" whereas *farther* implies *fixed distance* only; as, "Vienna is *farther* from London than Paris is." (See Adams' *English Language*, § 190 *h*.)

14. **That policy,** etc. "He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten."—*Johnson*. Clarke explains lines 15, 16, thus: "Or be sustained by such trivial occurrences, or be renewed by such unforeseen circumstances."

20. **Assure thee.** Assure thyself; be perfectly certain.

23. **I'll watch him tame.** I will not let him sleep until he yield. An allusion to the practice of keeping hawks long awake in order to make them tame. Steevens quotes Cartwright's *Lady Errant*:—

"we'll keep you,

As they do hawks, watching until you leave
Your wildness."

24. **A shrift.** A confessional. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 192.

34. **Do your discretion.** Act according to your own judgment or discretion.

47. **Reconciliation.** "Restoration to favour."—*Schmidt*. "Accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled."—*Johnson*.

49. **Cunning.** "Knowledge, forethought."—*Schmidt*.

67. **A check.** A reprimand; a rebuke.

70. **Mammering.** Hesitating; undecided.

72. **Spoke.** See *Abbott's Grammar*, § 343.

77. **As.** The *if* is implied in the subjunctive.

82. **Poise.** Weight; importance. Clarke thinks that this word also includes the idea of "nice balance, careful adjustment," as if by scales.

83. **Fearful to be granted.** Involving a fearful responsibility in acceding to the request.

90. **Wretch.** "This word expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which, perhaps, all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection."—*Johnson.* "Perhaps the word *wretch* comes out here in a half-playful humour, and refers to Desdemona's sorrowful pleading."—*Hunter.* Theobald suggests "wench," and remarks that, in Shakespeare's time, "wench," "lass," and "girl" were not used in that low and vulgar acceptation in which they have been applied in modern times.

92. **Chaos.** Confusion; that confused state of the elements which the ancients supposed to have existed before the creation of the world.

113. **Purse thy brow.** Knit, wrinkle thy brow.

115. **Conceit.** Thought, conception, idea.

118. **For.** Here equivalent to "because."

123. **Close delations.** Secret accusations or intimations. *Delations* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. The 1st quarto has "denotements"; the 1st folio and 2nd and 3rd, "dilations"; the later folios, "cold delations." The reading "delations" is favoured by the following extract: Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Reliquia Wottoniana*, 1651, with reference to the *Inquisitori di State* at Venice, states that they "receive all secret *delations* in matter of practice against the Republic."

Ib. **Working from the heart,** etc. "Either 'working from the heart that cannot control its passion of generous indignation,' or 'working from the heart that passionate impulse cannot move to speak out unadvisedly.'"—*Clarke.*

124. **For.** With regard to. See *Abbott's Grammar*, § 149.

127. **Seem none.** Malone and Clarke explain these words as meaning, "not seem honest men." Johnson explains them as implying, "no longer seem or bear the shape of *men*."

130. **Yet there's more.** There's yet more.

132. **Ruminate.** Ponder over; meditate on; secretly cherish.

135. **Not bound to that**, etc. Not obliged to do that which all slaves are free to do or not to do.

139. **Some uncleanly apprehensions**, etc. "That some injurious suspicions will not occasionally enter into it, keep court there for judging others, and sit side by side, as on a law bench, with more legitimate meditations."—*Clarke*. *Leets* and *law-days* have the same meaning. Jacob, in his *Law Dictionary*, says, "*Leet* is otherwise called a law-day."

145. **Though I perchance**, etc. Malone thus explains this passage: "Though I, perhaps, am mistaken, led into an error by my natural disposition, which is apt to shape faults that have no existence." He also remarks: "The adversative particle *though* does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and studiously clouded sentence like the present, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, strict propriety may well be dispensed with. The word *perchance*, if strongly marked in speaking, would sufficiently show that the speaker did not suppose himself *vicious in his guess*."

149. **Coniects**. See note on 115 above. Warburton reads "conjects." The 1st quarto has "coniects."

151. **Scattering**. The present participle (active) is here used for the past participle (passive). This usage was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time. We find in *Lear*, iv. 6. 226: "Known and *feeling* sorrows;" where "*feeling*" seems to be used like "known" passively, meaning "known and *realized* sorrows." *Scattering and unsure observance*. Random and uncertain observation.

157. **Who**, etc. Dr. Abbott, in his *Shakesperian Grammar*, § 251, alluding to the transition of the interrogative into the relative, explains the construction thus: "*Who* steals my purse (he) steals trash." In such cases the WHO mostly retains a trace of its interrogative meaning by preceding the antecedent clause.

Ib. **'Tis something, nothing**. It is a something that forms no part of a man's true worth or riches.

158. **'Twas mine**, etc. Theobald quotes a number of instances from the classics for the purpose of showing that such passages may have given a hint to Shakespeare for this sentiment. Chief amongst these passages are:—

“Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 Dictus, erit nulli proprius; sed cedet in usum
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii.”—Horace, *Sat.* ii. 2.

Which may be thus translated: “The land called now under the name of Umbrenus, lately under that of Ofellus, shall be a permanent possession to no one, but shall yield its occupancy now to me, now to another,” and,—

Χρήματα δ' ἀνθρώπων ἄλλοτε ἄλλος ἔχει.—*Solon.*

“Different persons at different times possess the wealth of men.”

166. **Green-eyed.** This epithet means “easily imposed on by appearances.” Compare the *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 110: “green-eyed jealousy.”

Ib. **Mock.** Hanmer changed this reading to “make,” which Schmidt thinks “may be right.” With this latter reading, Iago’s meaning seems to be, that Jealousy is a monster nourished by the suggestions it makes to the mind in which it dwells. Clarke says: “Here *mock* bears the sense of disdain, spurn, tear wrathfully, even while feeding on. . . . Jealousy, even while greedily devouring scraps of evidence and stray tokens of supposed guilt, bitterly scorns them, and stands self-contented for feeding on them.”

170. **Strongly.** “Soundly” is the reading of the folios; the Collier *MS.* has “fondly.”

172. **Poor and content,** etc. Malone quotes *Dorastus and Fannia* (the novel on which *Winter’s Tale* is founded), 1592: “We are rich, in that we are poor with content.”

173. **Fineless.** Boundless; without end or *fine*; from the Latin *finis*, an end. The word has become obsolete, and this is the only instance in which it is found in Shakespeare.

175. **Defend.** Guard, protect, keep away from.

182. **Exsufflicate.** “Properly, *exsufflated*; made to rise and expand by inflation.”—*Hunter.* “Probably synonymous to *blown* = empty, unsubstantial, frivolous.”—*Schmidt.* Malone says: “Whether our poet had any authority for the word, which I think is used in the sense of *swollen*, and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus*, I am unable to ascertain.” Nares interprets the word as meaning “contemptible,” “abominable,”

and as derived from the Low Latin *exsufflare*, “to spit upon.” The 4th folio has “exufflicated,” and the early editions read “exufflicate.”

183. **Matching thy inference.** Such as you have supposed.

186. **Are more virtuous.** That is, are accessions to virtue; set off virtue to advantage.

188. **Doubt.** Suspicion; as in line 417 below.

200. **Self-bounty.** “Inherent generosity.”—*Warburton*.

206. **She did deceive her father,** etc. “This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought puts an end to confidence.”—*Johnson*.

208. **And so she did.** “In this little speech of four monosyllabic words is contained the moral of Desdemona’s fate. Had Othello been able to refute as a foul calumny this insinuated truth of Iago’s, the villain’s scheme must have come to naught at once. But, unhappily, Desdemona’s timidity has led her to conceal from her father her love for the Moor by affecting to dread him; and this former deviation from strict honesty is now enabling a traitor to undermine her husband’s faith in her honour. O, just and wise, and most moral Shakespeare!”—*Clarke*.

210. **Seel.** See note on i. 3. 268 above.

Ib. **Close as oak.** “Close as the grain of oak.”—*Stevens*. Staunton thinks that Shakespeare wrote “close as *haw*’s.”

212. **Of.** Here means “concerning,” “about.” Similarly we find:—

“I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.”

Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 402.

and,—

“If it be I, of pardon I you pray,” etc.

Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*, ii. 9. 42.

218. **I am.** That is, “I am required or obliged.”

219. **Issues nor to larger reach.** Conclusions, nor to a larger extent.

222. **Success.** Means here simply, *consequence*; that which *succeeds*, or follows. So, *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 3. 6: "And bring me their opinions of success." Compare also "bad success" in 3 *Henry VI.*, ii. 2. 46, and *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 117.

227. **Erring.** Straying, wandering. See note on i. 3. 351 above.

229. **To affect.** To be inclined to, or desire.

230. **Complexion.** In allusion to the fair skin of Desdemona, as contrasted with the dark Moorish skin of Othello, and perhaps also, as Clarke suggests, to the temperament of the Italians in comparison with that of the Moors.

232. **Rank.** "Morbid."—*Schmidt*. "A rank will is self-will overgrown and exuberant."—*Johnson*.

234. **Position.** Statement, assertion.

236. **Recoiling.** Reverting; going back to.

237. **Fall to match.** Begin to compare you. On "fall to," compare *Hamlet*, v. 2. 216: "before you fall to play," etc.

238. **Happily.** For "haply," "perhaps."

249. **His means.** Implying, "whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady."—*Johnson*.

250. **Strain his entertainment.** Earnestly solicit you to restore him to his lost position.

251. **Importunity.** The Variorum of 1821 reads "opportunity."

255. **Hold her free.** Consider her free from guilt.

256. **My government.** My power of self-control. Compare I *Henry IV.*, i. 2.

259. **Learned.** "Experienced." — *Warburton*. "Intelligent."—*Schmidt*.

260. **Haggard.** This term was applied to a wild, untrained hawk.

261. **Jesses.** Leathern or silken thongs tied round a hawk's leg, and held by the falconer.

262. **Let her down the wind.** "The falconers always let the hawk fly against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*."—*Johnson*.

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* we find: "As a long-winged hawke, when he is first *whistled off* the fist, mounts aloft," etc.

263. **For.** Is here equivalent to "because," as in line 265 below.

264. **Parts.** Gifts, qualities.

265. **Chamberers.** Men conversant with the arts of peace, opposed to *soldiers*, like *carpet-monger* in *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 2. 320. Compare the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590: "Fal'n from a souldier to a chamberer."

267. **I am abus'd.** I am deceived.

274. **Prerogativ'd.** "Privileged, exempt from certain evils."—*Schmidt*.

276. **This forked plague.** An allusion to the stag-horns which were supposed to characterize a cuckold; as Actæon was by Diana transformed into a stag. On this point, Malone quotes one of Sir John Harrington's *Epigrams*:—

"Acteon guiltless unawares espying
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
Was plagued with *hornes*; his dogs did him devoure;
Whereof take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads see your faults be written."

277. **Quicken.** Implying, "begin to live." Compare iv. 2. 66 below: "That quicken even with blowing," etc.

280. **Generous.** Of noble birth, or ranking as gentlemen. The word primarily is derived from the Latin *generosus*. Compare *Hamlet*, i. 3. 74: "most select and generous"; and *Measure for Measure*, iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens."

281. **Attend.** Here means "await."

287. **Napkin.** Here means "*handkerchief*." Compare *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 131: "And dip their napkins in his sacred blood."

295. **Reserves.** Preserves, keeps. Compare Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 32. 7: "Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme."

296. **Ta'en out.** Copied. An old meaning of this expression.

299. **Fantasy.** Fancy, whim, inclination.
312. **To the advantage.** "Opportunely."—*Johnson.*
316. **Imp'rt.** Importance; as in 1 *Henry VI.*, i. i. 91, etc.
319. **Acknown.** "Do not confess to the knowledge of it."
—*Schmidt.* *Acknown* is the reading of the folios and the 2nd quarto; the 1st and 3rd quartos have "not you known on 't."
326. **Conceits.** Thoughts, conceptions.
327. **To distaste.** To prove distasteful.
330. **Mandragora.** Mandrake. This herb is referred to in Pliny's Natural History as a powerful soporific.
333. **Ow'dst.** Didst own or possess.
340. **Free.** That is, "free from suspicion."
346. **Pioners.** Here means "the vilest soldiers in the camp." *Pioneers* were generally degraded soldiers appointed to that office as a punishment. Davies, in his *Art of War*, 1619, says: "Such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some abject pioner."
347. **So.** Here equivalent to "provided that."
355. **Mortal engines.** Deadly engines.
365. **Probation.** Here equivalent to "proof."
369. **Remorse.** Compassion, pity, compunction.
379. **This profit.** "This good lesson."—*Schmidt.*
380. **Sith.** An old form of "since."
384. **Be . . . is.** On the change from the subjunctive to the indicative, see the important remarks in *Abbott's Shakesperian Grammar*, § 299.
398. **Living.** "That has the life of truth and fact in it, not founded on mere surmise."—*Clarke.*
401. **Prick'd.** Urged on, spurred, instigated.
416. **A foregone conclusion.** A previous determination.
417. **A shrewd doubt.** Grounds for suspicion of evil.
430. **Slave.** "From the Euxine to the Adriatic, in the state of captives or subjects, or allies or enemies, of the Greek empire, they (the *Sclavonians*) overspread the land; and the national appellation of the *slaves* has been degraded by chance or malice from the signification of glory (*slava*, law, gloria) to that of servitude. This conversion of a national into an appellative name appears to have arisen in the eighth century, in the Oriental France, where the princes and bishops were

rich in Sclavonian captives.”—Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

433. **Fond.** Foolish. See note on i. 3. 317 above.

435. **The hollow hell.** This is the reading of the folio. Knight says that *hell* was intended to be antithetical to the preceding *heaven*. Compare Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, i. 314:—

“He call’d so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.”

“Thy hollow cell” is the reading of the quartos.

436. **Hearted throne.** “The heart on which thou wast enthroned.”—*Johnson*.

437. **Fraught.** Freight, load. So, in *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 64: “The *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy.”

441–448. These lines are not found in the 1st quarto. Steevens thinks that Shakespeare took the simile from Holland’s *Pliny*: “And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus.” The Pontic Sea is the Pontus Euxinus or Black Sea; the Propontic is the Sea of Marmora; the Hellespont is the channel of the Dardanelles. No tides occur in the Black Sea, but it has a strong regular current towards the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles.

447. **Capable.** Capacious, ample.

448. **Marble.** “Everlasting.”—*Schmidt*. Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 87: “Peep through thy marble mansion.”

450. **Engage.** Pledge. So, in *As You Like It*, v. 5. 172: “I do engage my life,” etc.

451. **Witness,** etc. Many commentators observe that this apostrophe proves that Shakespeare intended that this scene should be in the open air.

452. **Clip.** Surround, embrace. Compare *King John*, v. 2. 34: “Neptune’s arms, who clippeth thee about,” etc.

454. **Execution.** Employment, exercise. Compare 3 *Henry VI.*, ii. 3. 111: “The execution of my big-swoln heart,” etc.

456. **Remorse.** Here means “compassion,” “pity,” as in line 369 above. “It shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of *tenderness to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderness for him*.”—*Johnson*.

458. **With acceptance bounteous.** With full acceptance of the services you offer.

462. **My friend is dead.** Theobald's note here is worthy of quotation: "*My friend is dead, i.e.* I am so firmly resolved to obey your commands, that you may conclude Cassio already dead. Ben Jonson, I remember, in a like circumstance, in his *Catiline*, has finely expressed the impetuosity of Cethegus's character; the dialogue is about making away with Cicero:—

‘He shall die;
Shall was too slowly said:—He's dying; that
Is yet too slow:—He's dead.’

But this, by the bye, is a copy from Seneca the tragedian, in his *Hercules Furens*:—

‘*Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit:
Lentum est, dabit: dat: hoc quoque est lentum, dedit.*’

ACT III. SCENE IV.

2. **Lies.** Dwells, lodges.

12. **To lie in mine own throat.** To utter a wilful falsehood.

17. **By them answer.** Be enabled to answer by means of the information thus acquired.

19. **Moved.** Interceded with.

23. **I know not.** On this direct falsehood Clarke thus remarks: “Emilia is one of those who thinks that a lie is the easiest means of evading a difficulty; and the dramatist has made her a coarse type of such women; while he has made the delicate, the gentle, the innocent Desdemona a refined type of them. Fine moral harmony in even two such dissimilar characters.”

24. **Rather.** In scansion, this word is here contracted, and becomes a monosyllable; same as in 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1. 224:—

“*Rather* than | have máde | that sáv | age dúke | thine heir.”

25. **Crusadoes.** A crusado was a Portuguese gold coin, current in England in Shakespeare's time, and was so called because it was stamped with the figure of a cross. It was worth about nine shillings.

36. **Nor known no sorrow.** On double comparatives and superlatives, see our note i. 1. 94 above.

39. **Sequester.** Sequestration, separation.

40. **Exercise devout.** Devout performance of religious duties.

43. **You.** This word is here strongly emphatic.

46. **Our new heraldry,** etc. Warburton, Chalmers, and many other commentators thought that this passage refers to the order of baronets, instituted by King James in 1611, and it was used by them to fix the date of this play. But if any such allusion is here contained, it must have been inserted some years after the play was written. With great probability, Steevens considers this passage as “only a figurative expression, without the least reference to King James’s creation of baronets.”

50. **Sorry.** “Sore, painful.”—*Schmidt.* This is the reading of the folio. “Sullen” is the reading of the quartos, and “sudden” that of the Collier *MS.* *Rheum* means a mucous discharge caused by a cold. *Offends,* that is, pains or annoys me.

51. **Here.** Equivalent to “here it is.”

54. **That handkerchief,** etc. Theobald’s notes here again become worthy of quotation. He says: “Because this episode of the *handkerchief* has been attacked by snarlers and buffoon-criticks, I am tempted to subjoin an observation or two in justification of our author’s conduct. The poet seems to have been aware of the levity of such judges, as should account the giving away an handkerchief too slight a ground for jealousy. He therefore obviates this, upon the very moment of the handkerchief being lost, by making Iago say:—

‘Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.’

“Besides this, let us see how finely the poet has made his handkerchief of significancy and importance. Cinthio Giraldi, from whom he has borrowed the incident, only says that it was the Moor’s gift, upon his wedding, to Desdemona; that it was most curiously wrought after the Moorish fashion, and

very dear both to him and his wife; *il quel Pannicello era lavorato alla Moresca sottilissimamente, e era carissimo alla Donna e parimente al Mora.* But our author, who wrote in a superstitious age (when philters were in vogue for procuring love, and amulets for preserving it), makes his handkerchief derived from an enchantress; magic and mystery are in its materials and workmanship; its qualities and attributes are solemnly laid down, and the gift recommended to be cherished by its owners on the most inducing terms imaginable, viz. the making the party amiable to her husband, and the keeping his affections steady. Such circumstances, if I know anything of the matter, are the very soul and essence of poetry; fancy here exerts its great creating power, and adds a dignity, that surprises, to its subject."

63. **Wife.** That is, "to take a wife." In the next line the antecedent to "her" is implied in the noun denoted in this verb.

69. **A sibyl,** etc. The sibyls were the supposed prophetesses in ancient times. See *Virgil*, Book VI. Compare also *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 116: "as old as Sibylla."

Ib. **Number'd,** etc. Counted the sun to have run two hundred revolutions, implying that she had lived two hundred years.

73. **Dyed in mummy,** etc. Paraphrase thus: "It was dyed in the balsamic liquor that oozed from mummies, which skilful hands prepared as a conserve from the hearts of maidens."

78. **Startling and rash.** Abruptly and violently.

82. **An if.** This is a redundancy frequently found in Elizabethan writers. The Saxon word *an*, sometimes corrupted to *and*, meant *if*.

90. **Sufficient.** In modern English, "efficient."

91. **Talk me.** That is, "talk to me," etc.

104. **Hungerly.** In a hungry manner; hungrily. See *Dr. Abbott's Grammar*, § 447.

107. **Happiness.** Good fortune; good luck.

110. **Virtuous.** Efficient; powerful.

112. **Office.** Here means "duty," which latter word is the reading of the 1st quarto.

114. **Of such mortal kind.** Of such a deadly nature.

115. **Sorrows.** Regrets; penitence.

118. **My benefit.** An act of kindness shown to me.

120. **Shut myself up in.** That is, "confine myself to."
"Confine myself to some other course, awaiting whatever fortune may bestow upon me."—*Steevens.*

121. **Alms.** The *s* in this word is not a plural termination, but a remnant of the A.S. *almesse*, from which the word is derived.

122. **My advocacy.** My advocacy; my pleading on your behalf.

124. **Were he in favour,** etc. *Favour* here means "face," "aspect," or "personal appearance." Compare what Portia says in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. i. 254:—

"And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus."

127. **Within the blank,** etc. The *blank* was the *white* or central part of a target. "Within the *shot* of his anger."—*Johnson.*

128. **For.** Here means "on account of."

130. **Let.** This word is a *principal*, and not an *auxiliary* verb. Analyse thus: "Allow that *to* suffice you."

133. **Cannon.** The two words "cannon," a large gun, and "canon," a church law, are both derived from the Greek *κανών*, a reed. The hollowness of the reed gave name to the gun. A reed was also used as a ruler for drawing straight lines; hence it came to signify "a rule in general"; "a church law"; "a church ruler or dignitary."

135. **His very arm.** His very side.

136. **Puff'd his own brother.** An instance of *aposiopesis*, or sudden *breaking off* of the speaker before the conclusion of the sentence. "'And yet he was cool and unruffled' is understood."—*Malone.*

140. **Unhatch'd practice.** Undeveloped plotting or treason.

142. **Puddled.** Reduced to puddle; muddied; agitated; confused. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, v. i. 173: "pails of puddled mire."

145. **It indues,** etc. "It imparts to the other limbs the faculty of feeling the same pain."—*Schmidt.*

148. **Observancy.** Homage; devotion. Compare *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 2. 203: "a doting observance." The 1st folio has "observancie"; the later folios have "observance." "Observance" is the reading of the quartos.

150. **Unhandsome warrior.** "Unfair assailant."—*Johnson*. "A lovely reminiscence of her husband's calling her *my fair warrior* in the joy of his first meeting with her on arrival."—*Clarke*.

152. **But.** Dr. Abbott says, § 126: "'But' is not adverbative, but means 'if not,' after 'beshrew me,' etc."

"Beshrew my soul *but* I do love thee," etc.

King John, v. 4. 50.

"The gods rebuke me *but* it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings."

Antony and Cleopatra, v. 1. 27.

155. **Toy.** Imagination; whim; fancy.

166. **Uttermost.** According to Dr. Latham, there were two "superlative" endings in A.S., namely, *ema* and *ost*. "Uppermost" (from which "upmost" is formed) is therefore an instance of a superlative formed from a comparative, and also of a *double superlative*; for "uppermost" is, etymologically, upper + *ema* + *ost*, and not merely a combination of the words "upper" and "most."

168. **What make you.** For what purpose do you come.

177. **Continue.** Uninterrupted. "Convenient" is the reading of the 1st quarto.

179. **Take . . . out.** Copy.

193. **Addition.** Credit. Think it no title of credit, nor is it my wish. *Woman'd*, accompanied by a woman.

196. **Bring me,** etc. Accompany me.

197. **At night.** About the time of night.

200. **Be circumstanc'd.** Yield to circumstances.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

3. **Against.** Schmidt explains this word as meaning "towards," "to." Johnson interprets the words "against the devil," as meaning "to cheat the devil."

5. **The devil**, etc. "*The devil tempts their virtue* by stirring up their passions, and *they tempt heaven* by placing themselves in such a situation as makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them."—*Henley*.

6. **A venial slip**. A pardonable error.

14. **They have it**, etc. Paraphrase thus: "Very often, those who are reputed to have the quality of honour, do not really possess it."

18. **The raven**. The raven was supposed to hover near a house in which there was sickness or infection. Malone quotes Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, ii. 1:—

"Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Does shake contagion from her sable wings."

20. **That's not so good now**. Meaning that Iago's words, "What of that?" are not so sensible as his usual remarks.

24. **Voluntary dotage**. Spontaneous affection for.

25. **Convinced or supplied them**. Overcome one, or gratified the desire of another.

16. Cannot choose. Cannot avoid or help it.

31. **To confess and be hanged**. This was an old proverb. Steevens quotes Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*: "Blame us not, but the proverb—Confess and be hang'd."

33. **Shadowing**. "Full of shapes and images of things."—*Schmidt*. The passage is thus explained by Johnson: "This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Sir J. Reynolds says: "Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago." Instead of "shadowing," the Collier *M.S.* has "shuddering."

46. **His**. Is here used for "*its*." In Old English, *his*, like the Latin *cujus*, was both the *masculine* and the *neuter* of the pronoun. The neuter *his* is common in Old English as late as the seventeenth century: "I will examine all the kinds of love, *his* nature, beginning, difference, objects, how *it* is honest or dishonest, a virtue or a vice; *his* powers and effects; how far it extends."—*Burton* (1621).

Dr. Adams, in his *English Language*, gives the following account of the word :—"It exhibits three stages of development : (1) when it served for both masculine and neuter ; (2) a period of uncertainty, when we find *his*, *her*, *it*, and very rarely *its* : "It carryeth a sting in the top of *her* neck" (*Top-sell*) ; "*It* knighthood and *it* friends" (*Ben Jonson*) ; and (3) when *it* received the ordinary genitive suffix *s*. In the authorized version of the Bible, the place of *its* is supplied by *his*, *her*, or *thereof*."

We may add that Archbishop Trench is not quite correct in stating that *its* occurs only three times throughout Shakespeare's works. The word is found three times in *Winter's Tale*, and once in *Measure for Measure*, i. 2. 4, where it is emphatic. We find *its* also in *Lear*, iv. 2. 32. It occurs at least *twice* in Milton :—

"The mind is *its* own place, and of itself
Can make a heav'n of earth, a hell of heaven."
Paradise Lost, Bk. i. 254.

"For no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to *its* own likeness."—*Ib.* Bk. iv. 813.

50. **Straight.** Immediately.
55. **A horned man.** That is, "a cuckold."
57. **Civil.** Here means "civilized."
61. **Unproper.** Not reserved for one person only.
62. **Peculiar.** Exclusively their own.
63. **The spite.** The malice.
64. **Secure.** Free from anxiety or suspicion. Taken in its original sense ; from the Latin *securus*, "free from care."
- Ib.* **Lip. Kiss.** Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 5. 30.
68. **In a patient list.** Within the limits of patience. The *lists* were the boundary of the tilting-ground.
71. **Shifted him away.** Endeavoured to get rid of him.
72. **Ecstasy.** Here means "swoon."
74. **Encave.** Conceal yourself.
75. **Fleers.** Sneers, mocks.
- Ib.* **Scorns.** Here means "expressions of scorn."

76. **Region.** Part. Compare *Lear*, i. i. 147: "The region of my heart."

79. **To cope.** To meet with. Paraphrase the line thus: "He has met with and is again to meet." For the ellipsis see *Dr. Abbott's Grammar*, § 383.

86. **Of.** Here means "concerning."

87. **Housewife.** A hussy; a woman of loose character.

88. **It.** Is here used contemptuously for "she."

94. **Unbookish.** Ignorant; unskilful.

97. **Worser . . . addition.** As we have before observed, the Elizabethan writers frequently employed such *double comparatives* as *worser*, for the sake of emphasis. *Addition* here means "title."

101. **Caitiff.** This word was formerly applicable to both sexes. *wretch*

107. **Well said.** That is, "well done."

111. **Roman.** Used ironically, in allusion to "triumph."

112. **Customer.** A woman of loose character.

119. **Scored me.** "Chalked me up as your debtor? Well, I will pay you."—*Hunter*. "Branded me."—*Stevens*. "Made my reckoning, settled the term of my life."—*Schmidt*.

126. **Bauble.** A term of contempt; "a plaything"; "a fool." In *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 97, the fool's club or staff is called a bauble.

127. **Me.** The ethical dative. See *Dr. Abbott's Grammar*, § 220.

130. **Hales.** Hauls, drags.

137. **Fitchew.** A term of contempt. Literally, "a pole-cat."

154. **Very fain.** In modern English, "very gladly."

178. **Invention.** "Mental activity in general."—*Schmidt*.

181. **Condition.** That is, "disposition."

185. **Patent.** Formal permission; privilege.

192. **Unprovide.** Unhinge; deprive me of my resolution.

197. **Let me be his undertaker.** Consign the care of him to me.

203. **Save you, etc.** "God save the worthy gentleman," is the reading of the 1st quarto. Like others of this kind, the change was made, probably, on account of the statute of King James I. against using the Divine name on the stage.

219. **Atone them.** That is, "bring them *at one*"; "reconcile them." Compare *Richard II.*, i. 1. 202: "Since we cannot atone you," etc.

223. **Deputing.** Substituting.

231. **If that,** etc. "If woman's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter."—*Johnson.*

232. **Falls.** Here used in a transitive sense; equivalent to *lets fall*. "Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, says Othello, which falls from the false Desdemona would generate a crocodile, the most deceitful of all animals, and whose own tears are proverbially fallacious."—*Malone.*

255. **Safe.** Sound. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, i. 1. 14: "a safe conscience."

256. **Censure.** Here used without any sense of *blame*; simply, "opinion," "judgment."

260. **Use.** Habit; custom. Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 168: "For use almost can change the stamp of nature," etc.

263. **Honesty.** What is proper or becoming.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

3. **She.** In modern English we should say "*her*."

11. **Other.** Here used adverbially for "otherwise."

27. **Mystery.** Here means "trade" or "occupation," like "function" in line 27.

44. **Heaven.** Is used as a plural in *Richard II.*, i. 2. 6; and in *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 173.

51, 52. **A fixed figure,** etc. This passage has been much disputed. The 1st folio has:—

"The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne
To point his slow, and moving finger at."

The Collier *MS.* reads "slowly moving," which was also a conjecture of Mason's. Hunter's conjecture is:—

"The fixed figure of the time, for scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at."

The reading in the text is that adopted by the Cambridge editors.

51. **The time of scorn.** "The scornful world."—*Schmidt*. "The scornful spirit of the epoch."—*Clarke*.

52. **Slow.** That is, "slow to change its direction."

59, 60. **Turn thy complexion, etc.** "At such an object do thou, *Patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, look as grim as hell."—*Johnson*.

70. **Commoner.** Harlot.

80. **This vessel.** This my body. We find the Biblical phrase of woman as being "the weaker vessel," used in *Love's Labour Lost*, i. 2. 276.

88. **To Saint Peter.** To *that of Saint Peter*.

96. **With who.** In modern English, "with whom."

105. **Least misuse.** "How can I have behaved, that even my least misconduct should have subjected me to the smallest misconstruction on his part?"—*Clarke*.

117. **Callat.** A vulgar, lewd woman.

128. **Cogging.** False, deceiving.

Clarke remarks, that actresses frequently make the mistake of delivering this speech in such a manner as to show that Emilia suspects her husband; *but this is evidently not the case. Her suspicion never for an instant falls upon Iago.*

137. **Companions.** Used in a contemptuous sense, as the word *fellow* is now.

139. **Bascala.** Originally meant "*lean, worthless deer*."

149. **Discourse of thought.** "Discursive range of thought."—*Clarke*. "Discourse or thought," is the reading of the 2nd and 3rd quartos.

156. **Defeat.** Undo, destroy.

158. **It doth abhor me, etc.** Paraphrase thus: "I abhor myself now that I have uttered this word."

159. **Addition.** Name, title; as in iv. i. 97 above.

163. **Chide with you.** Quarrel with you. Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 32: "With Mars fall out, with Juno chide," etc.

166. **Stay the meat.** Are waiting for supper.

171. **Daffest me.** Puttest me off. *Daff* is another form of "*doff*," or "*do off*."

184. **Respect.** "Attention, notice."—*Schmidt*.

189. **Fobbed.** Tricked, cheated. This is Rowe's correction of the "fopt" of the early editions. Compare *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 97: "You must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale," etc.

195. **You have said.** "Well said, quite right."—*Schmidt*.

196. **Intendment.** Purpose, intention.

198. **Mettle.** In Shakespeare's time there was no distinction between *mettle* and *metal*.

201. **Directly.** In a straightforward manner.

210. **Engines.** "Device or contrivance."—*Schmidt*. "Instruments of torture."—*Ritson*.

218. **Lingered.** Protracted, prolonged. See *Dr. Abbott's Grammar*, § 290.

219. **Determinate.** Resolute, decisive.

222. **Uncapable.** Dr. Abbott says: "We appear to have no definite rule of distinction even now, since we use *ungrateful*, *ingratitude*; *unequal*, *inequality*. *Un-* seems to have been preferred by Shakespeare before *þ* and *r*, which do not allow *in-* to precede except in the form *im-*. . . . As a general rule, we now use *in-* where we desire to make the negative a part of the word, and *un-* where the separation is maintained—'untrue,' 'infirm,' etc."

231. **Amazed.** In a maze, in a state of confusion, bewildered. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. 139: "Stand not amaz'd," etc.

233. **High supper-time.** High time for supper.

234. **Grows to waste.** Is wasting away.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

11. **Incontinent.** Immediately.

15. **Nightly wearing.** Night clothes.

22. **All's one.** All the same; it matters not.

24. **Talk.** Talk idly; talk nonsense. Compare *Macbeth*, iv. 2. 64: "Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!" etc.

26. **Prov'd mad.** "Turned out to be deranged."—*Clarke*.

34. **Proper.** Well-looking, handsome.

39. **The poor soul,** etc. This is an altered fragment of an

old ballad, which will be found in Percy's *Reliques*. The original, entitled "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love," is a man's song; Shakespeare has made it a woman's song. "*Sighing*" is the reading of the original and of the 2nd quarto; the folios have "*singing*." The rhetorical figure called *alliteration* may be observed in the words *soul, sat, sighing, and sycamore, in hand and head, etc.*

48. **Prithee, hie thee,** etc. In such expressions as *haste thee, hie thee, fare thee well,* *thee* is used instead of *thou*.

55. **Moo.** An old form of *more*. *Couch* here means *lie*, as in *Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 305, etc.

70. **Joint-ring.** A lover's betrothal-ring in olden times.

72. **Exhibition.** Offer, allowance.

81. **To the vantage.** "To boot, over and above."—*Steevens!*

88. **Having.** "Allowance, pin-money."—*Schmidt.*

89. **Galls.** Revengeful and bitter feelings.

101. **Such uses send,** etc. Paraphrase thus: "Grant me such ways, or habits, as not to pick up bad practices from bad examples."

ACT V. SCENE I.

1. **Bulk.** The jutting-out part of a building.

Ib. **Straight.** That is, "immediately."

5. **Resolution.** Here equivalent to a word of five syllables.—See *Dr. Abbott's Grammar*, § 479.

11. **I have rubb'd,** etc. Paraphrase thus: "I have roused this young simpleton almost to the quick." *Quat* is literally, "a pimple." *To the sense* means, "to the quick." Instead of *quat*, the 1st quarto has "gnat."

16. **Bobb'd.** Obtained by false pretences.

21. **Unfold me,** etc. Tell him what I have said about him

25. **Coat.** Meaning "coat of proof," or shirt of mail, worn beneath his outer garments. In consequence of this, Iago afterwards wounds him "in the leg."

33. **Minion.** From the French *mignon*, a darling. Here used contemptuously in reference to Desdemona.

37. **No passage.** That is, no passers-by. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iii. i. 99: "the stirring passage of the day."

42. **A heavy night.** "A thick, cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid."—*Johnson*.

48. **Cries on.** Cries out. Compare *Hamlet*, v. 2. 375 : "cries on havoc."

58. **Make away.** Get away, escape.

69. **Cry you mercy.** Entreat your pardon.

85. **Trash.** Worthless creature; evidently referring to Bianca. Hunter seems to be mistaken in referring it to Roderigo.

98. **Well said.** Well done; as in iv. 1. 107 above.

106. **Gastness.** Ghastly, haggard look.

129. **Fordoes.** In Shakespeare's time, a common expression for "undoes."

ACT V. SCENE II.

1. **It is the cause, etc.** It is the cause which I come to make an end of. Steevens says: "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification from representing to himself the *cause*, that is, the greatness of the provocation he had received."

7. **Put out the light, etc.** The most satisfactory explanation of this passage is that given by Malone. "I will now put out the light, and then put out the light of life." This metaphor is a common one in Shakespeare. Compare *Macbeth*, v. 5. 23; and 3 *Henry VI.*, ii. 6. 1. Warburton pointed the line, "Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!" and explained it thus: "The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites."

11. **Cunning'st.** For such contracted superlative forms, see *Dr. Abbott's Grammar*, § 473.

12. **Promethean heat.** In allusion to the story of Prome-

theus, who was supposed to have stolen vital fire from heaven, and to have therewith inspired inanimate bodies with life. Compare *Love's Labour Lost*, iv. 3. 304, etc. : "Promethean fire."

21. **This sorrow's heavenly.** "This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion."—*Johnson*. Steevens says that the *cruel tears* "seem adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile."

30. **Walk by.** Walk aside.

32. **Forfend.** Forbid.

46. **Do not point on me.** Are not directed towards me. Compare *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 32 : "They are portentous things unto the climate that they point upon," etc.

63. **Thou dost stone my heart,** etc. "Thou dost harden my heart by denying thy guilt, and causest me to kill thee from wrath at thy perjury, when I intended thy death to be a sacrifice made to justice."—*Clarke*.

72. **Ta'en order.** Taken measures. Compare *Richard III.*, iv. 2. 53 : "I will take order for her keeping close," etc.

82. **Being done,** etc. "My deed of retribution being once put into execution, there must be no pause in completing it."—*Clarke*.

91. **By and by.** Immediately.

101. **At alteration.** At the change.

132. **Folly.** Wantonness, unchastity.

139. **My husband!** Emilia's astonishment here sufficiently shows that she did not previously suspect Iago of being the "eternal villain" that had devised "this slander."

149. **Iterance.** Repetition of words. "Iteration," which has the same meaning, is the reading of the quartos.

150. **Villainy hath made mocks,** etc. "*Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of passion."—*Johnson*.

160. **You were best.** In modern English, "you *had* best." See *Dr. Abbott's Grammar*, § 230.

162. **Have to be hurt.** To endure being hurt.

176. **Apt.** Natural; as in ii. i. 274 above.

182. **Charm your tongue.** Restrain your tongue, as if with a charm or spell. Such expressions were common in Shakespeare's time. Steevens quotes several examples of the phrase

from Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others. Compare also *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 214: "I will charm him first to keep his tongue;" and 3 *Henry VI.*, v. 5. 31: "Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue."

190. **I think upon 't.** Emilia is recalling to herself the circumstance of her finding the handkerchief.

208. **Reprobation.** "Perdition, eternal damnation."—*Schmidt.*

219. **As liberal as the north.** That is, "as freely as the north wind blows." The 1st quarto has "liberall as the ayre."

225. **By fortune.** By chance, accidentally.

232. **Coxcomb.** The heads of court fools in ancient times were surmounted by a crest formed in the shape of the *comb* of a *cock*. Hence the origin of the term.

233. **Are there no stones,** etc. Shakespeare here alludes to the "thunder-bolt," or a kind of meteoric stone which was supposed to fall with the lightning, and which is now usually considered the same as the belemnite, a species of extinct fossil shells. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3. 49: "Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone."

238. **Notorious.** Atrocious. In the *modern* sense of the word, Iago could not be a *notorious* villain, because his villainy had only just then become known.

247. **Die in music.** The fabulous notion of the swan singing when dying is often referred to by ancient and modern poets.

"Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music."—*Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 44.

252. **A sword of Spain,** etc. Spanish sword-blades were celebrated for their superior quality. *The ice-brook's temper* refers to the *tempering* or hardening of the steel by plunging it, when red-hot, into cold water.

263. **Your stop.** What you can do to stop me. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2. 69: "thy kinsmen are no stop to me," etc.

266. **Butt.** Limit, bound. French, *bout*.

269. **Man but a rush.** Paraphrase thus: "Point or aim against Othello's breast even if it were but a rush only."

272. **Compt.** The last account or reckoning day.
286. **His feet.** That is, to see if he has the *cloven* feet of a fiend.
290. **In my sense.** In my opinion.
292. **Fallen in the practice.** Fallen *into* the snares of. For *in*, see *Dr. Abbott's Grammar*, § 159.
297. **Consent in Cassio's death.** Conspire to kill Cassio.
314. **Discontented.** "Full of dissatisfaction."—*Schmidt*.
317. **Belike.** Most probably.
327. **Cast.** Cashiered, dismissed from the service.
347. **Indian.** This is the reading of all the early editions, except the 1st folio, which has "*Judean*." In Old English poetry there are several allusions to the ignorance of the *Indians* in spurning the golden ore and casting away pearls and gems. Amongst these instances, Boswell cites in favour of *Indian*, Habington's *Castara*:—

"So the unskilful Indian those bright gems
Which might adde majestie to diadems
'Mong the waves scatters."

Theobald, Warburton, and Malone, maintained that "*Judean*" was correct, and that it referred to *Herod*, who, in a fit of furious jealousy, cast away that priceless jewel his wife, *Mariamne*. Warburton's theory is justly disposed of by Coleridge, as follows:—

"Thus it is for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed *Mariamne*! Oh, how many beauties, in this one line, were impenetrable to the ever thought-swarming Warburton! Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not to excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word *base*, which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's *Indian*—for I retain the old reading—means American, a savage *in genere*."

349. **Albeit.** In modern English, "although."
351. **Medicinable.** That is, "medicinal."
352. **Aleppo.** "I am told that it is immediate death for a

Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity."—*Steevens*.

357. **O bloody period.** O fatal ending.

361. **Great of heart.** A man of a proud and valiant spirit.

Ib. **Spartan dog.** "The dogs of Spartan breed were especially fierce and savage."—*Hanmer*. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 124: "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind," etc. With reference to the expression "Spartan dog," Hunter says (but with less probability): "This alludes to the obstinacy with which the Spartans refused to acknowledge guilt."

368. **Censure.** Condemnation. Compare *Coriolanus*, iii. 3. 46: "To suffer lawful censure for such faults," etc. The word is here used in a bad sense. Frequently, in Shakespeare, it means simply "opinion," or "judgment;" as in iv. 1. 256 above.

Conclusion. "Of the tragic story, what is the final issue? The central point of its spiritual import lies in the contrast between Iago and his victim. Iago, with keen intellectual faculties and manifold culture in Italian vice, lives and thrives after his fashion in a world from which all virtue and all beauty are absent. Othello, with his barbaric innocence and regal magnificence of soul, must cease to live the moment he ceases to retain faith in the purity and goodness which were to him the highest and most real things upon earth. . . . To die as Othello dies is indeed grievous. But to live as Iago lives, devouring the dust, and stinging,—this is more appalling."—Dowden's *Shakespeare's Mind and Art*.





QUESTIONS GIVEN AT THE MILITARY AND OTHER EXAMINATIONS.

1. Give the probable date of the production of *Othello*. From what facts is this date deduced?
2. What are usually considered to be the four grandest tragedies of Shakespeare?
3. From what source is the plot of *Othello* supposed to have been derived?
4. Give a brief outline of the story on which it is supposed to be based. State how far Shakespeare seems to have been indebted to this story.
5. To what historical period must we refer the action of the play of *Othello*?
6. Explain the meaning of the *italicized words* in the following passage :—

“ But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a *bombast circumstance*.”
7. Criticize the following passage :—

“ One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the togged consuls can propose
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership."

8. What is the meaning and probable derivation of the word "*Ancient*" as applied to Iago ?

9. Give some instances of "Double Comparatives" and "Double Superlatives" which occur in Shakespeare. On what principle does Dr. Abbott account for these ?

10. What is generally supposed to be the meaning of the word "Sagittary" in the following lines?—

"Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him."

11. Paraphrase the following passage :—

"Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service."

12. What is remarkable about the *italicized words* in the following lines?—

"I fetch my life and being
From men of royal *siege*, and my *demerits*
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd."

13. How can we account for a *Moor* acting as a General for the Venetian Republic ?

14. Explain grammatically such expressions as :—

"Good your grace," etc.—*Othello*, i. 3. 52.
"Good my brother."—*Hamlet*, i. 3. 46.

15. What are the meanings of the *italicized words* in the following lines?—

"No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid *seel* with wanton dulness
My *speculative* and *offic'd instruments*,
Let housewives make a *skillet* of my helm,

And all *indign* and base adversities
Make head against my *estimation*."

16. Paraphrase and explain the following passage :—

"The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole."

17. Modernize and explain the following lines :—

"He hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the engineer."

18. In what sense does Shakespeare use the words—*learn, censure, proper, favour, challenge, gyve, grise, Almain* ? State some of these uses which have become obsolete.

19. Paraphrase the following lines, and explain the allusion contained in them :—

"Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience."

20. What explanations have been given of the word marked in italics ?

"To such *exsufflicate* and blown surmises."

21. Paraphrase and explain the following lines :—

"But pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent."

22. Explain the allusions contained in the following passage :—

"If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune."

23. What is the meaning of the word "*napkin*" in the following line?—

"Your napkin is too little."

Quote another passage from another play of Shakespeare's in which it is used with a similar meaning.

24. Criticize the following passage, and explain the allusions contained in it :—

"Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

25. What different interpretations have been given to the following passage?—

"The hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts."

26. What is etymologically remarkable about the words "*cannon*," "*canon*," "*spinster*," and "*uttermost*"?

27. In the following, "*his*" is used for "*its*" :—

"The lethargy must have *his* quiet course."

Give a full history of the word "*its*," and quote, or refer to, passages in which it is found in Shakespeare and in Milton.

28. Criticize the following passage. What different readings have been proposed?

"A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at!"

29. What explanations have been given of Othello's words?—

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

30. What allusion is contained in the following? Give a parallel passage from another play of Shakespeare :—

"Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?"

31. Paraphrase the following lines :—

“ I have seen the day,
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast !
Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.”

32. Fully criticize the following line. What does Coleridge say concerning it ? —

“ Like the base Indian threw a pearl away,” etc.

33. Mention some of the chief differences between the English of Shakespeare and the English of the present day.



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18

66



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