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## Othello Act 1

[00:00:58] Tush! never tell me;  
 [00:00:59] I take it much unkindly  
 [00:01:01] That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
 [00:01:03] As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.  
 [00:01:05] 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:  
 [00:01:07] If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
 [00:01:08] Abhor me.  
 [00:01:10] Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.  
 [00:01:11] Despise me, if I do not.  
 [00:01:13] Three great ones of the city,  
 [00:01:15] In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
 [00:01:17] Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,  
 [00:01:21] I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:  
 [00:01:23] But he; as loving his own pride and purposes,  
 [00:01:27] Evades them, with a bombast circumstance  
 [00:01:29] Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;  
 [00:01:32] And, in conclusion,  
 [00:01:33] Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,  
 [00:01:36] 'I have already chosen my officer.'  
 [00:01:38] And what was he?  
 [00:01:40] Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
 [00:01:41] One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
 [00:01:45] A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;  
 [00:01:47] That never set a squadron in the field,  
 [00:01:50] Nor the division of a battle knows  
 [00:01:51] More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,  
 [00:01:54] Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
 [00:01:55] As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practise,  
 [00:02:00] Is all his soldiership.  
 [00:02:01] But he, sir, had the election:  
 [00:02:03] And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
 [00:02:06] At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds  
 [00:02:08] Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd  
 [00:02:10] By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster,  
 [00:02:14] He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
 [00:02:17] And I--God bless the mark!-- his Moorship's ancient.  
 [00:02:22] By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.  
 [00:02:24] Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,  
 [00:02:28] Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
 [00:02:30] And not by old gradation, where each second  
 [00:02:32] Stood heir to the first.  
 [00:02:33] Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
 [00:02:37] Whether I in any just term am affined  
 [00:02:39] To love the Moor.  
 [00:02:40] I would not follow him then.  
 [00:02:42] O, sir, content you;  
 [00:02:46] I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
 [00:02:49] We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
 [00:02:51] Cannot be truly follow'd.  
 [00:02:53] You shall mark  
 [00:02:54] Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
 [00:02:57] That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
 [00:02:59] Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
 [00:03:01] For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd:  
 [00:03:05] Whip me such honest knaves.  
 [00:03:07] Others there are  
 [00:03:09] Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
 [00:03:12] Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,

[00:03:15] And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
[00:03:17] Do well thrive by them and when they have lined their coats  
[00:03:20] Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;  
[00:03:24] And such a one do I profess myself.  
[00:03:27] For, sir, It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
[00:03:30] Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:  
[00:03:33] In following him, I follow but myself;  
[00:03:36] Heaven is my judge, not for love or duty,  
[00:03:39] But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
[00:03:42] For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
[00:03:45] The native act and figure of my heart  
[00:03:48] In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
[00:03:50] I shall wear my heart upon my sleeve  
[00:03:52] For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.  
[00:03:57] What a full fortune does the thicklips owe  
[00:04:00] If he can carry't thus!  
[00:04:07] Call up her father,  
[00:04:10] Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,  
[00:04:13] Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,  
[00:04:17] And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
[00:04:19] Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
[00:04:23] Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
[00:04:26] As it may lose some colour.  
[00:04:27] Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.  
[00:04:30] Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell  
[00:04:32] As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
[00:04:34] Is spied in populous cities.  
[00:04:38] What, ho, Brabantio!  
[00:04:42] Signior Brabantio, ho!  
[00:04:44] Awake!  
[00:04:45] What, ho, Brabantio!  
[00:04:47] Thieves!  
[00:04:48] Thieves!  
[00:04:50] Thieves!  
[00:04:52] Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!  
[00:04:55] Thieves!  
[00:04:56] Thieves!  
[00:04:57] What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
[00:05:00] What is the matter there?  
[00:05:01] Signior, is all your family within?  
[00:05:04] Are your doors lock'd?  
[00:05:06] Why, wherefore ask you this?  
[00:05:09] 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;  
[00:05:14] Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;  
[00:05:18] Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
[00:05:23] Is topping your white ewe.  
[00:05:25] Arise, arise;  
[00:05:28] Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
[00:05:30] Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:  
[00:05:34] Arise, I say.  
[00:05:35] What, have you lost your wits?  
[00:05:38] Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?  
[00:05:41] Not I what are you?  
[00:05:43] My name is Roderigo.  
[00:05:44] The worser welcome:  
[00:05:46] I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:  
[00:05:49] In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
[00:05:52] My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
[00:05:55] Being full of supper and distempering draughts,  
[00:05:57] Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come

[00:06:00] To start my quiet.  
[00:06:01] Sir, sir--  
[00:06:02] But thou must needs be sure  
[00:06:03] My spirit and my place have in them power  
[00:06:06] To make this bitter to thee.  
[00:06:07] Patience, good sir.  
[00:06:08] What tell'st thou me of robbing?  
[00:06:09] This is Venice;  
[00:06:10] My house is not a grange.  
[00:06:12] Most grave Brabantio,  
[00:06:14] In simple and pure soul I come to you.  
[00:06:17] 'Zounds, sir,  
[00:06:18] you are one of those that will not serve God,  
[00:06:20] if the devil bid you.  
[00:06:22] Because we come to do you service  
[00:06:24] you think we are ruffians,  
[00:06:26] you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse;  
[00:06:28] you'll have your nephews neigh to you;  
[00:06:31] you'll have coursers for cousins  
[00:06:32] and gennets for germans.  
[00:06:34] What profane wretch art thou?  
[00:06:37] I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter  
[00:06:40] and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.  
[00:06:44] You art a villain.  
[00:06:46] You are--  
[00:06:49] A senator.  
[00:06:51] This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.  
[00:06:54] Sir, I will answer any thing.  
[00:06:57] But, I beseech you,  
[00:06:58] If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
[00:07:02] As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,  
[00:07:05] At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
[00:07:07] Transported, with no worse nor better guard  
[00:07:10] But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
[00:07:13] To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor--  
[00:07:15] If this be known to you and your allowance,  
[00:07:18] We then have done you bold and saucy wrong;  
[00:07:21] But if you know not this, my manners tell me  
[00:07:25] We have your wrong rebuke.  
[00:07:27] Do not believe that, from the sense of all civility,  
[00:07:30] I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:  
[00:07:32] Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
[00:07:35] I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
[00:07:37] Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes  
[00:07:40] In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
[00:07:43] Of here and every where.  
[00:07:45] Straight satisfy yourself:  
[00:07:47] If she be in her chamber or your house,  
[00:07:48] Let loose on me the justice of the state  
[00:07:51] For thus deluding you.  
[00:07:54] Strike on the tinder, ho!  
[00:07:56] Farewell; for I must leave you:  
[00:07:59] It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
[00:08:01] To be produced-- as, if I stay, I shall--  
[00:08:03] Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,  
[00:08:06] However this may gall him with some cheque,  
[00:08:08] Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd  
[00:08:11] With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
[00:08:13] Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,  
[00:08:17] Another of his fathom they have none,

[00:08:19] To lead their business: in which regard,  
[00:08:21] Though I do hate him as I do hells-pains.  
[00:08:24] Yet, for necessity of present life,  
[00:08:26] I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
[00:08:28] Which is indeed but sign.  
[00:08:30] That you shall surely find him,  
[00:08:32] Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;  
[00:08:35] And there will I be with him.  
[00:08:36] So, farewell.  
[00:08:40] It is too true an evil: gone she is;  
[00:08:42] And what's to come of my despised time is nought but bitterness.  
[00:08:44] Now, Roderigo, where didst thou see her?  
[00:08:46] O unhappy girl!  
[00:08:48] With the Moor, say'st thou?  
[00:08:49] Who would be a father!  
[00:08:50] How didst thou know 'twas she?  
[00:08:52] O thou deceives me past thought!  
[00:08:54] What said she to you?  
[00:08:55] Get more tapers: Raise all my kindred.  
[00:08:57] Are they married, think you?  
[00:08:58] Truly, I think they are.  
[00:08:59] O heaven!  
[00:09:00] How got she out?  
[00:09:02] O treason of the blood!  
[00:09:03] Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
[00:09:04] By what you see them act.  
[00:09:05] Is there not charms  
[00:09:07] By which the property of youth and maidhood  
[00:09:08] May be abused?  
[00:09:09] Have you not read, Roderigo,  
[00:09:10] Of some such thing?  
[00:09:11] Yes, sir, I have indeed.  
[00:09:13] Call up my brother.  
[00:09:14] O, that you had had her!  
[00:09:16] Some one way, some another.  
[00:09:17] Do you know where we may apprehend her and the Moor?  
[00:09:20] I think I can discover him, if you please,  
[00:09:22] To get good guard and go along with me.  
[00:09:24] Pray you, lead me on.  
[00:09:25] At every house I'll call; I may command at most.  
[00:09:27] Get weapons, ho!  
[00:09:28] And raise some special officers of night.  
[00:09:30] On, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains.  
[00:09:44] Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
[00:09:47] Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
[00:09:49] To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity  
[00:09:52] Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times  
[00:09:55] I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.  
[00:09:57] 'Tis better as it is.  
[00:09:59] Nay, but he prated,  
[00:10:00] And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
[00:10:02] Against your honour  
[00:10:03] That, with the little godliness I have,  
[00:10:04] I did full hard forbear him.  
[00:10:06] But, I pray you, sir,  
[00:10:07] Are you fast married?  
[00:10:09] Be assured of this,  
[00:10:11] That the magnifico is much beloved,  
[00:10:13] And hath in his effect a voice potential  
[00:10:15] As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you;

[00:10:17] Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
[00:10:19] The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  
[00:10:22] Will give him cable.  
[00:10:24] Let him do his spite:  
[00:10:26] My services which I have done the signiory  
[00:10:28] Shall out-tongue his complaints.  
[00:10:31] 'Tis yet to know,--  
[00:10:32] Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
[00:10:37] I shall promulgate-- I fetch my life and being  
[00:10:39] From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
[00:10:44] May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
[00:10:46] As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,  
[00:10:50] But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
[00:10:54] I would not my unhoused free condition  
[00:10:57] Put into circumscription and confine  
[00:10:59] For the sea's worth.  
[00:11:01] But, look! What lights come yond?  
[00:11:04] Those are the raised father and his friends:  
[00:11:05] You were best go in.  
[00:11:07] Not I I must be found:  
[00:11:08] My parts, my title and my perfect soul  
[00:11:09] Shall manifest me rightly.  
[00:11:10] Is it they?  
[00:11:12] By Janus, I think no.  
[00:11:15] The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant.  
[00:11:17] The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
[00:11:19] What is the news?  
[00:11:20] The Duke does greet you, general,  
[00:11:21] And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,  
[00:11:23] Even on the instant.  
[00:11:24] What is the matter, think you?  
[00:11:26] Something from Cyprus as I may divine:  
[00:11:28] It is a business of some heat: the galleys  
[00:11:30] Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
[00:11:32] This very night at one another's heels,  
[00:11:33] And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
[00:11:36] Are at the Duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;  
[00:11:39] When, not being at your lodging to be found,  
[00:11:41] The Senate hath sent about three several quests to search you out.  
[00:11:44] 'Tis well I am found by you.  
[00:11:48] I will but spend a word here in the house,  
[00:11:50] And go with you.  
[00:11:53] Ancient, what makes he here?  
[00:11:55] Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:  
[00:11:58] If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.  
[00:12:01] I do not understand.  
[00:12:02] He's married.  
[00:12:03] To who?  
[00:12:04] Marry, to-- Come, captain, will you go?  
[00:12:07] Have with you.  
[00:12:09] Here comes another troop to seek for you.  
[00:12:10] It is Brabantio.  
[00:12:12] General, be advised; He comes to bad intent.  
[00:12:14] Holla! Stand there!  
[00:12:16] Signior, it is the Moor.  
[00:12:17] Down with him, thief!  
[00:12:18] You, Roderigo!  
[00:12:19] Come, sir, I am for you.  
[00:12:21] Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.  
[00:12:30] Good signior, you shall more command with years

[00:12:33] Than with your weapons.  
[00:12:35] O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?  
[00:12:38] Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;  
[00:12:41] For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
[00:12:43] If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
[00:12:45] Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,  
[00:12:48] So opposite to marriage that she shunned  
[00:12:51] The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,  
[00:12:53] Could ever have, to incur a general mock,  
[00:12:56] Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
[00:12:59] Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.  
[00:13:04] Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense  
[00:13:07] That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,  
[00:13:09] Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
[00:13:12] That weakens motion: I'll have't disputed on;  
[00:13:15] 'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.  
[00:13:18] I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
[00:13:20] For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
[00:13:23] Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.  
[00:13:25] Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,  
[00:13:27] Subdue him at his peril.  
[00:13:29] Hold your hands,  
[00:13:31] Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
[00:13:34] Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
[00:13:36] Without a prompter.  
[00:13:38] Where would you go that I would go with you  
[00:13:41] To answer this your charge?  
[00:13:43] To prison, till fit time  
[00:13:45] Of law and course of direct session  
[00:13:46] Call thee to answer.  
[00:13:49] What if I do obey?  
[00:13:50] How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,  
[00:13:52] Whose messengers are here about my side,  
[00:13:54] Upon some present business of the state  
[00:13:56] To bring me to him?  
[00:13:57] 'Tis true, most worthy signior;  
[00:13:58] The Duke's in council and your noble self,  
[00:14:01] I am sure, is sent for.  
[00:14:02] How!  
[00:14:03] The Duke in council!  
[00:14:04] This time of the night!  
[00:14:05] Bring him away:  
[00:14:06] Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himself,  
[00:14:08] Or any of my brothers of the state,  
[00:14:10] Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;  
[00:14:12] For if such actions may have passage free,  
[00:14:14] Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.  
[00:14:38] There is no composition in these news  
[00:14:40] That gives them credit.  
[00:14:41] Indeed, they are disproportion'd;  
[00:14:43] My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.  
[00:14:46] And mine, a hundred and forty.  
[00:14:48] But though they jump not on a just account--  
[00:14:50] As in these cases, where the aim reports,  
[00:14:52] 'Tis oft with difference-- yet do they all confirm  
[00:14:55] A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.  
[00:14:58] Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:  
[00:14:59] I do not so secure me in the error,  
[00:15:01] But the main article I do approve in fearful sense.  
[00:15:05] Now, what's the business?

[00:15:10] The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
[00:15:12] Steering with due course, towards the isle of Rhodes.  
[00:15:15] Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.  
[00:15:17] How say you by this change?  
[00:15:18] This cannot be,  
[00:15:19] By no assay of reason.  
[00:15:21] There enjoined them with an after fleet.  
[00:15:22] Ay, so I thought.  
[00:15:24] How many, as you guess?  
[00:15:25] Thirty sail: and now they do restem  
[00:15:27] Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
[00:15:29] Their purposes toward Cyprus.  
[00:15:32] Signior Montano,  
[00:15:33] Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
[00:15:35] In his free duty recommends you thus,  
[00:15:37] And prays you to believe him.  
[00:15:39] 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.  
[00:15:41] Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.  
[00:15:46] Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
[00:15:49] Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
[00:15:51] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;  
[00:15:53] We lack'd your counsel and your help tonight.  
[00:15:55] So did I yours.  
[00:15:57] Good your grace, pardon me;  
[00:15:58] Neither my place nor aught I heard of business  
[00:16:00] Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care  
[00:16:03] Take hold on me, for my particular grief  
[00:16:06] Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
[00:16:08] That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows  
[00:16:10] And yet is still itself.  
[00:16:12] Why, what's the matter?  
[00:16:13] My daughter!  
[00:16:14] O, my daughter!  
[00:16:16] Dead?  
[00:16:18] Ay, to me;  
[00:16:19] She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
[00:16:21] By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;  
[00:16:25] For nature so preposterously to err,  
[00:16:27] Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
[00:16:29] Sans witchcraft could not.  
[00:16:31] Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding  
[00:16:35] Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself  
[00:16:37] And you of her, the bloody book of law  
[00:16:38] You shall yourself read in the bitter letter  
[00:16:40] After your own sense, yea, though our proper son  
[00:16:42] Stood in your action.  
[00:16:44] Humbly I thank your grace.  
[00:16:45] Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,  
[00:16:47] Your special mandate for the state-affairs  
[00:16:49] Hath hither brought.  
[00:16:50] We are very sorry for't.  
[00:16:51] What, in your own part, can you say to this?  
[00:16:53] Nothing, but this is so.  
[00:17:03] Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
[00:17:08] My very noble and approved good masters,  
[00:17:11] That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
[00:17:14] It is most true; true, I have married her:  
[00:17:17] The very head and front of my offending  
[00:17:20] Hath this extent, no more.  
[00:17:23] Rude am I in my speech,



[00:17:24] And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:  
[00:17:27] For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
[00:17:30] Till now some nine moons wasted,  
[00:17:32] they have used their dearest action in the tented field,  
[00:17:35] And little of this great world can I speak,  
[00:17:38] More than pertains to feats of broils and battle,  
[00:17:42] And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
[00:17:44] In speaking for myself.  
[00:17:46] Yet, by your gracious patience,  
[00:17:50] I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
[00:17:53] Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
[00:18:00] What conjuration and what mighty magic,  
[00:18:02] For such proceeding I am charged withal,  
[00:18:04] I won his daughter.  
[00:18:06] A maiden never bold;  
[00:18:08] Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
[00:18:10] Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,  
[00:18:13] Of years, of country, credit, every thing,  
[00:18:16] To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!  
[00:18:19] It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect  
[00:18:20] That will confess perfection so could err  
[00:18:23] Against all rules of nature, and must be driven  
[00:18:25] To find out practises of cunning hell,  
[00:18:27] Why this should be.  
[00:18:29] I therefore vouch again  
[00:18:30] That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
[00:18:33] Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
[00:18:36] He wrought upon her.  
[00:18:37] To vouch this, is no proof,  
[00:18:38] Without more wider and more overt test  
[00:18:40] Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods  
[00:18:42] Of modern seeming do prefer against him.  
[00:18:44] I do beseech you,  
[00:18:45] Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
[00:18:47] And let her speak of me before her father:  
[00:18:49] If you do find me foul in her report,  
[00:18:51] The trust, the office I do hold of you,  
[00:18:54] Not only take away, but let your sentence  
[00:18:57] Even fall upon my life.  
[00:18:59] Fetch Desdemona hither.  
[00:19:01] Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.  
[00:19:04] And, till she come, as faithful as to heaven  
[00:19:06] I do confess the vices of my blood,  
[00:19:08] So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
[00:19:12] How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
[00:19:15] And she in mine.  
[00:19:16] Say it--ah--  
[00:19:18] Othello.  
[00:19:25] Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
[00:19:30] Still question'd me the story of my life,  
[00:19:32] From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
[00:19:35] That I have passed.  
[00:19:37] I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
[00:19:40] To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
[00:19:42] Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
[00:19:45] Of moving accidents by flood and field  
[00:19:48] Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
[00:19:51] Of being taken by the insolent foe  
[00:19:54] And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
[00:19:59] And portance in my travels' history:

[00:20:02] Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
[00:20:07] Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven  
[00:20:13] It was my hint to speak-- such was the process;  
[00:20:18] And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
[00:20:25] The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
[00:20:30] Do grow beneath their shoulders.  
[00:20:38] This to hear  
[00:20:39] Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
[00:20:42] But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:  
[00:20:44] Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
[00:20:46] She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
[00:20:49] Devour up my discourse: which I observing,  
[00:20:52] Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
[00:20:54] To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
[00:20:57] That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
[00:21:00] Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
[00:21:02] But not intently: I did consent,  
[00:21:06] And often did beguile her of her tears,  
[00:21:10] When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
[00:21:13] That my youth suffer'd.  
[00:21:17] My story being done,  
[00:21:20] She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
[00:21:23] She swore, in faith, twas strange, 'twas passing strange,  
[00:21:30] 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
[00:21:33] She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
[00:21:35] That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,  
[00:21:43] And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
[00:21:46] I should but teach him how to tell my story.  
[00:21:51] And that would woo her.  
[00:21:53] Upon this hint I spake:  
[00:21:57] She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
[00:21:59] And I loved her that she did pity them.  
[00:22:03] This only is the witchcraft I have used:  
[00:22:07] Here comes the lady; let her witness it.  
[00:22:14] I think this tale would win my daughter too.  
[00:22:16] Good Brabantio,  
[00:22:17] Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
[00:22:20] Men do their broken weapons rather use  
[00:22:21] Than their bare hands.  
[00:22:23] I pray you, hear her speak:  
[00:22:24] If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
[00:22:26] Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
[00:22:30] Light on the man!  
[00:22:32] Come hither, gentle mistress:  
[00:22:37] Do you perceive in all this noble company  
[00:22:39] Where most you owe obedience?  
[00:22:42] My noble father, I do perceive here a divided duty:  
[00:22:48] To you I am bound for life and education;  
[00:22:52] My life and education both do learn me  
[00:22:54] How to respect you; you are the lord of all my duty;  
[00:22:58] I am hitherto your daughter:  
[00:23:03] but here's my husband,  
[00:23:06] And so much duty as my mother show'd to you, preferring you before her father,  
[00:23:12] So much I challenge that I may profess  
[00:23:15] Due to the Moor my lord.  
[00:23:20] God be wi'!  
[00:23:21] I have done.  
[00:23:23] Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:  
[00:23:25] I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
[00:23:29] Come hither, Moor:

[00:23:31] I here do give thee that with all my heart  
[00:23:33] Which, but thou hast already,  
[00:23:34] with all my heart I would keep from thee.  
[00:23:39] For your sake, jewel, I am glad at soul  
[00:23:42] I have no other child:  
[00:23:44] For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
[00:23:45] To hang clogs on them.  
[00:23:48] I have done, my lord.  
[00:23:50] Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,  
[00:23:52] Which, as a guise or step, may help these lovers  
[00:23:54] Into your favour.  
[00:23:55] When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
[00:23:57] By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
[00:23:59] To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
[00:24:01] Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
[00:24:03] What cannot be preserved when fortune takes  
[00:24:05] Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
[00:24:08] The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;  
[00:24:12] He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.  
[00:24:15] So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;  
[00:24:17] We lose it not, so long as we can smile.  
[00:24:19] He bears the sentence well that nothing bears  
[00:24:22] But the free comfort which from thence he hears,  
[00:24:25] But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
[00:24:28] Which, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
[00:24:31] These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
[00:24:34] Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:  
[00:24:38] But words are words; I never yet did hear  
[00:24:42] That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.  
[00:24:46] I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.  
[00:24:50] The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.  
[00:24:54] Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you;  
[00:24:57] and though we have there a substitute  
[00:24:59] of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion,  
[00:25:01] a sovereign mistress of effects,  
[00:25:02] throws a more safer voice on you:  
[00:25:05] you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss  
[00:25:07] of your new fortunes with this more stubborn  
[00:25:10] and boisterous expedition.  
[00:25:12] The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
[00:25:14] Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
[00:25:16] My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnise  
[00:25:19] A natural and prompt alacrity  
[00:25:20] I find in hardness, and would undertake  
[00:25:23] This present wars against the Ottomites.  
[00:25:24] Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
[00:25:27] I crave fit disposition for my wife.  
[00:25:30] Due reference of place and exhibition,  
[00:25:32] With such accommodation and besort  
[00:25:33] As levels with her breeding.  
[00:25:35] If you please,  
[00:25:36] Be't at her father's.  
[00:25:37] I'll not have it so.  
[00:25:38] Nor I.  
[00:25:40] Nor I; I would not there reside,  
[00:25:41] To put my father in impatient thoughts  
[00:25:43] By being in his eye.  
[00:25:48] Most gracious Duke,  
[00:25:51] To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;  
[00:25:55] And let me find a charter in your voice,

[00:25:56] To assist my simpleness.  
[00:25:58] What would You, Desdemona?  
[00:26:03] That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
[00:26:08] My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
[00:26:10] May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued  
[00:26:14] Even to the very quality of my lord:  
[00:26:18] I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
[00:26:22] And to his honour and his valiant parts  
[00:26:25] Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
[00:26:29] So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
[00:26:33] A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
[00:26:35] The rites for why I love him are bereft me,  
[00:26:38] And I a heavy interim shall support  
[00:26:41] By his dear absence.  
[00:26:45] Let me go with him.  
[00:26:49] Let her have your voice.  
[00:26:51] Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
[00:26:53] To please the palate of my appetite,  
[00:26:55] Nor to comply with heat-- the young affects  
[00:26:58] In me defunct-- and proper satisfaction.  
[00:27:01] But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
[00:27:04] And heaven defend your good souls,  
[00:27:07] that you think I will your serious and great business scan  
[00:27:10] For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys  
[00:27:14] Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness  
[00:27:17] My speculative and officed instruments,  
[00:27:19] That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
[00:27:22] Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
[00:27:26] And all indign and base adversities  
[00:27:28] Make head against my estimation!  
[00:27:31] Be it as you shall privately determine, Either for her stay or going:  
[00:27:34] the affair cries haste and speed must answer it.  
[00:27:35] You must away to-night.  
[00:27:36] To-night, my lord?  
[00:27:37] This night.  
[00:27:39] With all my heart.  
[00:27:40] At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.  
[00:27:41] Othello, leave some officer behind,  
[00:27:42] And he shall our commission bring to you;  
[00:27:43] With such things else of quality and respect  
[00:27:45] As doth import you.  
[00:27:46] So please your grace, my ancient;  
[00:27:47] A man he is of honesty and trust:  
[00:27:49] To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
[00:27:51] With what else needful your good grace shall think  
[00:27:53] To be sent after me.  
[00:27:55] Let it be so.  
[00:27:56] Good night to every one.  
[00:28:00] And, noble signior,  
[00:28:01] If virtue no delightful beauty lack,  
[00:28:04] Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.  
[00:28:10] Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.  
[00:28:17] Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:  
[00:28:21] She has deceived her father, and may thee.  
[00:28:26] My life upon her faith!  
[00:28:36] Honest Iago, My Desdemona must I leave to thee:  
[00:28:41] I prithee, let thy wife attend on her:  
[00:28:43] And bring them after in the best advantage.  
[00:28:49] Come, Desdemona:  
[00:28:55] I have but an hour

[00:28:57] Of love, worldly matter and direction,  
 [00:29:01] To spend with thee:  
 [00:29:04] we must obey the time.  
 [00:29:23] Iago.  
 [00:29:24] What say'st thou, noble heart?  
 [00:29:26] What will I do, thinkest thou?  
 [00:29:29] Why, go to bed, and sleep.  
 [00:29:34] I will incontinently drown myself.  
 [00:29:40] Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.  
 [00:29:42] Why, thou silly gentleman!  
 [00:29:44] It is silliness to live when to live is torment;  
 [00:29:47] and then have we a prescription to die  
 [00:29:50] when death is our physician.  
 [00:29:53] O villainous!  
 [00:29:58] I have looked upon this world four times seven years;  
 [00:30:00] and since I could distinguish  
 [00:30:01] betwixt a benefit and an injury,  
 [00:30:03] I never found man that knew how to love himself.  
 [00:30:08] Ere would I say, I would drown myself  
 [00:30:11] for the love of a guinea-hen,  
 [00:30:13] I would change my humanity with a baboon.  
 [00:30:15] What should I do?  
 [00:30:17] I confess it is my shame to be so fond;  
 [00:30:20] but it is not in my virtue to amend it.  
 [00:30:23] Virtue!  
 [00:30:24] A fig!  
 [00:30:26] 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.  
 [00:30:30] Our bodies are our gardens, to the which  
 [00:30:32] our wills are gardeners:  
 [00:30:34] so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce,  
 [00:30:37] set hyssop and weed up thyme,  
 [00:30:39] supply it with one gender of herbs,  
 [00:30:41] or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness,  
 [00:30:45] or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this  
 [00:30:51] lies in our wills.  
 [00:30:53] If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason  
 [00:30:54] to poise another of sensuality,  
 [00:30:58] the blood and baseness of our natures  
 [00:31:01] would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions:  
 [00:31:04] but we have reason to cool our raging motions,  
 [00:31:07] our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts,  
 [00:31:11] whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.  
 [00:31:15] It cannot be.  
 [00:31:17] It is merely a lust of the blood  
 [00:31:18] and a permission of the will.  
 [00:31:22] Come, be a man.  
 [00:31:25] Drown thyself!  
 [00:31:27] Drown cats, blind puppies.  
 [00:31:30] I have professed me thy friend and I confess me  
 [00:31:34] knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness;  
 [00:31:38] I could never better stead thee than now.  
 [00:31:41] Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars;  
 [00:31:46] defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;  
 [00:31:48] I say, put money in thy purse.  
 [00:31:51] It cannot be long that Desdemona  
 [00:31:53] shall continue her love unto the Moor--  
 [00:31:55] put money in thy purse-- nor he his to her:  
 [00:31:59] it was a violent commencement in her,  
 [00:32:02] and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration--  
 [00:32:07] put but money in thy purse.

[00:32:09] These Moors are changeable in their wills:  
[00:32:12] fill thy purse with money--  
[00:32:14] the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,  
[00:32:18] shall be to him shortly as acerb as coloquintida.  
[00:32:22] She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body,  
[00:32:26] she will find the error of her choice:  
[00:32:27] therefore put money in thy purse.  
[00:32:30] If thou wilt needs damn thyself,  
[00:32:33] do it in a more delicate way than drowning.  
[00:32:36] Make all the money thou canst:  
[00:32:38] if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian  
[00:32:42] and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits  
[00:32:46] and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her;  
[00:32:51] therefore make money.  
[00:32:54] A pox on drowning thyself!  
[00:32:56] It is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged  
[00:33:00] in compassing thy joy than be drowned and go without her.  
[00:33:04] Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?  
[00:33:06] Thou art sure of me-- go, make money--  
[00:33:09] I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again  
[00:33:12] and again, I hate the Moor:  
[00:33:14] my cause is hearted; thine has no less reason.  
[00:33:19] Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him:  
[00:33:22] if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure,  
[00:33:27] and me a sport.  
[00:33:28] There are many events in the womb of time  
[00:33:30] which will be delivered.  
[00:33:31] Traverse!  
[00:33:32] Go, provide thy money.  
[00:33:34] We'll have more of this to-morrow.  
[00:33:35] Adieu.  
[00:33:36] Where shall we meet i' the morning?  
[00:33:37] At my lodging.  
[00:33:39] I'll be with thee betimes.  
[00:33:40] Go to; farewell.  
[00:33:41] Do you hear, Roderigo?  
[00:33:42] What say you?  
[00:33:43] No more of drowning, do you hear?  
[00:33:46] I am changed.  
[00:33:47] Go to, fare well.  
[00:33:49] Provide thy money.  
[00:33:52] I'll sell all my land.  
[00:34:03] Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:  
[00:34:05] For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
[00:34:09] If I would time expend with such a snipe.  
[00:34:12] But for my sport and profit.  
[00:34:19] I hate the Moor:  
[00:34:23] And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets  
[00:34:26] He has done my office: I know not if't be true;  
[00:34:30] Yet I, for mere suspicion of that kind,  
[00:34:33] Will do as if for surety.  
[00:34:36] He holds me well;  
[00:34:38] The better shall my purpose work on him.  
[00:34:43] Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:  
[00:34:49] To get his place and to plume up my will  
[00:34:54] In the double knavery--  
[00:34:56] How, how?  
[00:35:03] Let's see--  
[00:35:06] After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
[00:35:08] That he's too familiar with his wife.

[00:35:12] He hath a person and smooth dispose To be suspected,  
[00:35:16] framed to make women false.  
[00:35:19] The Moor of free and open nature,  
[00:35:23] That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,  
[00:35:25] And will be as tenderly be led by the nose  
[00:35:29] As asses are.  
[00:35:34] I have't.  
[00:35:38] It is engender'd.  
[00:35:41] Hell and night  
[00:35:42] Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

## Othello Act 2

[00:36:04] What from the cape can you discern at sea?  
 [00:36:06] Nothing at all: it is a highwrought flood;  
 [00:36:10] I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
 [00:36:12] Descry a sail.  
 [00:36:13] Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;  
 [00:36:15] A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
 [00:36:17] If that the Turkish fleet  
 [00:36:18] Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd:  
 [00:36:21] It is impossible they bear it out.  
 [00:36:23] News, lads!  
 [00:36:24] Our wars are done.  
 [00:36:26] The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
 [00:36:28] That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice  
 [00:36:31] Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
 [00:36:33] On most part of their fleet.  
 [00:36:34] How! Is this true?  
 [00:36:35] The ship is here put in,  
 [00:36:36] A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,  
 [00:36:38] Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,  
 [00:36:39] Is come ashore: the Moor himself at sea,  
 [00:36:41] And is in full commission here for Cyprus.  
 [00:36:43] I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.  
 [00:36:45] But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort  
 [00:36:47] Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,  
 [00:36:49] And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
 [00:36:51] With foul and violent tempest.  
 [00:36:52] Pray heavens he be;  
 [00:36:54] For I have served him, and the man commands like a full soldier.  
 [00:36:56] Let's to the seaside, ho!  
 [00:36:58] As well to see the vessel that's come in  
 [00:36:59] As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
 [00:37:01] Even till we make the main and the aerial blue an indistinct regard.  
 [00:37:04] Come, let's do so:  
 [00:37:05] For every minute is expectancy of more arrivance.  
 [00:37:09] Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,  
 [00:37:10] That so approve the Moor!  
 [00:37:11] O, let the heavens  
 [00:37:12] Give him defence against the elements,  
 [00:37:14] For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.  
 [00:37:15] Is he well shipp'd?  
 [00:37:17] His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
 [00:37:18] Of very expert and approved allowance;  
 [00:37:20] Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
 [00:37:22] Stand in bold cure.  
 [00:37:24] The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea  
 [00:37:26] Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'  
 [00:37:29] My hopes do shape him for the governor.  
 [00:37:30] They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
 [00:37:31] Our friends at least.  
 [00:37:33] I pray you, sir, go forth,  
 [00:37:34] And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.  
 [00:37:35] I shall.  
 [00:37:36] But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?  
 [00:37:39] Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid  
 [00:37:41] That paragons description and wild fame;  
 [00:37:44] One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
 [00:37:46] And in the essential vesture of creation  
 [00:37:48] Does tire the ingener.



[00:37:50] Now! Who has put in?  
[00:37:51] One Iago, ancient to the general.  
[00:37:53] Has had most favourable and happy speed:  
[00:37:55] Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
[00:37:58] The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands--  
[00:38:00] Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel--  
[00:38:03] As having sense of beauty, do omit  
[00:38:04] Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
[00:38:06] The divine Desdemona.  
[00:38:08] What is she?  
[00:38:10] She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
[00:38:12] Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,  
[00:38:14] Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
[00:38:16] A se'nnight's speed.  
[00:38:18] Great Jove, Othello guard,  
[00:38:19] And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
[00:38:22] That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
[00:38:25] Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
[00:38:27] Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits  
[00:38:30] And bring all Cyprus comfort!  
[00:38:33] O, behold,  
[00:38:34] The riches of the ship is come ashore!  
[00:38:35] Hail to thee, lady!  
[00:38:36] And the grace of heaven,  
[00:38:37] Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
[00:38:38] Enwheel thee round!  
[00:38:40] I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
[00:38:41] What tidings can you tell me of my lord?  
[00:38:43] He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught  
[00:38:44] But that he's well and will be shortly here.  
[00:38:45] O, but I fear--  
[00:38:47] How lost you company?  
[00:38:48] The great contention of the sea and skies  
[00:38:49] Parted our fellowship--  
[00:38:51] So speaks this voice.  
[00:38:52] See for the news.  
[00:38:53] Good ancient, you are welcome.  
[00:38:56] Welcome, mistress.  
[00:39:00] Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
[00:39:02] That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding  
[00:39:04] That gives me this bold show of courtesy.  
[00:39:06] Sir, would she give you so much of her lips  
[00:39:09] As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
[00:39:11] You'll have enough.  
[00:39:12] Alas, she has no speech.  
[00:39:14] I know too much.  
[00:39:15] I find it ay, when I have list to sleep:  
[00:39:17] Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
[00:39:19] She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
[00:39:21] And chides with thinking.  
[00:39:22] You have little cause to say so.  
[00:39:24] Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,  
[00:39:27] Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,  
[00:39:32] Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
[00:39:35] Players in your housewifery, and housewives' in your beds.  
[00:39:38] O, fie upon thee, slanderer!  
[00:39:40] Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:  
[00:39:42] You rise to play and go to bed to work.  
[00:39:44] You shall not write my praise.  
[00:39:46] No, let me not.

[00:39:48] What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?  
 [00:39:52] O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
 [00:39:54] For I am nothing, if not critical.  
 [00:39:56] Come on assay.  
 [00:40:00] There's one gone to the harbour?  
 [00:40:01] Ay, madam.  
 [00:40:02] I am not merry; but do beguile  
 [00:40:04] The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.  
 [00:40:07] Come, how wouldst thou praise me?  
 [00:40:11] I am about it; but indeed my invention  
 [00:40:13] Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;  
 [00:40:15] It plucks out brain and all: but my Muse labours,  
 [00:40:19] And thus it is deliver'd.  
 [00:40:22] If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,  
 [00:40:25] The one's for use, the other useth it.  
 [00:40:27] Well praised!  
 [00:40:28] How if black and witty?  
 [00:40:30] If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
 [00:40:32] She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.  
 [00:40:35] Worse and worse.  
 [00:40:37] How if fair and foolish?  
 [00:40:39] She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
 [00:40:41] For even her folly help'd her to an heir.  
 [00:40:43] These are old fond paradoxes  
 [00:40:45] to make fools laugh i' the alehouse.  
 [00:40:47] Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.  
 [00:40:50] How say you, Cassio?  
 [00:40:52] Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?  
 [00:40:55] He speaks home, madam:  
 [00:40:57] You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.  
 [00:41:02] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper:  
 [00:41:06] with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly  
 [00:41:10] as Cassio.  
 [00:41:12] Ay, smile upon her, do;  
 [00:41:18] I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.  
 [00:41:21] You say true; 'tis so, indeed:  
 [00:41:24] if such tricks as these will strip you  
 [00:41:27] of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not  
 [00:41:30] kissed your three fingers so oft,  
 [00:41:32] which now again you are most apt to play the sir in.  
 [00:41:36] Very good; well kissed!  
 [00:41:38] An excellent courtesy!  
 [00:41:41] 'Tis so, indeed.  
 [00:41:43] Yet again your fingers are to your lips?  
 [00:41:46] Would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!  
 [00:41:49] The Moor!  
 [00:41:51] I know his trumpet.  
 [00:41:52] 'Tis truly so.  
 [00:41:53] Let's meet him and receive him.  
 [00:41:56] Lo, where he comes!  
 [00:42:19] O my fair warrior!  
 [00:42:20] My dear Othello!  
 [00:42:24] It gives me wonder great as my content  
 [00:42:27] To see you here before me.  
 [00:42:30] O my soul's joy!  
 [00:42:33] If after every tempest come such calms,  
 [00:42:35] May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
 [00:42:38] And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
 [00:42:41] Olympus-high and duck again as low  
 [00:42:44] As hell's from heaven!

[00:42:46] If it were now to die,  
 [00:42:48] 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
 [00:42:52] My soul hath her content so absolute  
 [00:42:56] That not another comfort like to this  
 [00:42:59] Succeeds in unknown fate.  
 [00:43:00] The heavens forbid  
 [00:43:02] But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
 [00:43:04] Even as our days do grow!  
 [00:43:07] Amen to that, sweet powers!  
 [00:43:09] I cannot speak enough of this content;  
 [00:43:12] It stops me here; it is too much of joy:  
 [00:43:18] And this,  
 [00:43:21] and this,  
 [00:43:24] the greatest discords be  
 [00:43:26] That e'er our hearts shall make!  
 [00:43:31] O, you are well tuned now!  
 [00:43:35] I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
 [00:43:37] As honest as I am.  
 [00:43:42] News, friends; our wars are done,  
 [00:43:46] the Turks are drown'd.  
 [00:43:54] How do my old acquaintance of the isle?  
 [00:43:59] Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;  
 [00:44:02] I have found great love amongst them.  
 [00:44:04] O my sweet, I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
 [00:44:08] In mine own comforts.  
 [00:44:10] I prithee, good Iago,  
 [00:44:12] Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:  
 [00:44:15] Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
 [00:44:17] He is a good one, and his worthiness  
 [00:44:19] Does challenge much respect.  
 [00:44:23] Come, Desdemona,  
 [00:44:26] Once more, well met at Cyprus.  
 [00:44:35] Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.  
 [00:44:40] Come hither.  
 [00:44:43] as, they say, st valiant--  
 [00:44:46] base men being in love than have a nobility  
 [00:44:48] in their natures more than is native to them--  
 [00:44:51] list me.  
 [00:44:53] The lieutenant tonight watches on the court of guard--  
 [00:44:55] first, I must tell thee this--  
 [00:44:58] Desdemona is directly in love with him.  
 [00:45:00] With him!  
 [00:45:01] Why, 'tis not possible.  
 [00:45:03] Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed.  
 [00:45:07] Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor,  
 [00:45:10] but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies:  
 [00:45:14] love him still for prating?  
 [00:45:16] Let not thy discreet heart think so.  
 [00:45:19] Her eye must be fed;  
 [00:45:21] and what delight shall she have to look on the devil?  
 [00:45:24] When the blood is made dull with the act of sport,  
 [00:45:27] there should be, again to inflame it  
 [00:45:29] and to give satiety a fresh appetite,  
 [00:45:31] loveliness in favour, sympathy in years,  
 [00:45:35] manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in:  
 [00:45:40] now, for want of these required conveniences,  
 [00:45:44] her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,  
 [00:45:48] begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor;  
 [00:45:51] very nature will instruct her in it  
 [00:45:53] and compel her to some second choice.

[00:45:57] Now, sir, this granted-- as it is a most pregnant  
 [00:46:00] and unforward position-- who stands eminent  
 [00:46:04] in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does?  
 [00:46:07] A knave very voluble; no further conscionable  
 [00:46:11] than in putting on the mere form  
 [00:46:13] of civil and humane seeming,  
 [00:46:14] for the better compassing of his salt  
 [00:46:16] and most hidden loose affections?  
 [00:46:19] Why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave,  
 [00:46:28] a finder out of occasion, that has an eye can stamp  
 [00:46:29] and counterfeit advantages,  
 [00:46:31] though true advantage never present itself;  
 [00:46:35] a devilish knave.  
 [00:46:39] Besides, the knave is handsome, young,  
 [00:46:42] and hath all those requisites in him  
 [00:46:44] that folly and green minds look after:  
 [00:46:47] a pestilent complete knave;  
 [00:46:50] and the woman hath found him already.  
 [00:46:52] I cannot believe that in her;  
 [00:46:54] she's full of most blessed condition.  
 [00:46:56] Blessed fig's-end!  
 [00:47:00] The wine she drinks is made of grapes:  
 [00:47:03] if she had been blessed,  
 [00:47:04] she would never have loved the Moor.  
 [00:47:06] Blessed pudding!  
 [00:47:08] Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?  
 [00:47:11] Didst not mark that?  
 [00:47:12] Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.  
 [00:47:15] Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue  
 [00:47:21] to the history of lust and foul thoughts.  
 [00:47:24] They met so near with their lips  
 [00:47:26] that their breaths embraced together.  
 [00:47:30] Villanous thoughts, Roderigo!  
 [00:47:32] When these mutualities so marshal the way,  
 [00:47:36] hard at hand comes the master and main exercise,  
 [00:47:40] the incorporate conclusion, Pish!  
 [00:47:46] But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice.  
 [00:47:52] Watch you to-night; for the command,  
 [00:47:54] I'll lay't upon you.  
 [00:47:56] Cassio knows you not.  
 [00:48:00] I'll not be far from you:  
 [00:48:01] find some occasion to anger Cassio,  
 [00:48:04] either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline;  
 [00:48:07] or from what other course you please,  
 [00:48:09] as the time will more favourably minister.  
 [00:48:11] Well.  
 [00:48:13] Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler,  
 [00:48:16] and haply with his truncheon may strike at you:  
 [00:48:17] provoke him, that he may; for even out of that  
 [00:48:21] will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny;  
 [00:48:24] whose qualification shall come into no true taste again  
 [00:48:27] but by the displanting of Cassio.  
 [00:48:31] So shall you have a shorter journey  
 [00:48:34] to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them;  
 [00:48:39] and the impediment most profitably removed,  
 [00:48:42] without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.  
 [00:48:46] I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.  
 [00:48:49] I warrant thee.  
 [00:48:50] Meet me by and by at the citadel:  
 [00:48:52] I must fetch his necessaries ashore.

[00:48:54] Farewell.  
[00:48:55] Adieu.  
[00:49:05] That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;  
[00:49:07] That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:  
[00:49:12] The Moor, howbeit I endure him not,  
[00:49:16] Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,  
[00:49:20] And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona  
[00:49:22] A most dear husband.  
[00:49:25] Now, I do love her too;  
[00:49:26] Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure  
[00:49:30] I stand accountant for as great a sin,  
[00:49:33] But partly led to diet my revenge,  
[00:49:36] For that I do suspect the lustful Moor  
[00:49:39] Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof  
[00:49:43] Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
[00:49:46] And nothing can or shall content my soul  
[00:49:50] Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,  
[00:49:54] Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
[00:49:57] At least into a jealousy so strong  
[00:50:00] That judgment cannot cure.  
[00:50:04] Which thing to do,  
[00:50:05] If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash  
[00:50:08] For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
[00:50:12] I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
[00:50:16] Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb--  
[00:50:19] For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too--  
[00:50:23] Make the Moor thank me, love me, reward me.  
[00:50:30] For making him egregiously an ass  
[00:50:34] And practising upon his peace and quiet  
[00:50:37] Even unto madness.  
[00:50:41] 'Tis here, but yet confused:  
[00:50:48] Knavery's plain face is never seen til used.  
[00:51:24] Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:  
[00:51:28] Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
[00:51:30] Not to outsport discretion.  
[00:51:32] Iago hath direction what to do;  
[00:51:33] But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
[00:51:35] Will I look to't.  
[00:51:36] Iago is most honest.  
[00:51:38] Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest  
[00:51:41] Let me have speech with you.  
[00:51:50] Come, my dear love,  
[00:51:52] The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;  
[00:51:56] That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.  
[00:52:07] Good night.  
[00:52:08] Good night.  
[00:52:15] To the watch.  
[00:52:16] Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock.  
[00:52:20] Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona;  
[00:52:23] who let us not therefore blame:  
[00:52:25] he hath not yet made wanton the night with her;  
[00:52:28] and she is sport for Jove.  
[00:52:30] She's a most exquisite lady.  
[00:52:32] And, I'll warrant her, full of game.  
[00:52:34] Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.  
[00:52:35] What an eye she has!  
[00:52:37] Methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.  
[00:52:39] An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.  
[00:52:41] And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?  
[00:52:43] She is indeed perfection.

[00:52:45] Well, happiness to their sheets!  
[00:52:47] Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine;  
[00:52:49] and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants  
[00:52:52] who would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.  
[00:52:55] Not to-night, good Iago:  
[00:52:56] I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking:  
[00:52:58] I could well wish courtesy would invent  
[00:53:00] some other custom of entertainment.  
[00:53:02] O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.  
[00:53:04] I have drunk but one cup to-night,  
[00:53:06] and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold,  
[00:53:08] what innovation it makes here:  
[00:53:10] I am unfortunate in the infirmity,  
[00:53:12] and dare not task my weakness with any more.  
[00:53:14] What, man!  
[00:53:15] 'Tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.  
[00:53:21] Where are they?  
[00:53:22] Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.  
[00:53:24] I'll do't; but it dislikes me.  
[00:53:37] If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
[00:53:40] With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
[00:53:43] He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
[00:53:45] As my young mistress' dog.  
[00:53:48] Now, my sick fool Roderigo,  
[00:53:51] Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,  
[00:53:56] To Desdemona hath to-night caroused  
[00:53:59] Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:  
[00:54:02] Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,  
[00:54:07] That hold their honour in a wary distance,  
[00:54:10] The very elements of this warlike isle,  
[00:54:12] Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
[00:54:15] And they watch too.  
[00:54:16] Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,  
[00:54:21] Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
[00:54:24] Which may offend the isle--  
[00:54:27] But here they come:  
[00:54:29] If consequence do but approve my dream,  
[00:54:32] My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.  
[00:54:38] 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.  
[00:54:39] Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,  
[00:54:41] as I am a soldier.  
[00:54:43] Some wine, ho!  
[00:54:45] And let me the canakin clink;  
[00:54:47] And let me the canakin clink  
[00:54:50] A soldier's a man; A life's but a span;  
[00:54:52] Why, then, let a soldier drink.  
[00:54:55] Some wine, boys!  
[00:54:56] 'Fore God, an excellent song.  
[00:54:58] I learned it in England, where, indeed,  
[00:54:59] they are most potent in potting:  
[00:55:01] your Dane, your German, your swag-bellied Hollander--  
[00:55:04] Drink-- are nothing to your English.  
[00:55:07] Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?  
[00:55:10] He'll drink you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk;  
[00:55:12] he sweats not to overthrow your Almain;  
[00:55:15] he'll give your Hollander a vomit,  
[00:55:17] ere the next pottle can be filled.  
[00:55:19] To the health of our general!  
[00:55:20] I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.  
[00:55:23] O sweet England!

[00:55:26] King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
 [00:55:29] His breeches cost him but a crown;  
 [00:55:31] He held them sixpence all too dear,  
 [00:55:34] With that he call'd the tailor lown.  
 [00:55:36] He was a wight of high renown,  
 [00:55:38] And thou art but of low degree:  
 [00:55:40] 'Tis pride that pulls the country down;  
 [00:55:42] Then take thine auld cloak about thee.  
 [00:55:46] Some wine!  
 [00:55:47] A more exquisite song than the other.  
 [00:55:49] Will you hear't again?  
 [00:55:50] No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place  
 [00:55:53] that does those things.  
 [00:55:55] Well, God's above all;  
 [00:55:56] and there be souls must be saved,  
 [00:55:58] and there be souls must not be saved.  
 [00:55:59] It's true, good lieutenant.  
 [00:56:01] For mine own part-- no offence to the general,  
 [00:56:04] nor any man of quality-- I am to be saved.  
 [00:56:08] And so do I too, lieutenant.  
 [00:56:10] Ay, but, by your leave, not before me;  
 [00:56:12] the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.  
 [00:56:19] Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs--  
 [00:56:20] God, forgive us our sins!--  
 [00:56:21] Gentlemen, let's look to our business.  
 [00:56:26] Do not think, gentlemen, that I am drunk:  
 [00:56:27] this is my ancient; this is my right hand,  
 [00:56:29] and this is my left: I am not drunk now;  
 [00:56:33] I can stand well enough, and I can speak well enough.  
 [00:56:36] All Excellent well.  
 [00:56:39] Very well then;  
 [00:56:42] you must not think that I am drunk.  
 [00:56:52] You see this fellow who is gone before;  
 [00:56:55] He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar  
 [00:56:57] And give direction: and do but see his vice;  
 [00:57:02] 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
 [00:57:04] The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.  
 [00:57:07] I fear the trust Othello puts him in.  
 [00:57:10] On some odd time of his infirmity,  
 [00:57:12] Will shake this island.  
 [00:57:13] But is he often thus?  
 [00:57:15] 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:  
 [00:57:18] He'll watch the horologe a double set,  
 [00:57:20] If drink rock not his cradle.  
 [00:57:22] It were well  
 [00:57:24] The general were put in mind of it.  
 [00:57:26] Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature  
 [00:57:27] Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
 [00:57:31] And looks not on his evils: is not this true?  
 [00:57:34] How now, Roderigo!  
 [00:57:36] After the lieutenant; go.  
 [00:57:40] And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor  
 [00:57:41] Should hazard such a place as his own second  
 [00:57:43] With one of an ingraft infirmity:  
 [00:57:46] It were an honest action to say so to the Moor.  
 [00:57:50] Not I, for all this island:  
 [00:57:52] I do love Cassio well; and would do much  
 [00:57:55] To cure him of this evil--  
 [00:57:57] What noise?  
 [00:57:58] What's the matter, lieutenant?

[00:57:59] A knave teach me my duty!  
 [00:58:00] I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.  
 [00:58:02] Beat me!  
 [00:58:03] Dost thou prate, rogue?  
 [00:58:07] Nay, good lieutenant; I prithee, hold thy hand.  
 [00:58:09] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny.  
 [00:58:12] Come, you're drunk.  
 [00:58:16] God's will, gentlemen, help.  
 [00:58:18] Ho!--Lieutenant--sir-- Montano--sir;  
 [00:58:21] Help, masters!-- Here's a goodly--  
 [00:58:23] Lieutenant, sir, God's will, You'll be shamed forever.  
 [00:58:36] Ho! For your lives.  
 [00:58:50] From whence ariseth this?  
 [00:58:54] Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that  
 [00:58:56] Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
 [00:58:59] For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:  
 [00:59:02] He that stirs next to carve for his own rage  
 [00:59:06] Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.  
 [00:59:10] Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle  
 [00:59:13] From her propriety.  
 [00:59:20] What is the matter, masters?  
 [00:59:25] Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
 [00:59:27] Speak, who began this?  
 [00:59:29] On thy love, I charge thee.  
 [00:59:30] I do not know: friends all but now, even now,  
 [00:59:34] In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom  
 [00:59:37] Devesting them for bed; and then, but now--  
 [00:59:40] As if some planet had unwitting men--  
 [00:59:43] Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
 [00:59:45] In opposition bloody.  
 [00:59:48] I cannot speak  
 [00:59:49] Any beginning to this peevish odds;  
 [00:59:52] And would in action glorious I had lost  
 [00:59:53] These legs that brought me to a part of it!  
 [01:00:00] How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?  
 [01:00:04] I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.  
 [01:00:10] Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;  
 [01:00:14] The gravity and stillness of your youth  
 [01:00:16] The world hath noted, and your name is great  
 [01:00:18] In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,  
 [01:00:22] That you unlace your reputation thus  
 [01:00:24] And spend your rich opinion for the name  
 [01:00:26] Of a night-brawler?  
 [01:00:28] Give me answer to it.  
 [01:00:33] Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:  
 [01:00:35] Your officer, Iago, can inform you--  
 [01:00:39] While I spare breath, which something now offends me--  
 [01:00:41] Of all that I do know: nor know I aught  
 [01:00:44] By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
 [01:00:47] Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,  
 [01:00:49] And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
 [01:00:51] When violence assails us.  
 [01:00:54] Now, by heaven,  
 [01:00:56] My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
 [01:00:59] And passion, having my best judgment collied,  
 [01:01:02] Assays to lead the way:  
 [01:01:03] Zounds, if I stir,  
 [01:01:06] Or but lift this arm, the best of you  
 [01:01:08] Shall sink in my rebuke.  
 [01:01:12] Give me to know



[01:01:13] How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
 [01:01:16] And he that is approved in this offence,  
 [01:01:18] Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
 [01:01:19] Shall lose me.  
 [01:01:21] What, In a town of war,  
 [01:01:22] Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
 [01:01:24] To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
 [01:01:27] At night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
 [01:01:33] 'Tis monstrous.  
 [01:01:35] Iago, who began't?  
 [01:01:38] Partially affined, or leagued in office,  
 [01:01:40] Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
 [01:01:42] Thou art no soldier.  
 [01:01:43] Touch me not so near:  
 [01:01:46] I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth  
 [01:01:48] Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
 [01:01:50] Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
 [01:01:52] Shall nothing wrong him.  
 [01:01:56] Thus it is, general.  
 [01:01:58] Montano and myself being in speech,  
 [01:02:01] There comes a fellow crying out for help:  
 [01:02:04] And Cassio following him with determined sword,  
 [01:02:06] To execute upon him.  
 [01:02:08] Sir, this gentleman  
 [01:02:09] Steps in to Cassio, to entreat his pause:  
 [01:02:12] Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
 [01:02:13] Lest by his clamour-- as it so fell out--  
 [01:02:16] The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,  
 [01:02:19] Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather  
 [01:02:21] For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
 [01:02:23] And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night  
 [01:02:25] I ne'er might say before.  
 [01:02:27] When I came back-- For this was brief--  
 [01:02:30] I found them close together,  
 [01:02:31] At blow and thrust; even as again they were  
 [01:02:34] When you yourself did part them.  
 [01:02:36] More of this matter can I not report:  
 [01:02:39] But men are men; the best sometimes forget:  
 [01:02:43] Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
 [01:02:46] As men in rage strike those that wish them best,  
 [01:02:50] Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received  
 [01:02:53] From him that fled some strange indignity  
 [01:02:55] That patience could not pass.  
 [01:02:58] I know, Iago,  
 [01:03:01] Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
 [01:03:04] Making it light to Cassio.  
 [01:03:08] Cassio, I love thee  
 [01:03:11] But never more be officer of mine.  
 [01:03:18] Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!  
 [01:03:23] I'll make thee an example.  
 [01:03:25] What is the matter, dear?  
 [01:03:26] All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.  
 [01:03:28] Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:  
 [01:03:29] Lead him off.  
 [01:03:37] Iago, look with care about the town,  
 [01:03:41] And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.  
 [01:03:49] Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life  
 [01:03:51] To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.  
 [01:04:25] What, are you hurt, lieutenant?  
 [01:04:28] Ay, past all surgery.

[01:04:31] Marry, God forbid!  
[01:04:35] Reputation, reputation,  
[01:04:39] I've lost my reputation!  
[01:04:41] I have lost the immortal part of me,  
[01:04:43] and what remains is bestial.  
[01:04:46] My reputation, Iago, my reputation!  
[01:04:51] As I am an honest man, I thought you had received  
[01:04:52] some bodily wound;  
[01:04:56] there is more sense in that than in reputation.  
[01:04:59] Reputation's an idle and most false imposition:  
[01:05:02] oft gained without merit, and lost without deserving:  
[01:05:06] you have lost no reputation at all,  
[01:05:08] unless you repute yourself such a loser.  
[01:05:10] What, man!  
[01:05:12] There are ways to recover the general again:  
[01:05:15] you are but now cast in his mood,  
[01:05:18] a punishment more in policy than in malice,  
[01:05:20] as one would beat one's offenceless dog  
[01:05:23] to affright an imperious lion:  
[01:05:25] sue to him again, and he's yours.  
[01:05:26] I will rather sue to be despised  
[01:05:28] than to deceive so good a commander with so slight,  
[01:05:30] so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.  
[01:05:33] Drunk?  
[01:05:34] And speak parrot? And squabble?  
[01:05:36] Swagger? Swear?  
[01:05:38] And discourse fustian with one's own shadow?  
[01:05:41] O thou invisible spirit of wine,  
[01:05:43] if thou hast no name to be known by,  
[01:05:45] let us call thee devil!  
[01:05:46] What was he that you followed with your sword?  
[01:05:48] What had he done to you?  
[01:05:49] I know not.  
[01:05:50] Is't possible?  
[01:05:52] I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly;  
[01:05:54] a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.  
[01:05:56] O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths  
[01:05:58] to steal away their brains!  
[01:06:01] That we should, with joy, pleasance revel and applause,  
[01:06:04] transform ourselves into beasts!  
[01:06:08] Why, you are but now well enough:  
[01:06:10] how came you thus recovered?  
[01:06:11] It hath pleased the devil drunkenness  
[01:06:12] to give place to the devil wrath;  
[01:06:13] one unperfectness shows me another,  
[01:06:15] to make me frankly despise myself.  
[01:06:16] Come, you are too severe a moraler:  
[01:06:18] as the time, the place, and the condition  
[01:06:20] of this country stands, I could heartily wish  
[01:06:23] this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is,  
[01:06:26] mend it for your own good.  
[01:06:30] I will ask him for my place again;  
[01:06:34] he shall tell me I am a drunkard.  
[01:06:36] Had I as many mouths as Hydra,  
[01:06:37] such an answer would stop them all.  
[01:06:39] To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool,  
[01:06:41] and presently a beast!  
[01:06:43] O strange!  
[01:06:45] Every inordinate cup is unblessed  
[01:06:47] and the ingredient is a devil.

[01:06:49] Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature,  
[01:06:52] if it be well used: exclaim no more against it.  
[01:06:56] And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.  
[01:07:02] I have well approved it, sir.  
[01:07:04] I drunk!  
[01:07:06] You or any man living may be drunk  
[01:07:08] at some time, man.  
[01:07:15] I shall tell you what you shall do.  
[01:07:21] Our general's wife is now the general:  
[01:07:24] I may say so in this respect,  
[01:07:26] that he hath devoted and given up himself  
[01:07:29] to the contemplation, mark, and denotement  
[01:07:31] of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her;  
[01:07:35] importune her help to put you in your place again:  
[01:07:38] she is of so free, so kind, so apt,  
[01:07:43] so blessed a disposition,  
[01:07:45] she holds it a vice in her goodness  
[01:07:48] not to do more than she is requested:  
[01:07:51] this broken joint between you and her husband  
[01:07:55] entreat her to splinter;  
[01:07:57] and, my fortune against any lay worth naming,  
[01:08:00] this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.  
[01:08:03] You advise me well.  
[01:08:04] I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.  
[01:08:07] I think it freely; and betimes in the morning  
[01:08:09] I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona  
[01:08:11] to undertake for me:  
[01:08:12] I am desperate of my fortunes if they cheque me here.  
[01:08:16] You are in the right, lieutenant.  
[01:08:19] Good night; I must to the watch.  
[01:08:23] Good night, honest Iago.  
[01:08:35] And what's he then that says I play the villain?  
[01:08:38] When this advice is free I give, honest,  
[01:08:41] Probal to thinking and indeed the course  
[01:08:44] To win the Moor again?  
[01:08:45] For 'tis most easy  
[01:08:46] The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
[01:08:49] In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful  
[01:08:52] As the free elements.  
[01:08:53] And then for her  
[01:08:55] To win the Moor-- were't to renounce his baptism,  
[01:09:01] All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,  
[01:09:05] His soul is so enfeather'd to her love,  
[01:09:08] That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
[01:09:13] Even as her appetite shall play the god  
[01:09:15] With his weak function.  
[01:09:19] How am I then a villain  
[01:09:20] To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
[01:09:23] Directly to his good?  
[01:09:31] Divinity of hell!  
[01:09:35] When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
[01:09:38] They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
[01:09:42] As I do now: for whilst this honest fool  
[01:09:48] Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes  
[01:09:52] And she for him pleads strongly with the Moor,  
[01:09:56] I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,  
[01:10:00] That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
[01:10:04] By how much she strives to do him good,  
[01:10:08] She'll undo her credit with the Moor.  
[01:10:10] So shall I turn her virtue into pitch,

[01:10:15] And out of her own goodness make the net  
[01:10:18] That shall enmesh them all.  
[01:10:28] How now, Roderigo!  
[01:10:33] I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts,  
[01:10:36] but one that fills up the cry.  
[01:10:39] My money is almost spent;  
[01:10:41] I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled;  
[01:10:44] and I think the issue will be,  
[01:10:45] I shall have so much experience for my pains as that comes to,  
[01:10:48] and so, with no money at all and a little more wit,  
[01:10:52] return again to Venice.  
[01:10:54] How poor are they that have not patience!  
[01:10:58] What wound did ever heal but by degrees?  
[01:11:03] Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;  
[01:11:08] And wit depends on dilatory time.  
[01:11:11] Does't not go well?  
[01:11:13] Cassio hath beaten thee.  
[01:11:15] And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:  
[01:11:19] Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
[01:11:22] Yet fruits that blossom first shall first be ripe:  
[01:11:28] Content thyself awhile.  
[01:11:33] By the mass, 'tis morning;  
[01:11:37] Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.  
[01:11:45] Retire thee;  
[01:11:47] go where thou art billeted:  
[01:11:50] Away, I say;  
[01:11:55] thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone.  
[01:12:07] Two things are to be done:  
[01:12:10] My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;  
[01:12:14] I'll set her on;  
[01:12:17] Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
[01:12:22] And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
[01:12:24] Soliciting his wife:  
[01:12:28] ay, that's the way  
[01:12:33] Dull not device with coldness and delay.

## Othello Act 3

[01:13:05] Good morrow, good Lieutenant:  
 [01:13:08] I am sorry for your displeasure;  
 [01:13:11] but all will sure be well.  
 [01:13:14] The general and his wife are talking of it;  
 [01:13:17] And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,  
 [01:13:20] That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,  
 [01:13:22] And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom  
 [01:13:24] He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you  
 [01:13:29] And needs no other suitor but his likings  
 [01:13:31] To take the safest occasion by the front  
 [01:13:32] To bring you in again.  
 [01:13:33] Yet, I beseech you,  
 [01:13:34] Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
 [01:13:36] With Desdemona alone.  
 [01:13:59] Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do  
 [01:14:02] All my abilities in thy behalf.  
 [01:14:04] Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,  
 [01:14:06] As if the case were his.  
 [01:14:07] O, that's an honest fellow.  
 [01:14:09] Do not doubt, Cassio,  
 [01:14:10] But I will have my lord and you again  
 [01:14:11] As friendly as you were.  
 [01:14:12] Bounteous madam,  
 [01:14:14] Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
 [01:14:15] He's never any thing but your true servant.  
 [01:14:17] I know't; I thank you.  
 [01:14:18] You do love my lord:  
 [01:14:19] You have known him long; and be you well assured  
 [01:14:21] You shall in strangeness stand no further off than in a polite distance.  
 [01:14:25] Ay, but, lady,  
 [01:14:26] That policy may either last so long,  
 [01:14:28] Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
 [01:14:30] Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
 [01:14:33] That, I being absent and my place supplied,  
 [01:14:35] My general will forget my love and service.  
 [01:14:37] Do not doubt that; before Emilia here  
 [01:14:40] I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
 [01:14:43] If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
 [01:14:45] To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
 [01:14:48] I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;  
 [01:14:52] His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
 [01:14:54] I'll intermingle every thing he does  
 [01:14:56] With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;  
 [01:15:01] For thy solicitor shall rather die  
 [01:15:03] Than give thy cause away.  
 [01:15:04] Madam, here comes my lord.  
 [01:15:10] Madam, I'll take my leave.  
 [01:15:12] Nay, stay, and hear me speak.  
 [01:15:13] Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,  
 [01:15:15] Unfit for mine own purposes.  
 [01:15:16] Well, do your discretion.  
 [01:15:20] I like not that.  
 [01:15:23] What dost thou say?  
 [01:15:24] Nothing, my lord: or if--I know not what.  
 [01:15:27] Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?  
 [01:15:30] Cassio, my lord!  
 [01:15:32] No, sure, I cannot think it,  
 [01:15:34] That he would sneak away so guilty-like,

[01:15:35] Seeing you coming.  
[01:15:37] I do believe 'twas he.  
[01:15:44] How now, my lord!  
[01:15:46] I have been talking with a suitor here,  
[01:15:50] A man who languishes in your displeasure.  
[01:15:54] Who is't you mean?  
[01:15:55] Why, your lieutenant, Cassio.  
[01:15:58] Good my lord,  
[01:16:01] If I have any grace or power to move you,  
[01:16:02] His present reconciliation take;  
[01:16:05] For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
[01:16:09] That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,  
[01:16:10] I have no judgment of an honest face:  
[01:16:13] I prithee, call him back.  
[01:16:15] Went he hence now?  
[01:16:16] Yes, faith; so humbled  
[01:16:18] That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
[01:16:19] To suffer with him.  
[01:16:21] Good love, call him back.  
[01:16:24] Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.  
[01:16:28] But shall't be shortly?  
[01:16:29] The sooner, sweet, for you.  
[01:16:31] Shall't be to-night at supper?  
[01:16:32] No, not to-night.  
[01:16:34] To-morrow dinner, then?  
[01:16:35] No, I shall not dine at home;  
[01:16:37] I meet the captains at the citadel.  
[01:16:39] Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;  
[01:16:42] On Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:  
[01:16:43] I prithee, name the time, but let it not  
[01:16:46] Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;  
[01:16:49] And yet his trespass, in our common reason--  
[01:16:51] Save that, they say, the wars must make example  
[01:16:53] Out of their best-- is not almost a fault  
[01:16:55] To incur a private cheque.  
[01:16:56] Shh.  
[01:16:57] When shall he come?  
[01:16:58] Tell me, Othello:  
[01:17:00] I wonder in my soul,  
[01:17:02] What you would ask me, that I should deny,  
[01:17:04] Or stand so mammering on.  
[01:17:05] What!  
[01:17:06] Michael Cassio,  
[01:17:07] That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,  
[01:17:10] When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
[01:17:11] Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do to bring him in!  
[01:17:14] If I a lady, I could do much--  
[01:17:15] Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;  
[01:17:20] I will deny thee nothing.  
[01:17:22] Why, this is not a boon;  
[01:17:24] 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
[01:17:30] Or feed off nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
[01:17:34] Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
[01:17:37] To your own person: nay, when I have a suit  
[01:17:40] Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
[01:17:43] It will be full of poise and difficult weight  
[01:17:48] And fearful to be granted.  
[01:17:52] I will deny thee nothing:  
[01:17:54] Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
[01:17:56] To leave me but a little to myself.

[01:18:00] Shall I deny you?  
[01:18:03] No: farewell, my lord.  
[01:18:04] Farewell, Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.  
[01:18:08] Emilia, come.  
[01:18:10] Be as your fancies teach you;  
[01:18:13] Whate'er you be, I am obedient.  
[01:18:25] Excellent wretch!  
[01:18:29] Perdition catch my soul,  
[01:18:31] But I do love thee!  
[01:18:33] And when I love thee not,  
[01:18:37] Chaos is come again.  
[01:18:49] My noble lord--  
[01:18:51] What dost thou say, Iago?  
[01:18:53] Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
[01:18:55] Know of your love?  
[01:18:57] He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?  
[01:19:01] But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
[01:19:03] No further harm.  
[01:19:04] Why of thy thought, Iago?  
[01:19:06] I did not think he had been acquainted with her.  
[01:19:08] O, yes; and went between us very often.  
[01:19:10] Indeed.  
[01:19:11] Indeed.  
[01:19:13] Ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?  
[01:19:18] Is he not honest?  
[01:19:20] Honest, my lord?  
[01:19:21] Honest!  
[01:19:23] Ay, honest.  
[01:19:25] My lord, for aught I know.  
[01:19:35] What dost thou think?  
[01:19:36] Think, my lord?  
[01:19:38] Think, my lord.  
[01:19:40] By heaven, he echoes me,  
[01:19:42] As if there were some monster in his thought  
[01:19:45] Too hideous to be shown.  
[01:19:48] Thou dost mean something:  
[01:19:49] I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,  
[01:19:51] When Cassio left my wife:  
[01:19:54] what didst not like?  
[01:19:56] And when I told thee he was of my counsel  
[01:19:58] In my whole course of wooing, thou criest 'Indeed!'  
[01:20:01] And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
[01:20:04] As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
[01:20:06] Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,  
[01:20:09] Show me thy thought.  
[01:20:10] My lord, you know I love you.  
[01:20:13] I think thou dost;  
[01:20:14] And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,  
[01:20:18] And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,  
[01:20:20] Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:  
[01:20:24] For such things in a false disloyal knave  
[01:20:27] Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just  
[01:20:30] They are close delations, working from the heart  
[01:20:33] That passion cannot rule.  
[01:20:35] For Michael Cassio,  
[01:20:36] I dare presume I think he is honest.  
[01:20:39] I think so too.  
[01:20:40] Men should be what they seem;  
[01:20:43] Or those that be not, would they might seem none!  
[01:20:48] Certain, men should be what they seem.

[01:20:51] Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.  
[01:20:54] Nay, yet there's more in this:  
[01:21:01] I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
[01:21:04] As thou dost ruminat, and give thy worst of thoughts  
[01:21:07] The worst of words.  
[01:21:08] Good my lord, pardon me:  
[01:21:10] Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
[01:21:12] I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
[01:21:15] Utter my thoughts?  
[01:21:16] Why, say they are vile and false;  
[01:21:20] As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
[01:21:22] Sometimes intrude not?  
[01:21:25] Who has that breast so pure,  
[01:21:26] But some uncleanly apprehensions  
[01:21:28] Keep leets and law-days and in session sit  
[01:21:30] With meditations lawful?  
[01:21:32] Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
[01:21:34] If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear  
[01:21:37] A stranger to thy thoughts.  
[01:21:39] I do beseech you--  
[01:21:41] Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
[01:21:44] As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
[01:21:47] To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
[01:21:51] Shapes faults which are not--  
[01:21:53] that your wisdom yet,  
[01:21:55] From one that so imperfectly coniects,  
[01:21:56] Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble  
[01:21:59] Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
[01:22:02] It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
[01:22:06] Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
[01:22:08] To let you know my thoughts.  
[01:22:09] What dost thou mean?  
[01:22:16] Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
[01:22:21] Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
[01:22:24] Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
[01:22:28] 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:  
[01:22:32] But he that filches from me my good name  
[01:22:35] Robs me of that which not enriches him  
[01:22:37] And makes me poor indeed.  
[01:22:41] By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.  
[01:22:43] You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
[01:22:47] Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.  
[01:22:49] Ha.  
[01:23:21] O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
[01:23:24] It is the green-eyed monster that doth mock  
[01:23:25] The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss  
[01:23:29] Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
[01:23:32] But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
[01:23:35] Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!  
[01:23:39] O misery!  
[01:23:41] Poor and content is rich and rich enough,  
[01:23:44] But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
[01:23:47] To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
[01:23:50] Good God, the souls of all my tribe defend from jealousy!  
[01:23:55] Why, why is this?  
[01:24:03] Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
[01:24:06] To follow still the changes of the moon  
[01:24:08] With fresh suspicions?  
[01:24:10] No; to be once in doubt  
[01:24:14] Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,



[01:24:17] When I shall turn the business of my soul  
 [01:24:18] To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
 [01:24:21] Matching thy inference.  
 [01:24:24] 'Tis not to make me jealous  
 [01:24:26] To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
 [01:24:28] Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;  
 [01:24:34] Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
 [01:24:38] Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
 [01:24:41] The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
 [01:24:45] For she had eyes, and chose me.  
 [01:24:58] No, Iago; I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
 [01:25:04] And on the proof, there is no more but this--  
 [01:25:09] Away at once with love or jealousy!  
 [01:25:12] I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason  
 [01:25:16] To show the love and duty I bear you  
 [01:25:17] With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
 [01:25:22] Receive it from me.  
 [01:25:24] I speak not yet of proof.  
 [01:25:30] Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
 [01:25:34] Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:  
 [01:25:38] I would not have your free and noble nature,  
 [01:25:41] Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't:  
 [01:25:44] For I do know our country disposition well;  
 [01:25:48] In Venice they do let God see the pranks  
 [01:25:51] They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
 [01:25:54] Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.  
 [01:25:56] Dost thou say so?  
 [01:25:57] She deceived her father, marrying you;  
 [01:25:59] And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,  
 [01:26:02] She loved them most.  
 [01:26:04] And so she did.  
 [01:26:06] Why, go to then;  
 [01:26:08] She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
 [01:26:11] As to seal her father's eyes up close as oak--  
 [01:26:14] He thought 'twas witchcraft-- but I am much to blame;  
 [01:26:19] I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
 [01:26:21] For too much loving you.  
 [01:26:22] I am bound to thee for ever.  
 [01:26:25] I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.  
 [01:26:29] No, not a jot, not a jot.  
 [01:26:33] I fear it has.  
 [01:26:34] I hope you will consider what is spoke  
 [01:26:37] Comes from my love.  
 [01:26:39] But I do see you are moved:  
 [01:26:40] I pray you not to strain my speech  
 [01:26:44] To grosser issues nor to further reach  
 [01:26:46] Than to suspicion.  
 [01:26:48] I will not.  
 [01:26:49] Should you do so, my lord,  
 [01:26:50] My speech should fall into such vile success  
 [01:26:53] As my thoughts aim not.  
 [01:26:54] Cassio's my worthy friend--  
 [01:26:57] My lord, I see you're moved.  
 [01:26:59] No, not much moved:  
 [01:27:03] I do not think but Desdemona's honest.  
 [01:27:06] Long live she so!  
 [01:27:07] And long live you to think so!  
 [01:27:12] And yet, how nature erring from itself--  
 [01:27:17] Ay, there's the point: as--to be bold with you--  
 [01:27:24] Not to affect many proposed matches

[01:27:27] Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
 [01:27:29] Whereto we see in all things nature tends--  
 [01:27:31] Foh!  
 [01:27:33] One may smell in such a will most rank,  
 [01:27:37] Foul disproportion thoughts unnatural.  
 [01:27:39] But pardon me; I do not in position  
 [01:27:42] Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear  
 [01:27:45] Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
 [01:27:48] May fall to match you with her country forms  
 [01:27:51] And happily repent.  
 [01:27:54] Farewell, farewell:  
 [01:27:55] If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
 [01:28:02] Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.  
 [01:28:08] My lord, I take my leave.  
 [01:28:14] Why did I marry?  
 [01:28:16] This honest creature doubtless  
 [01:28:17] Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.  
 [01:28:21] I would I might entreat you  
 [01:28:23] To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:  
 [01:28:28] Though it is fit that Cassio have his place,  
 [01:28:30] For sure, he fills it up with great ability,  
 [01:28:33] Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
 [01:28:36] You may by that perceive him and his means:  
 [01:28:39] Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
 [01:28:41] With any strong or vehement suit;  
 [01:28:43] Much will be seen in that.  
 [01:28:45] In the mean time,  
 [01:28:46] Let me be thought too busy in my fears--  
 [01:28:49] As worthy cause I have to fear I am--  
 [01:28:51] And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.  
 [01:28:54] Fear not my government.  
 [01:28:56] I once more take my leave.  
 [01:29:26] This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
 [01:29:29] And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
 [01:29:32] Of human dealings.  
 [01:29:38] If I do prove her haggard,  
 [01:29:42] Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,  
 [01:29:46] I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,  
 [01:29:50] To pray at fortune.  
 [01:29:57] Haply, for I am black  
 [01:29:58] And have not those soft parts of conversation  
 [01:30:02] That chamberers have, or for I am declined  
 [01:30:05] Into the vale of years-- yet that's not much--  
 [01:30:14] She's gone.  
 [01:30:18] I am abused; and my relief  
 [01:30:22] Must be to loathe her.  
 [01:30:29] O curse of marriage,  
 [01:30:31] That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
 [01:30:34] And not their appetites!  
 [01:30:38] I had rather be a toad,  
 [01:30:40] And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
 [01:30:42] Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
 [01:30:44] For others' uses.  
 [01:30:48] Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;  
 [01:30:54] Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
 [01:30:57] 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:  
 [01:31:04] Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
 [01:31:07] When we do quicken.  
 [01:31:10] Here she comes: and  
 [01:31:14] If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!

[01:31:18] I'll not believe't.  
[01:31:28] How now, my dear Othello!  
[01:31:31] Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
[01:31:33] By you invited, do attend your presence.  
[01:31:35] I am to blame.  
[01:31:38] Why do you speak so faintly?  
[01:31:40] Are you not well?  
[01:31:42] I have a pain upon my forehead here.  
[01:31:46] 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:  
[01:31:52] Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
[01:31:54] It will be well.  
[01:31:55] Your napkin is too small:  
[01:31:56] Let it alone.  
[01:31:58] Come, I'll go in with you.  
[01:32:01] I am very sorry that you are not well.  
[01:32:18] I am glad I have found this napkin:  
[01:32:19] This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
[01:32:24] My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
[01:32:27] Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,  
[01:32:31] For he conjured her she should ever keep it,  
[01:32:33] That she reserves it evermore about her  
[01:32:35] To kiss and talk to.  
[01:32:39] I'll have the work ta'en out,  
[01:32:41] And give't Iago: what he will do with it  
[01:32:45] Heaven knows, not I;  
[01:32:47] I nothing but to please his fantasy.  
[01:32:55] How now!  
[01:32:56] What do you here alone?  
[01:32:57] Do not you chide;  
[01:33:04] I have a thing for you.  
[01:33:06] You have a thing for me?  
[01:33:08] It is a common thing--  
[01:33:09] Ha?  
[01:33:10] To have a foolish wife.  
[01:33:12] O, is that all?  
[01:33:18] What will you give me now for that same handkerchief?  
[01:33:22] What handkerchief?  
[01:33:24] What handkerchief?  
[01:33:25] Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
[01:33:27] That which so often you did bid me steal.  
[01:33:32] Hast stol'n it from her?  
[01:33:33] No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence.  
[01:33:37] And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.  
[01:33:41] Look, here it is.  
[01:33:44] A good wench; give it me.  
[01:33:45] Ah, ah, ah.  
[01:33:49] What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest  
[01:33:52] To have me filch it?  
[01:33:53] Why, what's that to you?  
[01:34:00] If it be not for some purpose of import,  
[01:34:02] Give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad  
[01:34:05] When she shall lack it.  
[01:34:07] Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.  
[01:34:12] Leave me.  
[01:34:26] In Cassio's lodging, I'll lose this napkin,  
[01:34:31] And let him find it.  
[01:34:37] Trifles light as air  
[01:34:39] Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
[01:34:42] As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.  
[01:34:48] The Moor already changes with my poison:

[01:34:52] Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons  
[01:34:55] that at first are scarce found to distaste,  
[01:34:58] But with a little act upon the blood.  
[01:35:04] Burn like the mines of Sulphur.  
[01:35:08] I did say so:  
[01:35:10] Look, where he comes!  
[01:35:15] Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
[01:35:16] Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
[01:35:19] Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
[01:35:21] Which thou owedst yesterday.  
[01:35:32] Ha!  
[01:35:35] False to me,  
[01:35:39] to me?  
[01:35:40] Why, how now, my lord.  
[01:35:42] No more of that.  
[01:35:43] Avaunt!  
[01:35:44] Be gone!  
[01:35:51] Thou hast set me on the rack:  
[01:35:57] I swear 'tis better to be much abused  
[01:36:00] Than but to know't a little.  
[01:36:04] How now, my lord!  
[01:36:05] What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?  
[01:36:09] I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
[01:36:15] I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry;  
[01:36:19] I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
[01:36:24] He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
[01:36:26] Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.  
[01:36:28] I am sorry to hear this.  
[01:36:29] I had been happy, if the general camp,  
[01:36:31] Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
[01:36:34] So I had nothing known.  
[01:36:36] O, now, for ever  
[01:36:38] Farewell the tranquil mind!  
[01:36:41] Farewell content!  
[01:36:48] Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
[01:36:51] That makes ambition virtue!  
[01:36:54] O, farewell!  
[01:36:57] Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
[01:37:00] The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
[01:37:05] The royal banner, and all quality,  
[01:37:08] Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!  
[01:37:14] And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
[01:37:16] The immortal Jove's dead clamours counterfeit,  
[01:37:20] Farewell!  
[01:37:25] Othello's occupation's gone!  
[01:37:28] Is't possible, my lord?  
[01:37:29] Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,  
[01:37:31] Be sure of it;  
[01:37:33] Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
[01:37:35] Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
[01:37:37] Than answer my waked wrath!  
[01:37:38] Is't come to this?  
[01:37:39] Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,  
[01:37:41] That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
[01:37:44] To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!  
[01:37:47] My noble lord--  
[01:37:48] If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
[01:37:50] Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
[01:37:53] On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
[01:37:55] Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;

[01:37:58] For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
 [01:38:00] Greater than that.  
 [01:38:03] O grace!  
 [01:38:05] O heaven forgive me!  
 [01:38:07] Are you a man?  
 [01:38:09] Have you a soul or sense?  
 [01:38:11] God be wi' you; take mine office.  
 [01:38:16] O wretched fool.  
 [01:38:17] That livest to make thine honesty a vice!  
 [01:38:19] O monstrous world!  
 [01:38:22] Take note, take note, O world,  
 [01:38:25] To be direct and honest is not safe.  
 [01:38:28] I thank you for this profit; and from hence  
 [01:38:31] I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.  
 [01:38:34] Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest.  
 [01:38:38] I should be wise, for honesty's a fool  
 [01:38:40] And loses that it works for.  
 [01:38:41] By the world, I think my wife be honest and think she is not;  
 [01:38:44] I think that thou art just and think thou art not.  
 [01:38:46] I'll have some proof.  
 [01:38:50] Her name, that was as fresh  
 [01:38:52] As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black  
 [01:38:54] As mine own face.  
 [01:38:55] If there be cords, or knives,  
 [01:38:56] Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
 [01:38:58] I'll not endure it.  
 [01:39:00] Would I were satisfied!  
 [01:39:02] I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  
 [01:39:05] I regret me that I ever put it to you.  
 [01:39:08] You would be satisfied?  
 [01:39:10] Nay, and I will.  
 [01:39:12] And may: but, how?  
 [01:39:13] How satisfied?  
 [01:39:15] Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on--  
 [01:39:17] Behold her topp'd?  
 [01:39:18] Death and damnation!  
 [01:39:20] It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
 [01:39:22] To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,  
 [01:39:25] If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
 [01:39:27] More than their own!  
 [01:39:28] What then?  
 [01:39:30] How then?  
 [01:39:31] What shall I say?  
 [01:39:32] Where's satisfaction?  
 [01:39:34] It is impossible you should see this,  
 [01:39:36] Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
 [01:39:39] As salt as wolves in pride,  
 [01:39:43] and fools as gross as ignorance made drunk.  
 [01:39:47] But yet, I say,  
 [01:39:49] If imputation and strong circumstances,  
 [01:39:53] Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
 [01:39:55] Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.  
 [01:40:03] You give me a living reason she's disloyal.  
 [01:40:07] I do not like the office:  
 [01:40:10] But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
 [01:40:14] Prick'd to' by foolish honesty and love,  
 [01:40:17] I will go on.  
 [01:40:25] I lay with Cassio lately;  
 [01:40:27] And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
 [01:40:30] I could not sleep.

[01:40:32] There are a kind of men so loose of souls,  
 [01:40:34] That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:  
 [01:40:37] One of this kind is Cassio:  
 [01:40:39] In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,  
 [01:40:46] Let us be wary, let us hide our loves';  
 [01:40:48] And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,  
 [01:40:50] Cried 'O sweet creature!'  
 [01:40:52] And then kiss me hard,  
 [01:40:54] As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots  
 [01:40:55] That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg  
 [01:40:59] Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then  
 [01:41:04] Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'  
 [01:41:08] O monstrous!  
 [01:41:10] Monstrous!  
 [01:41:11] Nay, this was but his dream.  
 [01:41:13] But this denoted a foregone conclusion:  
 [01:41:15] 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.  
 [01:41:18] And this may help to thicken other proofs  
 [01:41:20] That do demonstrate thinly.  
 [01:41:22] I'll tear her all to pieces.  
 [01:41:24] Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;  
 [01:41:27] She may be honest yet.  
 [01:41:31] Tell me but this,  
 [01:41:33] Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
 [01:41:36] Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?  
 [01:41:41] I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.  
 [01:41:47] I know not that; yet such a handkerchief--  
 [01:41:56] I am sure it was your wife's--did I to-day  
 [01:41:59] See Cassio wipe his beard with.  
 [01:42:05] If it be that--  
 [01:42:06] If it be that, or any that was hers,  
 [01:42:09] It speaks against her with the other proofs.  
 [01:42:16] O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
 [01:42:21] One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
 [01:42:28] Now, look here, Iago;  
 [01:42:30] All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.  
 [01:42:36] 'Tis gone.  
 [01:42:41] Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!  
 [01:42:45] Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
 [01:42:48] To tyrannous hate!  
 [01:42:50] Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
 [01:42:52] For 'tis of aspics' tongues!  
 [01:42:54] Yet be content.  
 [01:42:55] Blood, blood, blood!  
 [01:42:57] Patience, your mind perhaps may change.  
 [01:42:59] Never, Iago:  
 [01:43:00] Like to the Pontic sea,  
 [01:43:02] Whose icy current and compulsive course  
 [01:43:04] Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
 [01:43:07] To the Propontic and the Hellespont,  
 [01:43:10] Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
 [01:43:12] Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
 [01:43:16] Till that a capable and wide revenge  
 [01:43:18] Swallow them up.  
 [01:43:26] Now, by yond marble heaven,  
 [01:43:29] In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
 [01:43:31] I here engage my words.  
 [01:43:33] Do not rise yet.  
 [01:43:35] Witness, you ever-burning lights above,  
 [01:43:38] You elements that clip us round about,

[01:43:41] Witness that here Iago doth give up  
 [01:43:44] The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
 [01:43:48] To wrong'd Othello's service!  
 [01:43:51] Let him command,  
 [01:43:53] And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
 [01:43:55] What bloody business ever.  
 [01:44:02] I greet thy love,  
 [01:44:04] Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
 [01:44:10] And will upon the instant put thee to't:  
 [01:44:12] Within these three days let me hear thee say  
 [01:44:19] That Cassio's not alive.  
 [01:44:23] My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:  
 [01:44:26] But let her live.  
 [01:44:28] Damn her, lewd minx!  
 [01:44:34] Damn her! Damn her.  
 [01:44:46] Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
 [01:44:50] To furnish me with some quick means of death  
 [01:44:53] For the fair devil.  
 [01:44:56] Now art thou my lieutenant.  
 [01:45:04] I am your own for ever.  
 [01:45:57] Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?  
 [01:46:00] I know not, madam.  
 [01:46:04] Believe me, I'd rather have lose my purse  
 [01:46:06] Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor  
 [01:46:11] Is true of mind and made of no such baseness  
 [01:46:14] As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
 [01:46:16] To put him to ill thinking.  
 [01:46:19] Is he not jealous?  
 [01:46:21] Who, he?  
 [01:46:24] I think the sun where he was born  
 [01:46:25] Drew all such humours from him.  
 [01:46:31] Look, where he comes.  
 [01:46:33] I will not leave him now till Cassio  
 [01:46:35] Be call'd to him.  
 [01:46:39] How is't with you, my lord?  
 [01:46:41] Well, my good lady.  
 [01:46:43] O, hardness to dissemble--  
 [01:46:45] How do you, Desdemona?  
 [01:46:48] Well, my good lord.  
 [01:46:53] Give me thy hand:  
 [01:47:03] this hand is moist, my lady.  
 [01:47:05] It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.  
 [01:47:08] This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:  
 [01:47:13] Hot, hot, and moist:  
 [01:47:20] this hand of yours requires  
 [01:47:22] A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
 [01:47:25] Much castigation, exercise devout;  
 [01:47:29] For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
 [01:47:31] That commonly rebels.  
 [01:47:35] 'Tis a good hand,  
 [01:47:36] A frank one.  
 [01:47:37] You may, indeed, say so;  
 [01:47:39] For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.  
 [01:47:46] A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;  
 [01:47:50] But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.  
 [01:48:00] I cannot speak of this.  
 [01:48:02] Come now, your promise.  
 [01:48:04] What promise, chuck?  
 [01:48:06] I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.  
 [01:48:13] I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;

[01:48:14] Lend me thy handkerchief.  
[01:48:16] Here, my lord.  
[01:48:17] That which I gave you.  
[01:48:18] I have it not about me.  
[01:48:19] Not?  
[01:48:21] No, my lord.  
[01:48:23] That's a fault.  
[01:48:25] That handkerchief  
[01:48:27] Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
[01:48:30] She was a charmer, and could almost read  
[01:48:33] The thoughts of people:  
[01:48:34] She told her, while she kept it,  
[01:48:37] 'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father  
[01:48:39] Entirely to her love, but if she lost it  
[01:48:43] Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
[01:48:48] Should hold her loathly and his spirits should hunt  
[01:48:50] After new fancies:  
[01:48:52] she, dying, gave it me;  
[01:48:55] And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
[01:48:58] I give it her.  
[01:49:01] I did so: and take heed on't;  
[01:49:05] Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
[01:49:09] To lose't or give't away were such perdition  
[01:49:13] As nothing else could match.  
[01:49:15] Is't possible?  
[01:49:17] 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:  
[01:49:19] A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
[01:49:22] The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
[01:49:24] In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;  
[01:49:28] The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;  
[01:49:32] And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful  
[01:49:35] Conserved of maidens' hearts.  
[01:49:39] Is't true?  
[01:49:40] Most veritable; therefore look to't well.  
[01:49:48] Then would to God that I had never seen't!  
[01:49:49] Ha!  
[01:49:51] Wherefore?  
[01:49:53] Why do you speak so startingly and rash?  
[01:49:55] Is't lost?  
[01:49:56] Is't gone?  
[01:49:57] Speak, is it out o' the way?  
[01:49:59] Heaven bless us!  
[01:50:01] Say you?  
[01:50:04] It is not lost;  
[01:50:10] but what an if it were?  
[01:50:11] How!  
[01:50:12] I say, it is not lost.  
[01:50:13] Fetch't, let me see't.  
[01:50:17] Why, so I can, sir,  
[01:50:24] but I will not now.  
[01:50:29] This is a trick to put me from my suit:  
[01:50:34] I pray you, let Cassio be received again.  
[01:50:36] Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.  
[01:50:38] Come, come;  
[01:50:39] You'll never meet a more sufficient man.  
[01:50:40] The handkerchief!  
[01:50:41] I pray, talk me of Cassio.  
[01:50:42] The handkerchief!  
[01:50:44] A man that all his time  
[01:50:45] Hath founded the good fortunes on your love,



[01:50:46] Shared dangers with you--  
 [01:50:48] The handkerchief!  
 [01:50:49] In faith, you are to blame.  
 [01:50:51] Zounds!  
 [01:51:05] Is not this man jealous?  
 [01:51:06] I ne'er saw this before.  
 [01:51:09] Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:  
 [01:51:12] I am most unhappy at the loss of it.  
 [01:51:16] 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:  
 [01:51:22] They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
 [01:51:25] They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,  
 [01:51:27] They belch us.  
 [01:51:28] Look you, Cassio and my husband,  
 [01:51:34] There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:  
 [01:51:37] And, lo, the happiness!  
 [01:51:39] Go, and importune her.  
 [01:51:44] How now, good Cassio!  
 [01:51:45] What's the news with you?  
 [01:51:48] Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you  
 [01:51:51] That by your virtuous means I may again  
 [01:51:52] Exist, and be a member of his love  
 [01:51:54] Whom I with all the office of my heart  
 [01:51:56] Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.  
 [01:51:59] If my offence be of such mortal kind  
 [01:52:00] That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,  
 [01:52:03] Nor purposed merit in futurity,  
 [01:52:04] Can ransom me into his love again,  
 [01:52:05] But to know so must be my benefit;  
 [01:52:09] So shall I clothe me in a forced content,  
 [01:52:11] And shut myself up in some other course,  
 [01:52:12] To fortune's alms.  
 [01:52:13] Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!  
 [01:52:15] My advocation is not now in tune;  
 [01:52:16] My lord is not my lord; nor would I know him,  
 [01:52:20] Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.  
 [01:52:23] So help me every spirit sanctified,  
 [01:52:26] I've spoken for you all my best  
 [01:52:28] And stood within the blank of his displeasure  
 [01:52:30] For my free speech!  
 [01:52:32] You must awhile be patient:  
 [01:52:34] What I can do I will; and more I will  
 [01:52:36] Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.  
 [01:52:41] Is my lord angry?  
 [01:52:42] He went hence but now,  
 [01:52:44] And certainly in strange unquietness.  
 [01:52:46] Can he be angry?  
 [01:52:48] I have seen the cannon,  
 [01:52:50] When it has blown his ranks into the air,  
 [01:52:52] And, like the devil, from his very arm  
 [01:52:54] Puff'd his own brother-- is he angry?  
 [01:52:57] Something of moment then: I will go meet him:  
 [01:53:01] There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.  
 [01:53:04] I prithee, do so.  
 [01:53:06] Something, sure, of state,  
 [01:53:08] Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practise  
 [01:53:11] Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
 [01:53:13] Hath puddled his clear spirits: and in such cases  
 [01:53:17] Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
 [01:53:19] Though great ones are their object.  
 [01:53:23] 'Tis even so;

[01:53:25] For let our finger ache, and it indues  
 [01:53:28] Our other healthful members even to a sense of pain:  
 [01:53:32] nay, we must think men are not gods,  
 [01:53:35] Nor of them look for such observances  
 [01:53:37] As fit the bridal.  
 [01:53:39] Beshrew me much, Emilia, I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,  
 [01:53:44] Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
 [01:53:47] But now I find I have suborn'd the witness,  
 [01:53:49] And he's indicted falsely.  
 [01:53:51] Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,  
 [01:53:54] And no conception nor no jealous toy concerning you.  
 [01:53:58] Alas the day!  
 [01:53:59] I never gave him cause.  
 [01:54:01] But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
 [01:54:06] They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
 [01:54:08] But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster  
 [01:54:12] Begot upon itself, born on itself.  
 [01:54:17] Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!  
 [01:54:19] Lady, amen.  
 [01:54:22] I will go seek him.  
 [01:54:24] Cassio, walk you hereabout:  
 [01:54:26] If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit  
 [01:54:28] And seek to effect it to my uttermost.  
 [01:54:31] I humbly thank your ladyship.  
 [01:54:50] Save you, friend Cassio!  
 [01:54:51] What make you from home?  
 [01:54:55] How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?  
 [01:54:58] I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.  
 [01:55:01] And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
 [01:55:05] What, keep a week away?  
 [01:55:07] Seven days and nights?  
 [01:55:09] Eight score eight hours?  
 [01:55:10] And lovers' hours,  
 [01:55:12] More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
 [01:55:16] O weary reckoning!  
 [01:55:17] Pardon me, Bianca:  
 [01:55:18] I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:  
 [01:55:20] But I shall, in a more continue time,  
 [01:55:22] Strike off this score of absence.  
 [01:55:24] Sweet Bianca,  
 [01:55:25] Take me this work out.  
 [01:55:28] O Cassio, whence came this?  
 [01:55:32] This is some token from a newer friend:  
 [01:55:35] To the felt absence now I feel a cause:  
 [01:55:38] Is't come to this?  
 [01:55:39] Well, well.  
 [01:55:41] Go to, woman!  
 [01:55:42] Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
 [01:55:43] From whence you have them.  
 [01:55:44] You are jealous now  
 [01:55:46] That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:  
 [01:55:48] No, by my faith, Bianca.  
 [01:55:51] Why, whose is it?  
 [01:55:52] I know not neither:  
 [01:55:53] I found it in my chamber.  
 [01:55:55] I like the work well: ere it be demanded--  
 [01:55:56] As like enough it will--  
 [01:55:57] I'd have it copied:  
 [01:55:59] So take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.  
 [01:56:00] Leave you wherefore?

[01:56:01] I do attend here on the general;  
[01:56:02] And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
[01:56:04] To have him see me woman'd.  
[01:56:06] Why, I pray you?  
[01:56:07] Not that I love you not.  
[01:56:10] But that you do not love me.  
[01:56:15] I pray you, bring me on the way a little,  
[01:56:17] And say if I shall see you soon at night.  
[01:56:20] 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;  
[01:56:21] For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.  
[01:56:24] 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

**Othello Act 4**

[01:56:39] Will you think so?  
 [01:56:41] Think so, Iago!  
 [01:56:42] What, To kiss in private?  
 [01:56:43] An unauthorized kiss.  
 [01:56:46] Or to be naked with her friend in bed  
 [01:56:48] An hour or more, not meaning any harm?  
 [01:56:50] Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!  
 [01:56:53] It is hypocrisy against the devil:  
 [01:56:55] They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
 [01:56:58] The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.  
 [01:57:02] So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:  
 [01:57:04] But if I give my wife a handkerchief--  
 [01:57:06] What then?  
 [01:57:08] Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,  
 [01:57:10] She may, I think, bestow't on any man.  
 [01:57:11] She is protectress of her honour too:  
 [01:57:14] May she give that?  
 [01:57:15] Her honour is an essence that is not seen;  
 [01:57:18] They have it very oft that have it not:  
 [01:57:19] But, for the handkerchief--  
 [01:57:21] By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.  
 [01:57:28] Thou said'st, it comes o'er my memory,  
 [01:57:30] As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
 [01:57:33] Boding to all--  
 [01:57:36] he had my handkerchief.  
 [01:57:38] Ay, what of that?  
 [01:57:40] That's not so good now.  
 [01:57:46] What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?  
 [01:57:51] Or heard him say-- as knaves be such abroad,  
 [01:57:53] Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
 [01:57:55] Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
 [01:57:57] Convinced or supplied them, well, they cannot choose  
 [01:58:00] But they must blab--  
 [01:58:01] Hath he said any thing?  
 [01:58:02] He hath, my lord; but be well assured,  
 [01:58:05] No more than he'll unswear.  
 [01:58:06] What hath he said?  
 [01:58:07] Faith, that he did-- I know not what he did.  
 [01:58:10] What? What?  
 [01:58:11] Lie--  
 [01:58:12] With her?  
 [01:58:13] With her, on her; what you will.  
 [01:58:14] Lie with her! Lie on her!  
 [01:58:16] We say lie on her, when they belie her.  
 [01:58:18] Lie with her!  
 [01:58:21] Zounds. That's fulsome.  
 [01:58:27] Handkerchief--confessions- - handkerchief!--  
 [01:58:30] To confess, and be hanged for his labour--  
 [01:58:32] first, to be hanged, and then to confess.  
 [01:58:34] I tremble at it.  
 [01:58:37] Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion  
 [01:58:40] without some instruction.  
 [01:58:41] It is not words that shakes me thus.  
 [01:58:45] Pish!  
 [01:58:46] Noses, ears, and lips.  
 [01:58:48] Is't possible?  
 [01:58:52] Confess--handkerchief!-- O devil!--  
 [01:59:06] Work on, My medicine, work!

[01:59:11] Thus credulous fools are caught;  
[01:59:13] And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
[01:59:16] All guiltless, meet reproach.  
[01:59:18] What, ho! My lord!  
[01:59:20] My lord, I say.  
[01:59:21] Othello.  
[01:59:24] How now, Cassio.  
[01:59:26] What's the matter?  
[01:59:27] My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:  
[01:59:28] This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.  
[01:59:31] Rub him about the temples.  
[01:59:32] No, forbear;  
[01:59:37] The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
[01:59:40] If not, he foams at mouth and by and by  
[01:59:43] Breaks out to savage madness.  
[01:59:45] Look he stirs:  
[01:59:47] Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
[01:59:48] He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
[01:59:51] I would on great occasion speak with you.  
[01:59:59] How is it, general?  
[02:00:00] Have you not hurt your head?  
[02:00:03] Dost thou mock me?  
[02:00:04] I mock thee?  
[02:00:06] No, by heaven.  
[02:00:08] Would you would take your fortune like a man!  
[02:00:11] A horned man's a monster and a beast.  
[02:00:14] There's many a beast then in a populous city,  
[02:00:16] And many a civil monster.  
[02:00:23] Did he confess it?  
[02:00:24] Good sir, be a man;  
[02:00:29] Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked  
[02:00:34] May draw with you: there's millions now alive  
[02:00:37] That nightly lie in those improper beds  
[02:00:40] Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.  
[02:00:47] O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
[02:00:51] To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
[02:00:53] Oh no, let me know;  
[02:00:56] And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.  
[02:01:00] Nay, thou art wise; 'tis certain.  
[02:01:06] Stand you awhile apart;  
[02:01:07] Confine yourself but in a patient list.  
[02:01:11] While you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief--  
[02:01:13] A passion most unsuiting such a man--  
[02:01:16] Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,  
[02:01:20] And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,  
[02:01:22] Bade him anon return and here speak with me.  
[02:01:25] Do but encave yourself,  
[02:01:27] And mark the fleers, the gibes, the notable scorns,  
[02:01:33] That dwell in every region of his face;  
[02:01:36] For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
[02:01:38] Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
[02:01:43] He hath, and is again to cope your wife:  
[02:01:47] Hurry, I say, but mark his gesture.  
[02:01:50] Marry, patience;  
[02:01:51] Or else I shall say you are all in all in spleen,  
[02:01:55] And nothing of a man.  
[02:01:58] Dost thou know, Iago?  
[02:01:59] I will be most cunning in my patience;  
[02:02:01] But--dost thou hear?-- most bloody.  
[02:02:04] That's not amiss;

[02:02:05] Yet keep time in all.  
[02:02:08] Will you withdraw?  
[02:02:30] Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
[02:02:33] A housewife that by selling her desires  
[02:02:35] Buys herself bread and clothes:  
[02:02:38] it is a creature  
[02:02:40] That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague  
[02:02:42] To beguile many and be beguiled by one:  
[02:02:45] He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain  
[02:02:48] From an excess of laughter.  
[02:02:50] Here he comes:  
[02:02:52] As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad.  
[02:02:55] His unbookish jealousy must construe  
[02:02:59] Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behavior,  
[02:03:02] Quite in the wrong.  
[02:03:05] How do you now, lieutenant?  
[02:03:07] The worse that you give me the addition  
[02:03:08] Whose want even kills me.  
[02:03:10] Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.  
[02:03:14] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,  
[02:03:16] How quickly should you speed!  
[02:03:18] Alas, poor caitiff!  
[02:03:20] I never knew woman love man so.  
[02:03:22] Alas, poor rogue!  
[02:03:23] I think, i' faith, she loves me.  
[02:03:25] Do you hear, Cassio?  
[02:03:26] She gives it out that you shall marry hey:  
[02:03:29] Do you intend it?  
[02:03:31] Ha, ha, ha!  
[02:03:32] I marry her!  
[02:03:34] What?  
[02:03:35] A customer!  
[02:03:36] Prithee, bear some charity to my wit:  
[02:03:37] don't think it so unwholesome.  
[02:03:39] The cry goes that you shall marry her.  
[02:03:40] Prithee, say true.  
[02:03:41] I am a very villain else.  
[02:03:42] This is the monkey's own giving out:  
[02:03:44] she is persuaded I will marry her,  
[02:03:45] out of her own love and flattery,  
[02:03:46] not out of my promise.  
[02:03:48] She was here even now; she haunts me in every place.  
[02:03:52] I was the other day talking on the sea-bank  
[02:03:54] with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble,  
[02:03:56] and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck--  
[02:04:00] So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me;  
[02:04:02] so hales, and pulls me.  
[02:04:05] Oh, well, I must leave her company.  
[02:04:06] Before me!  
[02:04:07] Look, where she comes.  
[02:04:08] 'Tis such another fitchew!  
[02:04:09] Marry a perfumed one.  
[02:04:10] What do you mean by this haunting of me?  
[02:04:12] Let the devil and his dam haunt you!  
[02:04:14] What did you mean by that same handkerchief  
[02:04:15] you gave me even now?  
[02:04:16] I was a fine fool to take it.  
[02:04:20] I must take out the whole work?  
[02:04:21] A likely piece of work, that you should  
[02:04:23] find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there!

[02:04:27] This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work?  
 [02:04:31] There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it,  
 [02:04:34] I'll take out no work on't.  
 [02:04:46] An you'll come to supper to-night, you may;  
 [02:04:48] an you will not,  
 [02:04:49] come when you are next prepared for.  
 [02:04:53] After her, after her.  
 [02:04:55] 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.  
 [02:04:57] Will you sup there?  
 [02:04:58] 'Faith, I intend so.  
 [02:04:59] Well, I may chance to see you;  
 [02:05:01] for I would very fain speak with you.  
 [02:05:03] Prithee, come; will you?  
 [02:05:05] Go to; say no more.  
 [02:05:28] How shall I murder him, Iago?  
 [02:05:31] Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?  
 [02:05:34] O Iago!  
 [02:05:35] And did you see the handkerchief?  
 [02:05:37] Was that mine?  
 [02:05:39] Yours by this hand:  
 [02:05:41] and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife!  
 [02:05:45] She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.  
 [02:05:47] I would have him nine years a-killing.  
 [02:05:51] A fine woman!  
 [02:05:53] A fair woman! A sweet woman!  
 [02:05:55] Nay, you must forget that.  
 [02:05:56] Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night;  
 [02:05:59] for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone;  
 [02:06:05] I strike it, and it hurts my hand.  
 [02:06:09] O, the world hath not a sweeter creature:  
 [02:06:15] she might lie by an emperor's side  
 [02:06:17] and command him tasks.  
 [02:06:18] Nay, that's not your way.  
 [02:06:19] Hang her!  
 [02:06:21] I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle:  
 [02:06:23] an admirable musician:  
 [02:06:26] O!  
 [02:06:28] She will sing the savageness out of a bear:  
 [02:06:33] of so high and plenteous wit and invention--  
 [02:06:36] She's the worse for all this.  
 [02:06:37] Ay, a thousand and thousand times:  
 [02:06:39] and then, of so gentle a condition!  
 [02:06:43] Ay, too gentle.  
 [02:06:44] Nay, that's certain: and yet the pity of it, Iago!  
 [02:06:50] O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!  
 [02:06:55] If you be so fond over her iniquity,  
 [02:06:57] give her patent to offend; If it touch not you,  
 [02:06:59] it comes near nobody.  
 [02:07:02] I chop her into messes: cuckold me!  
 [02:07:05] O, 'tis foul in her.  
 [02:07:06] With mine officer!  
 [02:07:07] That's fouler.  
 [02:07:11] Get me some poison this night, Iago.  
 [02:07:12] I'll not expostulate with her,  
 [02:07:13] lest her beauty and body unprovide my mind again:  
 [02:07:15] this night, Iago.  
 [02:07:17] Do it not with poison,  
 [02:07:25] strangle her in her bed,  
 [02:07:27] even the bed she hath contaminated.  
 [02:07:32] Good: the justice of it pleases me:

[02:07:33] good, very good.  
[02:07:34] And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker:  
[02:07:38] you shall hear more by midnight.  
[02:07:40] Excellent good.  
[02:07:41] What trumpet is that same?  
[02:07:43] Warrant something from Venice.  
[02:07:54] 'Tis Lodovico.  
[02:07:55] This comes from the duke: see, your wife is with him.  
[02:08:01] God save thee, worthy general!  
[02:08:02] With all my heart, sir.  
[02:08:04] The duke and senators of Venice greet you.  
[02:08:06] I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.  
[02:08:13] What's the news, good cousin Lodovico?  
[02:08:15] I am very glad to see you, signior.  
[02:08:17] Welcome to Cyprus.  
[02:08:18] I thank you.  
[02:08:19] How does Lieutenant Cassio?  
[02:08:21] Lives, sir.  
[02:08:23] Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord  
[02:08:25] A most unkind breach: but you shall make all well.  
[02:08:28] Are you sure of that?  
[02:08:29] My lord?  
[02:08:30] 'This fail you not to do, as you will--'  
[02:08:32] He did not call; he's busy in the paper.  
[02:08:35] Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?  
[02:08:37] A most unhappy one: I would do much  
[02:08:39] To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.  
[02:08:41] Fire and brimstone!  
[02:08:42] My lord?  
[02:08:43] Are you wise?  
[02:08:45] What, is he angry?  
[02:08:47] May be the letter moved him;  
[02:08:48] For, as I think, they do command him home,  
[02:08:50] Deputing Cassio in his government.  
[02:08:52] By my troth, I am glad on't.  
[02:08:54] Indeed!  
[02:08:55] My lord?  
[02:08:56] I am glad to see you mad.  
[02:08:58] Why, sweet Othello--  
[02:08:59] Devil!  
[02:09:02] I have not deserved this.  
[02:09:04] My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,  
[02:09:06] Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:  
[02:09:10] Make her amends; she weeps.  
[02:09:12] O devil, devil!  
[02:09:15] If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
[02:09:17] Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.  
[02:09:20] Out of my sight!  
[02:09:21] I will not stay to offend you.  
[02:09:24] Truly, an obedient lady:  
[02:09:25] I do beseech your lordship, call her back.  
[02:09:28] Mistress!  
[02:09:39] My lord?  
[02:09:40] What would you with her, sir?  
[02:09:42] Who, I, my lord?  
[02:09:43] Ay; you did wish that I should make her turn:  
[02:09:46] Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
[02:09:49] And turn again;  
[02:09:51] and she can weep, sir, weep;  
[02:09:53] And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,



[02:09:56] Very obedient.  
 [02:09:57] Proceed you in your tears.  
 [02:10:04] Concerning this, sir,--  
 [02:10:05] O well-painted passion!--  
 [02:10:10] I am commanded home.  
 [02:10:12] Get you away; I'll send for you anon.  
 [02:10:20] Sir, I obey the mandate,  
 [02:10:22] And will return to Venice.  
 [02:10:24] Hence, avaunt!  
 [02:10:35] Cassio shall have my place.  
 [02:10:38] Sir,  
 [02:10:44] tonight, I do entreat that we may sup together:  
 [02:10:50] You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus--  
 [02:10:57] Goats and monkeys!  
 [02:11:04] Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate  
 [02:11:06] Call all in all sufficient?  
 [02:11:08] Is this the nature  
 [02:11:09] Whom passion could not shake?  
 [02:11:10] Whose solid virtue  
 [02:11:12] The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
 [02:11:14] Could neither graze nor pierce?  
 [02:11:16] He is much changed.  
 [02:11:17] Are his wits safe?  
 [02:11:19] Is he not light of brain?  
 [02:11:21] He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure  
 [02:11:24] What he might be: if what he might he is not,  
 [02:11:27] I would to heaven he were!  
 [02:11:28] What, strike his wife!  
 [02:11:30] 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew  
 [02:11:32] That stroke would prove the worst!  
 [02:11:34] Is it his use?  
 [02:11:36] Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
 [02:11:37] And new-create this fault?  
 [02:11:39] Alas, alas!  
 [02:11:40] It is not honesty in me to speak  
 [02:11:41] What I have seen and known.  
 [02:11:44] You shall observe him,  
 [02:11:45] And his own courses will denote him so  
 [02:11:47] That I may save my speech: will you go after,  
 [02:11:51] And mark how he continues.  
 [02:11:53] I am sorry that I am deceived in him.  
 [02:12:18] So you have seen nothing then?  
 [02:12:19] Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.  
 [02:12:22] Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.  
 [02:12:26] But then I saw no harm, and then I heard  
 [02:12:30] Each syllable that breath made up between them.  
 [02:12:33] What, did they never whisper?  
 [02:12:35] Never, my lord.  
 [02:12:36] Nor send you out o' the way?  
 [02:12:38] Never.  
 [02:12:39] To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?  
 [02:12:41] Never, my lord.  
 [02:12:45] That's strange.  
 [02:12:48] I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
 [02:12:51] Lay down my soul at stake:  
 [02:12:54] if you think other,  
 [02:12:55] Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
 [02:12:58] If any wretch have put this in your head,  
 [02:13:00] Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
 [02:13:03] For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

[02:13:05] There's no man happy; the purest of their wives  
[02:13:09] Is foul as slander.  
[02:13:13] Bid her come hither: go.  
[02:13:23] She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd  
[02:13:27] That cannot say as much.  
[02:13:32] This is a subtle whore,  
[02:13:34] A closet lock and key of villanous secrets  
[02:13:39] And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.  
[02:13:52] My lord, what is your will?  
[02:13:53] I pray you, chuck, come hither.  
[02:14:02] What is your pleasure?  
[02:14:05] Let me see your eyes;  
[02:14:07] Look in my face!  
[02:14:09] What horrible fancy's this?  
[02:14:14] Some of your function, mistress;  
[02:14:16] Leave procreants alone and shut the door;  
[02:14:20] Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come:  
[02:14:23] Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch.  
[02:14:30] Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?  
[02:14:35] I understand a fury in your words.  
[02:14:37] But not the words.  
[02:14:42] Why, what art thou?  
[02:14:44] Your wife, my lord; your true  
[02:14:47] And loyal wife.  
[02:14:50] Come, swear it, damn thyself  
[02:14:52] Lest, like being one of heaven, the devils themselves  
[02:14:55] Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd:  
[02:14:59] Swear thou art honest.  
[02:15:01] Heaven doth truly know it.  
[02:15:04] Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.  
[02:15:07] To whom, my lord?  
[02:15:08] With whom?  
[02:15:09] How am I false?  
[02:15:11] Desdemona!  
[02:15:15] Away!  
[02:15:18] Away!  
[02:15:22] Alas the day!  
[02:15:26] Why do you weep?  
[02:15:31] Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?  
[02:15:36] If haply you my father do suspect  
[02:15:38] An instrument of this your calling back,  
[02:15:40] Lay not your blame on me:  
[02:15:43] If you have lost him,  
[02:15:44] Why, I have lost him too.  
[02:15:49] Had it pleased heaven  
[02:15:50] To try me with affliction; had they rain'd  
[02:15:53] All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head.  
[02:15:56] Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,  
[02:15:59] Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
[02:16:02] I should have found in some place of my soul  
[02:16:06] A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me  
[02:16:12] A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
[02:16:15] To point his slow unmoving finger at!  
[02:16:18] Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:  
[02:16:25] But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
[02:16:32] Where either I must live, or bear no life;  
[02:16:35] The fountain from the which my current runs,  
[02:16:40] Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!  
[02:16:44] Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
[02:16:47] To knot and gender in!

[02:16:54] Turn thy complexion there,  
 [02:16:56] Ay, patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin--  
 [02:16:58] Ay, there, look grim as hell!  
 [02:17:04] I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.  
 [02:17:06] O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
 [02:17:10] That quicken even with blowing.  
 [02:17:12] O thou weed,  
 [02:17:14] Who art so lovely fresh and smell'st so sweet  
 [02:17:18] That the sense aches at thee,  
 [02:17:21] would thou hadst ne'er been born!  
 [02:17:24] Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?  
 [02:17:30] Alack, was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
 [02:17:35] Made to write 'whore' upon?  
 [02:17:37] What committed!  
 [02:17:40] Committed!  
 [02:17:41] O thou public commoner!  
 [02:17:44] I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
 [02:17:46] That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
 [02:17:48] Did I but speak thy deeds.  
 [02:17:50] What committed!  
 [02:17:51] Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,  
 [02:17:54] The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets  
 [02:17:57] Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth  
 [02:18:00] And will not hear it.  
 [02:18:01] What committed!  
 [02:18:04] Impudent strumpet!  
 [02:18:08] By heaven, you do me wrong.  
 [02:18:10] Are you not a strumpet?  
 [02:18:11] No, as I am a Christian:  
 [02:18:14] If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
 [02:18:16] From any other foul unlawful touch  
 [02:18:18] Be not to be a strumpet, why, I am none.  
 [02:18:20] What, not a whore?  
 [02:18:22] No, as I shall be saved.  
 [02:18:23] Is't possible?  
 [02:18:27] O, heaven forgive us!  
 [02:18:30] I cry you mercy, then:  
 [02:18:32] I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
 [02:18:35] That married with Othello.  
 [02:18:42] You, mistress,  
 [02:18:43] That have the office opposite Saint Peter,  
 [02:18:46] And keeps the gate of hell!  
 [02:18:47] You, you, ay, you!  
 [02:18:50] We have done our course; there's money for your pains:  
 [02:18:56] I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.  
 [02:19:05] Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?  
 [02:19:09] How do you, madam?  
 [02:19:10] How do you, my good lady?  
 [02:19:15] 'Faith, half asleep.  
 [02:19:33] Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?  
 [02:19:37] With who?  
 [02:19:39] Why, with my lord, my lady.  
 [02:19:41] Who is thy lord?  
 [02:19:42] He that is yours, sweet lady.  
 [02:19:45] I have none:  
 [02:19:50] do not talk to me, Emilia;  
 [02:19:54] I cannot weep; nor answers have I none,  
 [02:20:01] As I should go by water.  
 [02:20:07] I prithee, tonight  
 [02:20:08] Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;

[02:20:18] And call thy husband hither.  
[02:20:22] Here's a change indeed!  
[02:20:35] 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.  
[02:20:41] How have I been behaved, that he should stick  
[02:20:43] The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?  
[02:20:56] What is your pleasure, madam?  
[02:20:58] How is't with you?  
[02:21:01] I cannot tell.  
[02:21:05] Those that do teach young babes  
[02:21:08] Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:  
[02:21:14] He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,  
[02:21:18] I am a child to chiding.  
[02:21:20] What is the matter, lady?  
[02:21:23] Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her.  
[02:21:26] Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
[02:21:28] As true hearts cannot bear it.  
[02:21:30] Am I that name, Iago?  
[02:21:32] What name, fair lady?  
[02:21:34] Such as she says my lord did say I was.  
[02:21:35] He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink  
[02:21:39] Would not have laid such terms upon his callat.  
[02:21:41] Why did he so?  
[02:21:43] I do not know; I am sure I am none such.  
[02:21:46] Do not weep, do not weep.  
[02:21:48] Alas the day!  
[02:21:49] Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
[02:21:51] Her father and her country and her friends,  
[02:21:53] To be call'd whore?  
[02:21:54] Would it not make one weep?  
[02:21:56] It is my wretched fortune.  
[02:21:59] Beshrew him for't!  
[02:22:00] How comes this trick upon him?  
[02:22:02] Nay, heaven doth know.  
[02:22:04] I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
[02:22:06] Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
[02:22:09] Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
[02:22:12] Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.  
[02:22:15] There is no such man; it is impossible.  
[02:22:18] If any such there be, heaven pardon him!  
[02:22:21] A halter pardon him!  
[02:22:22] And hell gnaw his bones!  
[02:22:24] Why should he call her whore?  
[02:22:27] What keeps her company?  
[02:22:29] What time? What place? What form?  
[02:22:32] What likelihood?  
[02:22:33] The Moor's abused by some egregious knave,  
[02:22:36] Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.  
[02:22:38] O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,  
[02:22:44] And put in every honest hand a whip  
[02:22:46] To lash the rascals naked through the world  
[02:22:48] Even to the east to the west!  
[02:22:49] Speak within door.  
[02:22:50] O, fie upon them!  
[02:22:54] Some such squire he was  
[02:22:55] That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
[02:22:57] And made you to suspect me with the Moor.  
[02:22:59] You are a fool; go to.  
[02:23:00] O good Iago,  
[02:23:02] How shall I win my lord again?  
[02:23:04] Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

[02:23:07] I know not how I lost him.  
 [02:23:09] Here I do kneel:  
 [02:23:13] If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
 [02:23:15] Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,  
 [02:23:18] Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
 [02:23:21] Delighted them in any other form;  
 [02:23:23] Or that I do not yet, and ever did.  
 [02:23:25] And ever will-- though he do shake me off  
 [02:23:27] To beggarly divorcement-- love him dearly,  
 [02:23:29] Comfort forswear me!  
 [02:23:33] Unkindness may do much;  
 [02:23:36] And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
 [02:23:38] But never taint my love.  
 [02:23:43] I cannot say 'whore:'  
 [02:23:46] It does abhor me now I speak the word;  
 [02:23:50] To do the act that might the addition earn  
 [02:23:52] Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.  
 [02:23:56] I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:  
 [02:24:03] The business of the state does him offence,  
 [02:24:05] And he doth chide with you.  
 [02:24:06] If 'twere no other--  
 [02:24:08] 'Tis but so, I warrant.  
 [02:24:10] Hark, how these instruments summon you to supper!  
 [02:24:14] Boo, boo, boo, boo.  
 [02:24:16] The messengers of Venice stay the meat;  
 [02:24:18] Go in, and weep not; all things will be well.  
 [02:24:25] Boo, boo, boo, boo.  
 [02:24:27] Come on.  
 [02:24:30] Boo, boo, boo, boo.  
 [02:24:39] Doo, roo, doo, roo.  
 [02:24:43] How now, Roderigo!  
 [02:24:44] I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.  
 [02:24:47] What in the contrary?  
 [02:24:48] Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago;  
 [02:24:51] and rather, as it seems to me now,  
 [02:24:52] keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me  
 [02:24:54] with the least advantage of hope.  
 [02:24:56] I will indeed no longer endure it,  
 [02:24:58] nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace  
 [02:25:01] what already I have foolishly suffered.  
 [02:25:03] Will you hear me, Roderigo?  
 [02:25:05] 'Faith, I've heard too much, for your words  
 [02:25:07] and performances are no kin together.  
 [02:25:09] You charge me most unjustly.  
 [02:25:12] With nought but truth.  
 [02:25:13] I have wasted myself out of my means.  
 [02:25:16] The jewels you've had from me to deliver to Desdemona  
 [02:25:18] would half have corrupted a votarist:  
 [02:25:21] you've told me she hath received them  
 [02:25:23] and returned me expectations and comforts  
 [02:25:25] of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.  
 [02:25:27] Well; go to; very well.  
 [02:25:28] Very well!  
 [02:25:29] Go to!  
 [02:25:31] I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well:  
 [02:25:34] By this hand, I say it is scurvy,  
 [02:25:36] and begin to find myself fobbed in it.  
 [02:25:38] Very well.  
 [02:25:39] I say 'tis not very well.  
 [02:25:43] I will make myself known to Desdemona:

[02:25:46] if she'll return me my jewels,  
 [02:25:47] I'll give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation;  
 [02:25:51] if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.  
 [02:25:56] You have said now.  
 [02:25:57] Ay, and said nothing  
 [02:25:59] but what I protest intendment of doing.  
 [02:26:04] Why, now I see there's mettle in thee,  
 [02:26:08] and even from this instant to build  
 [02:26:11] a better opinion of thee than ever before.  
 [02:26:14] Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me  
 [02:26:19] a most just exception;  
 [02:26:21] but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly  
 [02:26:24] in thy affair.  
 [02:26:25] It hath not appeared.  
 [02:26:27] I grant indeed it hath not appeared,  
 [02:26:30] and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.  
 [02:26:35] But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed,  
 [02:26:38] which I have greater reason to suspect now than ever,  
 [02:26:43] why, I mean purpose,  
 [02:26:48] courage, valour, this night show it:  
 [02:26:53] if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona,  
 [02:26:57] take me from this world with treachery,  
 [02:26:59] devise engines for my life.  
 [02:27:03] Well, what is it?  
 [02:27:04] Is it within reason and compass?  
 [02:27:06] Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice  
 [02:27:12] to depute Cassio in Othello's place.  
 [02:27:15] Is that true?  
 [02:27:16] Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.  
 [02:27:18] O, no; he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him  
 [02:27:22] the fair Desdemona, unless his abode  
 [02:27:25] be lingered here by some accident:  
 [02:27:27] whereto none can be so determinate  
 [02:27:30] as the removing of Cassio.  
 [02:27:33] How do you mean, removing of him?  
 [02:27:36] Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place;  
 [02:27:42] knocking out his brains.  
 [02:27:46] And that you would have me to do?  
 [02:27:47] Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right.  
 [02:27:53] He sups to-night with a harlotry,  
 [02:27:55] and thither will I go to him:  
 [02:27:57] he knows not yet of his honorable fortune.  
 [02:28:00] If you will watch his going thence,  
 [02:28:02] which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,  
 [02:28:05] you may take him at your pleasure:  
 [02:28:07] I'll be near by to second thy attempt,  
 [02:28:10] and he shall fall between us.  
 [02:28:12] Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me;  
 [02:28:15] I will show you such a necessity in his death  
 [02:28:20] that you will think yourself bound to put it on him.  
 [02:28:24] It is now high suppertime, and the night grows to waste:  
 [02:28:26] about it.  
 [02:28:28] I will hear further reason for this.  
 [02:28:30] And you shall be satisfied.  
 [02:28:56] I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.  
 [02:29:00] O, pardon me: 'twill do me good to walk.  
 [02:29:09] Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.  
 [02:29:12] Your honour is most welcome.  
 [02:29:16] So will you walk?  
 [02:29:23] O--Desdemona--

[02:29:24] My lord?  
[02:29:26] Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith:  
[02:29:30] dispatch your attendant there: look it be done.  
[02:29:32] I will, my lord.  
[02:30:12] How goes it now?  
[02:30:14] He looks gentler than he did.  
[02:30:16] He says he will return incontinent:  
[02:30:19] He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
[02:30:21] And bade me to dismiss you.  
[02:30:22] Dismiss me!  
[02:30:23] That was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia.  
[02:30:24] Give me my nightly wearing:  
[02:30:27] We must not now displease him.  
[02:30:48] I would you had never seen him!  
[02:30:50] So would not I my love doth so approve him,  
[02:30:56] That even his stubbornness, his cheques, his frowns--  
[02:30:58] Prithee, unpin me-- have grace and favour in them.  
[02:31:07] I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.  
[02:31:09] All's one.  
[02:31:16] Good faith, how foolish are our minds!  
[02:31:23] If I should die before thee prithee, shroud me  
[02:31:28] In one of those same sheets.  
[02:31:29] Oh, come, come you talk.  
[02:32:00] My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:  
[02:32:06] She was in love, and he she loved proved mad  
[02:32:11] And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow;'  
[02:32:17] An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
[02:32:22] And she died singing it:  
[02:32:28] that song to-night  
[02:32:29] Will not go from my mind;  
[02:32:32] I have much to do,  
[02:32:34] But go hang my head all on one side,  
[02:32:36] And sing it like poor Barbara.  
[02:32:41] Prithee, dispatch.  
[02:32:42] Shall I go fetch your night-gown?  
[02:32:43] No, no, no, unpin me here.  
[02:32:51] This Lodovico is a proper man.  
[02:32:55] A very handsome man.  
[02:32:56] He speaks well.  
[02:32:58] I know a lady in Venice would have walked  
[02:33:01] barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.  
[02:33:16] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
[02:33:24] Sing all a green willow:  
[02:33:28] Sing willow, willow, willow:  
[02:33:34] Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
[02:33:42] Sing all a green willow.  
[02:33:46] Sing willow, willow, willow.  
[02:33:53] The fresh stream ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;  
[02:34:01] Sing willow, willow, willow;  
[02:34:06] Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;  
[02:34:16] Sing willow, willow, willow;  
[02:34:20] Lay by these--  
[02:34:23] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
[02:34:34] Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon--  
[02:34:43] Let nobody blame him--  
[02:34:45] No, that's not next.  
[02:34:48] Hark! Who is't that knocks?  
[02:34:51] It's the wind.  
[02:34:57] I call'd my love false love; and what said he then?  
[02:35:05] Sing willow, willow, willow; Sing all a green willow.

[02:35:16] If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!  
[02:35:23] Sing willow, willow, willow.  
[02:35:34] So, get thee gone; good night  
[02:35:42] Oh, mine eyes do itch;  
[02:35:47] Doth that bode weeping?  
[02:35:50] 'Tis neither here nor there.  
[02:35:51] Oh, I have heard it said so.  
[02:35:58] O, these men, these men!  
[02:36:03] Dost thou in conscience think-- tell me, Emilia--  
[02:36:06] That there be women do abuse their husbands  
[02:36:10] In such gross kind?  
[02:36:13] There be some such, no question.  
[02:36:16] Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?  
[02:36:20] Why, would not you?  
[02:36:21] Nay, by this heavenly light!  
[02:36:23] Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  
[02:36:27] I might do't as well i' the dark.  
[02:36:33] Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?  
[02:36:35] The world's a huge thing: it is a great price  
[02:36:40] For a small vice.  
[02:36:43] Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.  
[02:36:45] By my troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done it.  
[02:36:54] Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring,  
[02:36:57] nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns and petticoats,  
[02:37:02] nor caps, nor for any petty exhibition;  
[02:37:05] but for all the whole world--  
[02:37:08] pity what woman would not make her husband a cuckold  
[02:37:10] to make him a monarch?  
[02:37:14] I should venture purgatory for't.  
[02:37:18] Beshrew me, if I should do such a wrong  
[02:37:20] For the whole world.  
[02:37:22] Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world:  
[02:37:24] and having the world for your labour,  
[02:37:27] tis a wrong in your own world,  
[02:37:29] and you might quickly make it right.  
[02:37:32] I do not believe there is any such woman.  
[02:37:34] Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage  
[02:37:39] as would store the world they played for.  
[02:37:44] But I do think it is their husbands' faults,  
[02:37:46] If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,  
[02:37:51] And pour our treasures into foreign laps,  
[02:37:53] Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
[02:37:56] Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,  
[02:37:59] Or scant our former having in despite;  
[02:38:03] Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,  
[02:38:08] Yet have we some revenge.  
[02:38:12] Let husbands know  
[02:38:13] Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell  
[02:38:18] And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
[02:38:20] As men have.  
[02:38:25] What is it that they do  
[02:38:27] When they change us for others?  
[02:38:31] Is it sport?  
[02:38:34] I think it is: and doth affection breed it?  
[02:38:39] I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?  
[02:38:44] It is so too: and have not we affections,  
[02:38:49] Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
[02:38:55] Then let them use us well: else let them know,  
[02:39:00] The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.  
[02:39:10] Good night, good night:



[02:39:17] God me such uses send,

[02:39:21] Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

**Othello Act 5**

[ 02 : 40 : 21 ] Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:  
 [ 02 : 40 : 27 ] Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:  
 [ 02 : 40 : 29 ] Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:  
 [ 02 : 40 : 33 ] It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
 [ 02 : 40 : 36 ] And fix most firm thy resolution.  
 [ 02 : 40 : 39 ] Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.  
 [ 02 : 40 : 42 ] Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.  
 [ 02 : 40 : 47 ] I have no great devotion to the deed;  
 [ 02 : 40 : 49 ] Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:  
 [ 02 : 40 : 52 ] 'Tis but a man gone.  
 [ 02 : 40 : 56 ] Forth, my sword: he dies.  
 [ 02 : 41 : 05 ] I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,  
 [ 02 : 41 : 09 ] And he grows angry.  
 [ 02 : 41 : 11 ] Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
 [ 02 : 41 : 14 ] Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
 [ 02 : 41 : 17 ] Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,  
 [ 02 : 41 : 21 ] He calls me to a restitution large  
 [ 02 : 41 : 25 ] Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,  
 [ 02 : 41 : 27 ] As gifts to Desdemona;  
 [ 02 : 41 : 29 ] It must not be: if Cassio do remain,  
 [ 02 : 41 : 33 ] He has a daily beauty in his life  
 [ 02 : 41 : 37 ] That makes me ugly; besides, the Moor  
 [ 02 : 41 : 41 ] May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:  
 [ 02 : 41 : 47 ] No, he must die.  
 [ 02 : 41 : 50 ] Be it so: I hear him coming.  
 [ 02 : 41 : 55 ] I know his gait, 'tis he--  
 [ 02 : 41 : 57 ] Villain, thou diest!  
 [ 02 : 41 : 59 ] Thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
 [ 02 : 42 : 01 ] But that my coat is better than thou know'st  
 [ 02 : 42 : 03 ] I will make proof of thine.  
 [ 02 : 42 : 18 ] Ahh.  
 [ 02 : 42 : 38 ] Ahh!  
 [ 02 : 42 : 45 ] Ohh. Ahh.  
 [ 02 : 42 : 49 ] Iago keeps his word.  
 [ 02 : 42 : 52 ] 'Tis he--  
 [ 02 : 42 : 54 ] O brave Iago, honest and just.  
 [ 02 : 42 : 58 ] O, murder.  
 [ 02 : 43 : 06 ] Minion, your dear lies dead,  
 [ 02 : 43 : 10 ] And my unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come.  
 [ 02 : 43 : 14 ] Forth of mine heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;  
 [ 02 : 43 : 19 ] Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.  
 [ 02 : 43 : 27 ] 'Tis some mischance; which is very direful.  
 [ 02 : 43 : 29 ] Hark! two or three groan: it is a heavy night:  
 [ 02 : 43 : 34 ] These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe  
 [ 02 : 43 : 36 ] To come in to the cry without more help.  
 [ 02 : 43 : 46 ] Hark!  
 [ 02 : 43 : 47 ] Here's one comes in his shirt, with weapons.  
 [ 02 : 43 : 49 ] Who's there?  
 [ 02 : 43 : 50 ] Whose noise is this that cries on murder?  
 [ 02 : 43 : 52 ] We do not know.  
 [ 02 : 43 : 53 ] Did not you hear a cry?  
 [ 02 : 43 : 54 ] Here, here!  
 [ 02 : 43 : 55 ] For heaven's sake, help me!  
 [ 02 : 43 : 56 ] What's the matter?  
 [ 02 : 43 : 58 ] This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.  
 [ 02 : 43 : 59 ] The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.  
 [ 02 : 44 : 03 ] What are you here that cry so grievously?  
 [ 02 : 44 : 05 ] Iago?

[02:44:06] O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!  
[02:44:08] Give me some help.  
[02:44:09] O me, lieutenant!  
[02:44:11] What villains have done this?  
[02:44:13] I think that one of them is hereabout,  
[02:44:14] And cannot make away.  
[02:44:15] O treacherous villains!  
[02:44:16] What are you there?  
[02:44:18] Come in, and give some help.  
[02:44:19] O, help me here!  
[02:44:21] That's one of them.  
[02:44:22] O murderous slave!  
[02:44:26] O villain!  
[02:44:34] Damn'd Iago!  
[02:44:41] Kill men i' the dark!  
[02:44:45] Where be these bloody thieves?  
[02:44:48] How silent is this town!  
[02:44:49] Ho!  
[02:44:51] Murder!  
[02:44:52] Murder!  
[02:44:53] What may you be?  
[02:44:54] Are you good or evil?  
[02:44:55] As you shall prove us, praise us.  
[02:44:57] Signior Lodovico?  
[02:44:58] He, sir.  
[02:44:59] I cry you pardon.  
[02:45:00] Here's Cassio hurt by villains.  
[02:45:03] How is't, brother!  
[02:45:05] My leg's cut in two.  
[02:45:07] Marry, heaven forbid!  
[02:45:09] Light; I'll bind it with my shirt.  
[02:45:13] What is the matter?  
[02:45:15] Who is't that cried?  
[02:45:16] Who is't that cried!  
[02:45:17] O my dear Cassio!  
[02:45:19] My sweet Cassio!  
[02:45:23] O notable strumpet!  
[02:45:26] Cassio, may you suspect  
[02:45:28] Who they should be that have thus have many led you?  
[02:45:29] No.  
[02:45:31] I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.  
[02:45:32] O, for a chair,  
[02:45:33] To bear him easily hence!  
[02:45:35] Alas, he faints!  
[02:45:37] O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!  
[02:45:39] Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
[02:45:41] To be a party in this injury.  
[02:45:43] Patience awhile, good Cassio.  
[02:45:44] Come, come;  
[02:45:46] Lend me the torch.  
[02:45:49] Know we this face or no?  
[02:45:53] Alas my friend, my dear countryman Roderigo!  
[02:46:01] No--yes, sure: O heaven!  
[02:46:05] Roderigo.  
[02:46:07] What, of Venice?  
[02:46:08] Even he, sir; did you know him?  
[02:46:09] Know him!  
[02:46:10] Ay.  
[02:46:12] Signior Gratiano?  
[02:46:13] I cry your gentle pardon;

[02:46:15] These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
[02:46:18] That so neglected you.  
[02:46:19] I am glad to see you.  
[02:46:20] How do you, Cassio?  
[02:46:22] A chair, a chair!  
[02:46:24] Roderigo!  
[02:46:26] He, he 'tis he.  
[02:46:31] O, the chair!  
[02:46:34] I'll fetch the general's surgeon.  
[02:46:36] For you, mistress,  
[02:46:38] Save you your labours.  
[02:46:42] He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
[02:46:44] Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?  
[02:46:50] None in the world; nor do I know the man.  
[02:46:53] What, look you pale?  
[02:46:55] O, bear him out o' the air.  
[02:46:59] Stay you, good gentlemen.  
[02:47:04] Look you pale, mistress?  
[02:47:07] Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?  
[02:47:10] Nay, if you shall stare, we shall hear more anon.  
[02:47:14] Behold her well;  
[02:47:15] I pray you, look at her:  
[02:47:16] Do you see, gentlemen?  
[02:47:18] Nay, guiltiness will speak,  
[02:47:20] Even though tongues were out of use.  
[02:47:21] 'Las, what's the matter?  
[02:47:24] What's the matter, husband?  
[02:47:26] Cassio hath been here set on in the dark  
[02:47:28] By Roderigo and others who are scaped:  
[02:47:30] He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.  
[02:47:35] Alas, good gentleman!  
[02:47:36] Alas, good Cassio!  
[02:47:38] This is the fruit of whoring.  
[02:47:40] Prithee, Emilia,  
[02:47:41] Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.  
[02:47:43] What, do you shake at that?  
[02:47:45] He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.  
[02:47:48] O, did he so?  
[02:47:49] I charge you, go with me.  
[02:47:51] Fie upon thee, strumpet!  
[02:47:53] I am no strumpet; but of life as honest  
[02:47:55] As you that thus abuse me.  
[02:47:57] As I!  
[02:47:58] Foh!  
[02:48:00] Fie upon thee, strumpet!  
[02:48:02] Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.  
[02:48:05] Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.  
[02:48:09] Emilia run you to the citadel,  
[02:48:11] And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.  
[02:48:14] Will you go on afore?  
[02:48:26] This is the night  
[02:48:28] That either makes me or fordoes me quite.  
[02:49:31] It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul--  
[02:49:40] Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!  
[02:49:47] It is the cause.  
[02:50:08] Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
[02:50:13] Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
[02:50:17] And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
[02:50:23] Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
[02:50:34] Put out the light, and then put out the light:

[02:50:47] If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
[02:50:49] I can again thy former light restore,  
[02:50:53] Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,  
[02:51:01] Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
[02:51:07] I know not where is that Promethean heat  
[02:51:09] That can thy light relume.  
[02:51:17] When I have pluck'd thy rose,  
[02:51:22] I cannot give it vital growth again.  
[02:51:28] It needs must wither:  
[02:51:37] I'll smell it on the tree.  
[02:52:01] Ah balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
[02:52:05] Justice to break her sword!  
[02:52:08] One more, one more.  
[02:52:25] Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
[02:52:30] And love thee after.  
[02:52:34] One more, and this the last:  
[02:52:48] So sweet was ne'er so fatal.  
[02:52:53] I must weep, But they are cruel tears:  
[02:52:58] this sorrow's heavenly;  
[02:53:00] It strikes where it doth love.  
[02:53:02] She wakes.  
[02:53:17] Who's there?  
[02:53:26] Othello.  
[02:53:27] Ay, Desdemona.  
[02:53:32] Will you come to bed, my lord?  
[02:53:38] Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?  
[02:53:41] Ay, my lord.  
[02:53:45] If you bethink yourself of any crime  
[02:53:46] Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
[02:53:50] Solicit for it straight.  
[02:53:55] Alack, what may you mean by that?  
[02:53:56] Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:  
[02:54:03] I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
[02:54:07] No; heaven forbid!  
[02:54:12] I would not kill thy soul.  
[02:54:15] Talk you of killing?  
[02:54:19] Ay, I do.  
[02:54:21] Then heaven have mercy on me!  
[02:54:25] Amen, with all my heart!  
[02:54:29] If you say so,  
[02:54:35] I hope you will not kill me.  
[02:54:40] And yet I fear you; for you are fearful then  
[02:54:46] When your eyes roll so:  
[02:54:48] I know not why I fear,  
[02:54:50] Since guiltiness I know not; and yet I feel I fear.  
[02:55:00] Think on thy sins.  
[02:55:01] They are loves I bear to thee.  
[02:55:04] Ay, and for that thou diest.  
[02:55:06] That death's unnatural that kills for loving.  
[02:55:12] Why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
[02:55:16] The bloody passion shakes your very frame:  
[02:55:21] These are portents; and yet I hope, I hope,  
[02:55:25] They do not point at me.  
[02:55:27] Peace, and be still!  
[02:55:28] I will so.  
[02:55:34] What's the matter?  
[02:55:41] That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee  
[02:55:47] Thou gavest to Cassio.  
[02:55:49] No, by my life and soul!  
[02:55:52] Send for the man, and ask him.

[02:55:56] Sweet soul, take heed,  
[02:55:58] Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed.  
[02:55:59] Ay, but not yet to die.  
[02:56:00] Yes, presently:  
[02:56:01] Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;  
[02:56:04] For to deny each article with oath  
[02:56:08] Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
[02:56:11] That I do groan withal.  
[02:56:13] Thou art to die!  
[02:56:15] Then Lord have mercy on me!  
[02:56:17] I say, amen.  
[02:56:18] And have you mercy too!  
[02:56:21] I never did  
[02:56:23] Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio  
[02:56:26] But by such general warranty of heaven  
[02:56:28] As I might love: I never gave him token.  
[02:56:31] By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.  
[02:56:34] O perjured woman!  
[02:56:37] Thou dost stone my heart,  
[02:56:39] And makest me call what I intend to do  
[02:56:40] A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:  
[02:56:43] I saw the handkerchief.  
[02:56:46] He found it then;  
[02:56:48] I never gave it him: send for him hither;  
[02:56:50] Let him confess the truth.  
[02:56:51] He hath confess'd.  
[02:56:55] What, my lord?  
[02:56:56] That he hath used thee.  
[02:57:02] How?  
[02:57:03] Unlawfully?  
[02:57:04] Ay.  
[02:57:06] He will not say so.  
[02:57:08] No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
[02:57:10] Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.  
[02:57:14] My fear interprets: what, is he dead?  
[02:57:18] Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
[02:57:21] Had stomach for them all.  
[02:57:25] Alas!  
[02:57:26] He is betray'd and I undone.  
[02:57:30] Out, strumpet!  
[02:57:31] Weep'st thou for him to my face?  
[02:57:33] O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!  
[02:57:34] Down, strumpet!  
[02:57:35] Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!  
[02:57:37] Nay, if you strive--  
[02:57:38] But half an hour!  
[02:57:39] It is too late.  
[02:57:40] I say one prayer!  
[02:57:41] It is too late.  
[02:58:09] My lord, my lord!  
[02:58:14] What, ho!  
[02:58:15] My lord, my lord!  
[02:58:16] What noise is this?  
[02:58:21] Not dead?  
[02:58:23] Not yet quite dead?  
[02:58:26] I that am cruel am yet merciful;  
[02:58:29] I would not have thee linger in thy pain:  
[02:58:33] So, so.  
[02:58:41] Who's there?  
[02:58:43] Yes: 'tis Emilia.

[02:58:48] By and by.  
[02:58:58] She's dead.  
[02:59:12] 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.  
[02:59:16] The noise was here.  
[02:59:17] Ha! Ha! Ha!  
[02:59:23] No more moving?  
[02:59:26] Still as the grave.  
[02:59:28] Should she come in?  
[02:59:30] Were't good?  
[02:59:32] I think she stirs again: no.  
[02:59:37] What's the best?  
[02:59:39] If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:  
[02:59:44] My wife!  
[02:59:46] My wife!  
[02:59:49] What wife?  
[02:59:52] I have no wife.  
[02:59:56] O insupportable!  
[03:00:00] O heavy hour!  
[03:00:05] Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
[03:00:07] Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe  
[03:00:11] Did yawn at alteration.  
[03:00:19] O, good my lord!  
[03:00:22] I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia;  
[03:00:28] Soft you; by and by.  
[03:00:31] Let me the curtain draw.  
[03:00:40] Where art thou?  
[03:01:01] What's the matter with thee now?  
[03:01:03] O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!  
[03:01:05] What, now?  
[03:01:06] But now.  
[03:01:07] It is the very error of the moon;  
[03:01:08] She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
[03:01:10] And makes men mad.  
[03:01:11] Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian call'd Roderigo.  
[03:01:13] Roderigo kill'd! And Cassio kill'd!  
[03:01:16] No, Cassio is not kill'd.  
[03:01:17] Not Cassio kill'd!  
[03:01:18] Then murder's out of tune,  
[03:01:20] And sweet revenge grows harsh.  
[03:01:28] What cry is that?  
[03:01:29] That! What?  
[03:01:32] Out, and alas!  
[03:01:33] That was my mistress' voice.  
[03:01:40] Help!  
[03:01:42] Help, ho!  
[03:01:45] O lady, lady speak again!  
[03:01:52] Sweet Desdemona!  
[03:01:54] O sweet mistress, speak!  
[03:02:00] A guiltless death I die.  
[03:02:08] O, who hath done this deed?  
[03:02:15] Nobody; I myself.  
[03:02:22] Farewell,  
[03:02:27] Commend me to my kind lord:  
[03:02:32] O, farewell!  
[03:02:58] Why, how should she be murder'd?  
[03:03:01] Alas, who knows?  
[03:03:02] You heard her say herself, it was not I.  
[03:03:04] She said so: I must needs report the truth.  
[03:03:07] She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:  
[03:03:09] 'Twas I that kill'd her.

[03:03:11] O, the more angel she,  
 [03:03:15] And you the blacker devil!  
 [03:03:17] She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.  
 [03:03:19] Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.  
 [03:03:23] She was false as water.  
 [03:03:24] Thou art rash as fire, to say  
 [03:03:25] That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!  
 [03:03:30] Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.  
 [03:03:36] O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
 [03:03:41] But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
 [03:03:44] To this extremity.  
 [03:03:46] Thy husband knew it all.  
 [03:03:49] My husband?  
 [03:03:50] Thy husband.  
 [03:03:52] That she was false to wedlock?  
 [03:03:54] Ay, with Cassio.  
 [03:03:58] Nay, had she been true,  
 [03:04:00] If heaven would make me such another world  
 [03:04:03] Of one entire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have sold her for it.  
 [03:04:09] My husband!  
 [03:04:12] Thy husband, ay, 'twas he that told me first:  
 [03:04:16] An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
 [03:04:19] That sticks on filthy deeds.  
 [03:04:24] My husband!  
 [03:04:25] What needs this iteration, woman?  
 [03:04:26] I say thy husband.  
 [03:04:29] O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love,  
 [03:04:32] My husband say that she was false!  
 [03:04:36] He, woman; I say thy husband: dost understand the word?  
 [03:04:40] My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.  
 [03:04:44] If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
 [03:04:47] Rot half a grain a day!  
 [03:04:50] He lies to the heart:  
 [03:04:56] She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.  
 [03:04:59] Ha!  
 [03:05:00] Do thy worst:  
 [03:05:01] This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven  
 [03:05:04] Than thou wast worthy her.  
 [03:05:05] Peace, you were best.  
 [03:05:06] Thou hast not half that power to do me harm  
 [03:05:09] As I have to be hurt.  
 [03:05:13] O gull!  
 [03:05:16] O dolt!  
 [03:05:19] As ignorant as dirt!  
 [03:05:22] Thou hast done a deed-- I care not for thy sword;  
 [03:05:25] I'll make thee known,  
 [03:05:27] Though I lost twenty lives--Help!  
 [03:05:31] Help, ho!  
 [03:05:34] The Moor hath kill'd my mistress!  
 [03:05:36] Murder!  
 [03:05:38] Murder!  
 [03:05:39] What is the matter?  
 [03:05:41] How now, general!  
 [03:05:45] O, are you come, Iago?  
 [03:05:47] You have done well,  
 [03:05:49] That men must lay their murders on your neck.  
 [03:05:51] What's the matter?  
 [03:05:52] Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:  
 [03:05:55] He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:  
 [03:06:02] I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:



[03:06:06] Do speak, for my heart is full.  
[03:06:10] I told him what I thought, and told no more  
[03:06:13] Than what he found himself was apt and true.  
[03:06:16] But did you ever tell him she was false?  
[03:06:18] I did.  
[03:06:19] You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;  
[03:06:23] Upon my soul, a wicked lie.  
[03:06:27] She false with Cassio did you say with Cassio?  
[03:06:32] With Cassio, mistress.  
[03:06:34] Go to, charm your tongue.  
[03:06:35] I will not charm my tongue;  
[03:06:38] I am bound to speak:  
[03:06:41] My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed--  
[03:06:45] Heavens forfend!  
[03:06:49] And your reports have set the murder on.  
[03:06:54] Villany, villany, villany!  
[03:06:59] I think upon't, I think:  
[03:07:01] I smell't: villany!--  
[03:07:03] I thought so then-- O, I'll kill myself for grief--  
[03:07:08] villany, villany!  
[03:07:09] What, are you mad?  
[03:07:10] I charge you, get you home.  
[03:07:19] I pray you, give me leave to speak:  
[03:07:24] 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.  
[03:07:32] Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.  
[03:07:37] O! O! O!  
[03:07:40] Nay, lay thee down and roar;  
[03:07:44] For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent  
[03:07:48] That e'er did lift up eye.  
[03:07:50] O, she was foul!  
[03:07:58] I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,  
[03:08:02] Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:  
[03:08:06] I know this act shows horrible and grim.  
[03:08:10] Poor Desdemona!  
[03:08:12] I am glad thy father's dead:  
[03:08:15] Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
[03:08:17] Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
[03:08:21] This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
[03:08:23] Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
[03:08:25] And fall to reprobance.  
[03:08:27] 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows  
[03:08:31] That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
[03:08:32] A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:  
[03:08:36] And she did gratify his amorous works  
[03:08:38] With that recognizance and pledge of love  
[03:08:40] Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:  
[03:08:44] It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
[03:08:51] My father gave my mother.  
[03:08:56] O God.  
[03:08:57] O heavenly God!  
[03:08:59] Come, hold your peace.  
[03:09:01] 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace!  
[03:09:08] No, I will speak as liberal as the north:  
[03:09:13] Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,  
[03:09:16] All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.  
[03:09:21] Be wise, and get you home.  
[03:09:23] I will not.  
[03:09:24] Fie!  
[03:09:25] Your sword upon a woman?  
[03:09:27] O thou dull Moor!

[03:09:32] That handkerchief thou speak'st of  
 [03:09:35] I found by fortune and did give my husband;  
 [03:09:41] For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
 [03:09:44] More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,  
 [03:09:47] He begg'd of me to steal it.  
 [03:09:48] Villanous whore!  
 [03:09:50] She give it Cassio!  
 [03:09:52] No!  
 [03:09:55] I found it,  
 [03:09:56] And I did give't my husband.  
 [03:10:00] Filth, thou liest!  
 [03:10:02] By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.  
 [03:10:06] O murderous coxcomb!  
 [03:10:10] What would such a fool do with so good a wife?  
 [03:10:18] Are there no stones in heaven  
 [03:10:22] But what serve as for the thunder?  
 [03:10:30] Precious villain!  
 [03:10:37] The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.  
 [03:10:41] Ay: O, O lay me by my mistress' side.  
 [03:10:48] He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.  
 [03:10:49] 'Tis a notorious villain.  
 [03:10:50] Take you this weapon,  
 [03:10:51] Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:  
 [03:10:52] Guard the door without; let him not pass,  
 [03:10:54] But kill him rather.  
 [03:10:55] I'll after that same villain, for 'tis a damned slave.  
 [03:11:01] I am not valiant neither,  
 [03:11:04] But every puny whipster gets my sword:  
 [03:11:08] But why should honour outlive honesty?  
 [03:11:11] Let it go all.  
 [03:11:17] What did thy song bode, lady?  
 [03:11:21] Hark, canst thou hear me?  
 [03:11:30] I will play the swan.  
 [03:11:34] And die in music.  
 [03:11:38] Willow, willow, willow--  
 [03:11:46] O Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;  
 [03:11:53] So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;  
 [03:11:59] And speaking as I think, alas, I die.  
 [03:12:16] I have another weapon in this chamber;  
 [03:12:21] It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper--  
 [03:12:27] O, here it is.  
 [03:12:30] Uncle, I must come forth.  
 [03:12:33] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:  
 [03:12:36] Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.  
 [03:12:40] Look in upon me then and speak with me,  
 [03:12:42] Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.  
 [03:12:46] What's the matter?  
 [03:12:47] Behold, I have a weapon;  
 [03:12:53] A better never did sustain itself  
 [03:12:54] Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,  
 [03:12:58] That, with this little arm and this good sword,  
 [03:12:59] I have made my way through more impediments  
 [03:13:02] Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!  
 [03:13:11] Who can control his fate?  
 [03:13:13] 'Tis not so now.  
 [03:13:16] Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;  
 [03:13:20] Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
 [03:13:24] And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
 [03:13:32] Do you go back dismay'd?  
 [03:13:35] 'Tis a lost fear;

[03:13:37] Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
 [03:13:42] And he retires.  
 [03:13:47] Where should Othello go?  
 [03:14:00] Now, how dost thou look now?  
 [03:14:06] O ill-starr'd wench!  
 [03:14:09] Pale as thy smock!  
 [03:14:15] When we shall meet at compt,  
 [03:14:17] This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
 [03:14:24] And fiends will snatch at it.  
 [03:14:28] Cold, cold, my girl!  
 [03:14:35] Even like thy chastity.  
 [03:14:39] O cursed, cursed slave!  
 [03:14:47] Whip me, ye devils,  
 [03:14:51] From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
 [03:14:56] Blow me about in winds!  
 [03:14:58] Roast me in sulphur!  
 [03:15:02] Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!  
 [03:15:09] O Desdemona!  
 [03:15:12] Dead!  
 [03:15:14] O Desdemona!  
 [03:15:24] Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?  
 [03:15:30] That's he that was Othello: here I am.  
 [03:15:33] Where is that viper?  
 [03:15:35] Bring the villain forth.  
 [03:15:42] I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.  
 [03:15:49] If that thou best a devil, I cannot kill thee.  
 [03:15:51] Wrench his sword from him.  
 [03:15:55] I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.  
 [03:15:58] I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;  
 [03:16:01] For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.  
 [03:16:04] O thou Othello, that wert once so good,  
 [03:16:06] Fall'n in the practise of a damned slave,  
 [03:16:09] What shall be said to thee?  
 [03:16:11] Why, any thing:  
 [03:16:12] An honourable murderer, if you will;  
 [03:16:15] For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.  
 [03:16:17] This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:  
 [03:16:20] Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?  
 [03:16:23] Ay.  
 [03:16:24] Dear general, I never gave you cause.  
 [03:16:26] I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.  
 [03:16:31] Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil  
 [03:16:36] Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?  
 [03:16:40] Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:  
 [03:16:45] From this time forth I never will speak word.  
 [03:16:47] What, not to pray?  
 [03:16:49] Torment will open your lips.  
 [03:16:50] Well, thou dost best.  
 [03:16:52] Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,  
 [03:16:54] Which, as I think, you know not.  
 [03:16:55] Here is a letter  
 [03:16:56] Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
 [03:16:58] And here another: the one of them imports  
 [03:17:01] The death of Cassio to be undertook by Roderigo.  
 [03:17:03] O villain!  
 [03:17:04] Most heathenish and most gross!  
 [03:17:05] Now here's another discontented paper,  
 [03:17:06] Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
 [03:17:08] Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;  
 [03:17:11] But that belike Iago in the nick

[03:17:12] Came in and satisfied him.  
 [03:17:14] O thou pernicious caitiff!  
 [03:17:17] How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
 [03:17:20] That was my wife's?  
 [03:17:21] I found it in my chamber:  
 [03:17:23] And he himself confess'd it even now  
 [03:17:26] That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose  
 [03:17:27] Which wrought to his desire.  
 [03:17:30] Fool! Fool! Fool!  
 [03:17:33] There is besides in Roderigo's letter,  
 [03:17:35] How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
 [03:17:37] Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came  
 [03:17:38] I was cast: and even but now he spake,  
 [03:17:42] After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,  
 [03:17:44] Iago set him on.  
 [03:17:45] You must forsake this room, and go with us:  
 [03:17:47] Your power and your command is taken off,  
 [03:17:49] And Cassio rules in Cyprus.  
 [03:17:51] For this slave,  
 [03:17:53] If there be any cunning cruelty  
 [03:17:56] That can torment him much and hold him long,  
 [03:17:58] It shall be his.  
 [03:18:00] You shall close prisoner rest,  
 [03:18:02] Till that the nature of your fault be known  
 [03:18:03] To the Venetian state.  
 [03:18:05] Come, bring him away.  
 [03:18:07] Soft you; a word or two before you go.  
 [03:18:17] I have done the state some service, and they know't.  
 [03:18:23] No more of that.  
 [03:18:27] I pray you, in your letters,  
 [03:18:29] When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
 [03:18:32] Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
 [03:18:40] Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak  
 [03:18:44] Of one that loved not wisely but too well;  
 [03:18:54] Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought  
 [03:19:00] Perplex'd in the extreme;  
 [03:19:13] of one whose hand,  
 [03:19:17] Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
 [03:19:22] Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,  
 [03:19:28] Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 [03:19:31] Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 [03:19:36] Their medicinal gum.  
 [03:19:41] Set you down this;  
 [03:19:43] And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
 [03:19:47] Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
 [03:19:51] Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,  
 [03:19:54] I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 [03:20:00] And smote him, thus.  
 [03:20:03] O bloody period!  
 [03:20:06] All that's spoke is marr'd.  
 [03:20:16] I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this;  
 [03:20:21] Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.  
 [03:20:34] This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;  
 [03:20:39] For he was great of heart.  
 [03:20:41] O Spartan dog,  
 [03:20:44] More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!  
 [03:20:49] Look on the tragic loading of this bed;  
 [03:20:51] This is thy work: the object poisons sight;  
 [03:20:56] Let it be hid.  
 [03:20:58] Gratiano, keep the house,

[ 03 : 20 : 59 ] And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
[ 03 : 21 : 01 ] For they succeed on you.  
[ 03 : 21 : 03 ] To you, lord governor,  
[ 03 : 21 : 05 ] Remains the censure of this hellish villain;  
[ 03 : 21 : 07 ] The time, the place, the torture:  
[ 03 : 21 : 10 ] O, enforce it!  
[ 03 : 21 : 14 ] Myself will straight aboard: and to the state  
[ 03 : 21 : 17 ] This heavy act with heavy heart relate.