Othello (1604)¹
By William Shakespeare

CHARACTERS
Bianca, Mistress to Cassio
Brabantio, A senator of Venice
Cassio, Othello's lieutenant
Clown, Servant to Othello
Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello
Duke of Venice
Emilia, Wife to Iago
First Gentleman
First Musician
First Officer
First Senator, A senator of Venice
Fourth Gentleman
Gentleman
Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio
Herald
Iago, Othello's ancient (?)
Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio
Messenger
Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus
Othello, A noble Moor in the service of the Ventian state
Roderigo, A Venetian gentleman
Sailor
Second Gentleman
Second Senator, A senator of Venice
Third Gentleman


Act IV, Scene 1
Cyprus. Before the castle.

[Enter OTHELLO and IAGO]

Iago. Will you think so?

Othello. Think so, Iago!²⁴¹⁰

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Othello. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?²⁴¹⁵

Othello. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
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, 'tis a venial slip: ²⁴²⁰
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Othello. What then?
**Iago.** Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers, She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

**Othello.** She is protectress of her honour too: She may 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, 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, 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 assured, No more than he'll unswear.

**Othello.** What hath he said?

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

**Othello.** What? what?

**Iago.** Lie—

**Othello.** With her?

**Iago.** With her, on her; what you will.

**Othello.** Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome. —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! My lord, I say! Othello! [Enter CASSIO] How now, Cassio!
Cassio. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy: 2470
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 2475
Breaks out to savage madness. Look he stirs:
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.
[Exit CASSIO] 2480
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.2485

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 yoked 2490
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those improper beds

Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch, 2495
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; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list. 2500
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,
Bade him anon return and here speak with me; 2505
The which he promised. 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 2510
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Othello. Dost thou hear, Iago? 2515
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? 2520

[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 ’tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one: 2525
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 2530
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behavior,
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. 2535
[Speaking lower]
Now, if this suit lay in Bianco's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Cassio. Alas, poor caitiff!

Othello. Look, how he laughs already! 2540

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 2545
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry hey:
Do you intend it?

Cassio. Ha, ha, ha!

Othello. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? 2550

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. 2555

Cassio. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Othello. Have you scored me? Well.

Cassio. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and 2560
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
Othello. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! 2570

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. 2575

Cassio. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry a perfumed one. [Enter BIANCA]

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bianca. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? 2580 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 2585 you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now! 2586

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. 2590

[Exit]

Iago. After her, after her.

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

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. 'Faith, I intend so. 2595

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!

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.

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, 'tis 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. 'Tis 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.

[Give 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?

Desdemona. What, is he angry?

Lodovico. May be the letter moved 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 deserved this.

**Lodovico.** My lord, this would not be believed in Venice, Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much: Make her amends; she weeps.

**Othello.** O devil, devil! 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; 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, avaunt!

[Exit DESDEMONA]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight, 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 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 changed.

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

**Iago.** He's that he is: I may not breathe my censur 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? 2725
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, 2730 
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 deceived in him.

[Exeunt]

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**Act IV, Scene 2**

*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 2740 
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. 2745

**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, 2750 
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 2755 
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, 2760 
A closet lock and key of villainous 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; Leave procreants alone and shut the door; Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come: Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch.

[Exit EMILIA]

Desdemona. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import? 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 pleased 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 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 hast
e'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!
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 you not a strumpet?

**Desdemona.** No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
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 saved.

**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.
[Raising his voice]
You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!
[Re-enter EMILIA]
You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
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.2860

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, tonight Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember; And call thy husband hither.2865

Emilia. Here's a change indeed!

[Exit]

Desdemona. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet. How have I been behaved, that he might stick The small'st opinion on my least misuse?2870

[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: 2875 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 bewhored her. Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, 2880 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 2885 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!

Emilia. Hath she forsook so many noble matches, 2890 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?2895

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 devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else. 2900

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

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?
The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world 2910
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

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. 2915

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: 2920
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. 2925
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:' 2930
It does 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.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence, 2935
And he does chide with you.

Desdemona. If 'twere no other—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.
[Trumpets within]
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper! 2940
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! 2945

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

Iago. What in the contrary?

Roderigo. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago;
and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me
all conveniency than suppliest me with the least 2950
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 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Well.

Roderigo. I tell you 'tis 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 to 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.

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?

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 horrible 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 suppertime, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Roderigo. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[Exeunt]

[Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA and Attendants]

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

Othello. O, pardon me: 'twill 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.

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

Emilia. Dismiss me!

Act IV, Scene 3

Another room in the castle.
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 cheques, his frowns—  
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.  

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 loved proved mad  
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow;'  
An old thing 'twas, 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,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.  

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 barefoot 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 Ate eyes do itch;  
Doth that bode weeping?
**Emilia.** 'Tis 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.

**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, tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

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

**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 our 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!

[Exeunt]
Act V, Scene 1

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: 3145
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo, 3150
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 3155
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, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest!3160

[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. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest and just, 3175
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 blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.3180

[Exit]

[Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO]

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

Gratiano. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cassio. O, help!3185

Lodovico. Hark!

Roderigo. O wretched villain!

Lodovico. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeit: let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.3190

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 ones on murder?3195

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.3200

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?3205

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 many led you?
Cassio. No.
Gratiano. I am 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, 3250 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 'tis he. 3255
[A chair brought in]
O, that's well said; the chair!

Gratiano. Some good man bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the general's surgeon.
[To BIANCA] 3260
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.3265

[CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off]
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress? Do you perceive the gastness of her eye? 3270 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. 'Las, 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 scaped: He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emilia. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!3280

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia, Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
[To BIANCA] What, do you shake at that?

Bianca. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.3285

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!3290

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. 3295

[Aside]
This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[Exeunt]

Act V, Scene 2

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 hers than snow, 3305
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, 3310
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. 3315

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, 3320
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?3325


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 3330
Unreconciled 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; 3335
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! 3340

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, 3345
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. 3350
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! 3355

Desdemona. I will so. What's the matter?

Othello. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
Thou gavest to Cassio.

Desdemona. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him. 3360

Othello. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed.

Desdemona. Ay, but not yet to die.

Othello. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin; 3365
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. 3370

Desdemona. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved 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. 3375
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Desdemona. He found it then; 3380
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 used thee. 3385

Desdemona. How? unlawfully?

Othello. Ay.

Desdemona. He will not say so.

Othello. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't. 3390

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. Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!

Othello. Nay, if you strive—

Desdemona. But half an hour! 3400

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! 3405

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? 3410

Emilia. [Within] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

'Tis 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?— 3415
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 3420
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

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; 3425
Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou?
[Unlocks the door]
[Enter EMILIA]
What's the matter with thee now?3430

Emilia. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders 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, 3435
And makes men mad.

Emilia. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Othello. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!3440

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 murder'd!

Emilia. Alas, what cry is that?3445

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.3450

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 murder'd?3455

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: 'Twas I that kill'd her. 3460

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. 3465

Emilia. Thou art rash as fire, to say That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Othello. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else. O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell, But that I did proceed upon just grounds 3470 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, 3475 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, 'twas he that told me first: 3480 An honest man he is, and hates the slime That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emilia. My husband!

Othello. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.

Emilia. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love, 3485 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 3490 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 3495 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— 3500 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! 3505

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: 3510  
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? 3515

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. 3520

Emilia. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:  
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—  

All. O heavens forfend!

Emilia. And your reports have set the murder on.

Othello. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed. 3525

Gratiano. 'Tis 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:— 3530  
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emilia. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:  
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home. 3535

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. 3540

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: 3545
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.3550

**Othello.** 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love 3555
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.3560

**Emilia.** 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

**Iago.** Be wise, and get you home.3565

**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 3570
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!3575

**Emilia.** She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

**Iago.** Filth, thou liest!

**Emilia.** By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool 3580
Do with so good a woman?

**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.3585

**Emilia.** Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.

**Gratiano.** He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Montano. 'Tis 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, 3590
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain, 
For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO]

Othello. Look upon me then and speak with me, 
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

[Re-enter GRATIANO]

Gratiano. What is the matter? 3615

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, 
I have made my way through more impediments 3620 
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast! 
Who can control his fate? 'tis 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. 3625 
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear; 
Man but a rush against Othello's breast, 
And he retires. Where should Othello go? 
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench! 
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt, 3630 
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 slave! 
Whip me, ye devils, 
From the possession of this heavenly sight! 3635 
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur! 
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! 
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! 
Oh! Oh! Oh! 
[Enter LODOVICO. MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair,] 3640 
and Officers with IAGO, prisoner]

[Dies]

Othello. I have another weapon in this chamber; 
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: 3610 
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
**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 best 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, 'tis happiness to die.  
**Lodovico.** This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?  
**Othello.** Ay.  

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**Cassio.** Dear general, I never gave you cause.  
**Othello.** I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.  
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil  
Why he hath thus ensnared 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 dropp'd it for a special purpose Which wrought to his desire.

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.

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, 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 medicinal gum. Set you down this; And say besides, that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Beat a Venetian and traduced the state, I took by the throat the circumcised dog, And smote him, thus.

[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.

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! 3740
Myself will straight aboard: and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt]