

William Shakespeare

The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice

Dramatis Personae

Duke of Venice.

Brabantio [*A senator*], father to Desdemona.

Gratiano [*brother to Brabantio*]. Two noble Venetians.

Lodovico [*kinsman to Brabantio*]. Two noble Venetians.

Othello, the Moor [*in the military service of Venice*].

Cassio, an honourable lieutenant [*to Othello*].

Iago [*an ensign to Othello*], a villain.

Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman.

Montano, governor of Cyprus [*before Othello*].

Clown [*servant to Othello*].

Desdemona, wife to Othello.

Emilia, wife to Iago.

Bianca, a courtesan [*mistress to Cassio*].

Others: **Senators, Sailors, Gentlemen** of Cyprus [*Officers, Messengers, Musicians*].

SCENE: The first act takes place in Venice. The rest of the play takes place in a seaport in Cyprus.

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.

Iago

'Sblood, 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 practise,
 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—God bless the mark! — his Moorship's
 ancient.

Roderigo

By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago

Why, there's no remedy; 'tis 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 affined
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 lined

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, 'tis 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 thicklips owe
If he can carry't thus!

Iago

Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim 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!

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

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 robb'd; for shame, put on

your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is topping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
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?

Brabantio

Not I what are you?

Roderigo

My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio

The worser welcome:
I have charged 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
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. Because we come
to

do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll
have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse;
you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have
coursers for cousins and gennets for germans.

Brabantio

What profane wretch art thou?

Iago

I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter
and the Moor are now making the beast with two
backs.

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,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor —
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
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!
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 produced-as, if I stay, I shall —
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some cheque,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
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;
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 'twas 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
By what you see them act. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? 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;
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 contrived murder: 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 assured of this,

That the magnifico is much beloved,
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, raised 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 guests
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:
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 advised;
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
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 shunned
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 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion: I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis 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?

First 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 'twere 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 of Venice

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

First Senator

Indeed, they are disproportion'd;

My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke of Venice

And mine, a hundred and forty.

Second Senator

And mine, two hundred:

But though they jump not on a just account, —
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference-yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke of Venice

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!

First Officer

A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke of Venice

Now, what's the business?

First 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.

First Senator

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

Messenger

Of thirty sail: and now they do restem
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,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke of Venice

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

First Senator

He's now in Florence.

Duke of Venice

Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Senator

Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

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

Duke of Venice

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

To Brabantio.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help tonight.

Brabantio

So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised 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 engulfs and swallows other sorrows

And it is still itself.

Duke of Venice

Why, what's the matter?

Brabantio

My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke of Venice Senator

Dead?

Brabantio

Ay, to me;

She is abused, 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 of Venice

Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled 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 of Venice Senator

We are very sorry for't.

Duke of Venice [*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 approved 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,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,

Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First 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 of Venice

Fetch Desdemona hither.

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 of Venice

Say it, Othello.

Othello

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.

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 travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
heaven

It was my hint to speak, — such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, twas strange, 'twas passing
strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas 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 loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story.
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Due to the Moor my lord.

Brabantio

God be wi' you! I have done.

Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:

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 of Venice

Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers

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 preserved 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.
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 bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state.

Duke of Venice

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.

Othello

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnise
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.

Duke of Venice

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.

Duke of Venice

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 honour 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.

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 seal with wanton dullness

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

Duke of Venice

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

First Senator

You must away to-night.

Othello

With all my heart.

Duke of Venice

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.

Othello

So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honest and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke of Venice

Let it be so.
Good night to every one.

To Brabantio.

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

First Senator

Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

Brabantio

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

Exeunt Duke of Venice, Senators,
Officers, c.

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?

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.

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.

Iago

Virtue! a fig! 'tis 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.

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 thou the 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 not
too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou
shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox 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?

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?

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 go 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, framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by 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.

Exit.

Act II

Scene I

A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Montano

What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gentleman

Nothing at all: it is a highwrought 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?

Second 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-shaked surge, with high and monstrous

And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Montano

I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third 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 served 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.

Third 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 us him on a dangerous sea.

Montano

Is he well shipp'd?

Cassio

His bark is stoutly timber'd, his pilot
Of very expert and approved 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?

Fourth 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.

Second Gentleman

They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

Cassio

I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Second Gentleman

I shall.

Exit.

Montano

But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

Cassio

Most fortunately: he hath achieved 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 ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?