

THE TRAGEDIE OF
Othello, the Moore of Venice.
by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Back Room Shakespeare Project
October 2012

Music: Victor, Tiffany, Samuel and Alex.
Opening Speech

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

A little more music, leading to:
Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.

Bra. Aboue. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne, [ss
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tuppung your white Ewe. Arise, arise,

Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worsser welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainnesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee.

Rodo. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

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

Ia. Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-ter
and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. Satisfy yourself
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Light, I say, light.

Exit.

Iag. Farewell: for I must leaue you.
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place
To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moore.

In which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell paines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:

And there will I be with him. So farewell.
Exit.

Enter Brabantio, with Tiffany and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers.
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rodo. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Heauen: how got she out?
Oh treason of the blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act.
Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discover him,

Bra. On good *Rodorigo*, I will deserue your paines.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, with Torches.

Ia. ... But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
He hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.

Othel. Let him do his spight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out- tongue his Complaints.
But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio and Alex, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Othel. Not I: I must be found.
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post- haste appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a busnesse of some heate.
You haue bin hotly call'd for,

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:

Alex. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Tiffany, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.

Othe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeres, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
Would euer haue (t' encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answer this your charge?

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

Othe. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Alex. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. ...
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond- slaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.
Exeunt

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.

Lodovico. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

Gratiano. And mine two Hundred:
... yet do they all confirme

A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Alex within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor. [*ss*]

Montano. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

Alex. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,

Duke. How say you by this change?

Lodovico. This cannot be
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th' importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;

Montano. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Tiffany. ... now they do re- stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Lodovico. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular grieffe
Is of so flood- gate, and ore- bearing Nature,
That it engluts, and swallowes other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Lodovico. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch- craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore,

All. We are verie sorry for't.

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

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Othe. Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more.

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:

Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.

... I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniu'r'd to this effect)

Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,

Bra. I pray you heare her speake?

... Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
best knowne to you.

... you must therefore be content to slubber
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-borne,
and boystrous expedition.

Othe.
A Naturall and prompt Alacratie,
I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake
This present Warres against the Ottamites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,

Duke. Why at her Fathers?

Bra. I will not haue it so.

Othe. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe- right violence, and storme of Fortunes, [ss
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Duke. Be it as you shall priuately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cries hast:
And speed must answer it.

Lodovico. You must away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
Your Son- in- law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Gratiano. Adieu braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee.
Exit.

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best aduantage.
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

Exit.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What saist thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago. If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why thou silly Gentleman?

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

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that knew how to loue himselfe.

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

Iago. Nature? A figge, 'tis in our selues that we are thus, or thus. ...

Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-ment in her, ... She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-ney in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. ... : a pox of drow-ning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra-ther to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

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

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue

told thee often, and I re- tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. ... If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euent in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go, prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to mor-row. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Ile sell all my Land.

Exit.

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such Snipe,
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th' Nose
As Asses are:
I hau't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Music: Victor and Tiffany. Possibly a sea-shanty.

Enter Montano, Tiffany, and Alex.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

Alex. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mon. I neuer did like mollestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

Alex. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Tiffany.

Tiffany. Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

Tiffany. The Ship is heere put in: A Verennessa, *Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: ...

Mon. Pray Heauens he be:
... Let's to the Sea- side (hoa)

Alex. Come, let's do so;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cassi. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Alex. Is he well ship'd?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;

Tiffany. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise?

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Aemilia.

Oh behold,

The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:

The Diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. ...

She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
that paragons description and wild fame ;

Left in the conduct of the bold iago

You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.

Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,

Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand

Enwheelee thee round.

Des. I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*,

What tydings can you tell of my Lord? [tt

Cas. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought

But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Des. Oh, but I feare:

How lost you company?

Cassio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies

Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.

Tiffany. A Saile, a Saile.

Alex. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:

This likewise is a Friend.

Cassio. See for the Newes:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:

Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)

That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,

That giues me this bold shew of Curtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,

As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,

You would haue enough.

Des. Alas: she ha's no speech.

Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.

Desde. ... Do
not learne of him Aemillia, though he be thy husband.
How say you (*Cassio*) is he not a most prophane, and li-berall
Counsailor?

Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish
him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whis-per.
With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
a Fly as *Cassio*. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lippes? Would they were Cluster- pipes for your
sake.
The Moore I know his [Trumpet].

Cassio. 'Tis truely so.

Des. Let's meete him, and recieue him.

Cassio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.

Des. My deere *Othello*.

Othe. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after euey Tempest, come such Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
... If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.

Des. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues

And Comforts should encrease
Euen as our dayes do grow.

Othe. Amen to that (sweet Powers)

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe
the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am. [ttv

Othe. Come: let vs to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
... Come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. [*Rodorigo*,] I must tell
thee this: *Desdemona*, is directly in loue with *Cassio*.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.
I cannot beleeeue that in her, she's full of most
bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd figges- end. The Wine she drinkes is
made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would
neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou
not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not
marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
... But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue
brought you from Venice. Watch you to night:
... *Cassio* knowes you
not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-casion
to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
tainting his discipline, or from what other course
you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi-nister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and
happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for
euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to displant *Cassio*.

present houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.
Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall Othello.

Exit.

Enter Cassio, Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
o'th' clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the
loue of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame;
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
she is sport for Ioue.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Cas. Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu-tenant,
I haue a stoppe of Wine, and heere without are a
brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea-
sure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore,
and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wish
Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of enter-
tainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
drinke for you.

Cassio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-
lants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore:

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.
'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowse already.

Mon. Good- faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.

Song:

Namir, Tiffany, Alex, Samuel, Victor, and the audience.

*And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.*

Some Wine Boyes.

Cas. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in [Chicago]: where indeed they are most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your swag- belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your [Chicagoan].

Cassio. Is your [Chicagoan] so exquisite in his drin-king?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Al-maine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice.

Iago. Oh sweet [Chicago].

Song:

Namir, Tiffany, Alex, Samuel, Victor, and the audience.

*Major key?
[Now this could only happen to a guy like me
And only happen in a town like this
So may I say to each of you most gratefllly
As I throw each one of you a kiss*

*This is my kind of town, Chicago is
My kind of town,
My Kind of town, Chicago is
My kind of town.*

*My kind of people, too
People who smile at you
Why I just grin like a clown
It's my kind of town*

*My kind of town, Chicago is
My kind of town,
My kind of town, Chicago is
My kind of town. &c].*

Some Wine hoa.

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the o-ther.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place,
that do's those things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and
there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must
not be saued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued.

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue
no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our
sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not
thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this
is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke
now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Alex. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then,
that I am drunke.

Exit.

Tiffany. ... is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.
Exit Rodorigo

Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue *Cassio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knaue in to a Twiggen- Bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the [Bell]: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies.

Othe. Hold for your liues.

Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? ...
He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull [Bell], it frights the Isle,
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with greeuing,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.

Othe. How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?

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

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.

Othe. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (hauing my best iudgement collied)
Assaies to leade the way.
... Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me.
... *Iago*, who began't?

Iago. ... This it is Generall:
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreats his pause:
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
... He, (swift of foote)
Out- ran my purpose:
... When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close together

At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were
When you your selfe did part them.

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.
Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (*Deere*?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
Exit.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue
lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of
myselfe, and what remaines is bestiall. My Reputation,
Iago, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had
receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that
then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-seruing.

What man, there are
more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. Sue to
him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an *Officer*. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And
squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian

with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-stinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale a-way their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasance, reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.

Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Impor-tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested.

Cassio. You aduise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest kindnesse.

Cassio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the mor-ning, I will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to vndertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest *Iago*.
... I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That saies I play the Villaine?
When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.
How am I then a Villaine,
To Counsell *Cassio* to this paralell course,
Directly to his good?
 [Ha.] whiles this honest Foole
Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:
That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust,
And by how much she striues to do him good,
She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch.
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall en- mash them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night
exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue [ttv
will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines;
And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-terne
againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience?
Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio*:
Content thy selfe, a- while. Introth 'tis Morning;
Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:
Nay get thee gone.

Exit Roderigo.

Two things are to be done:
My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistris:
Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.

Exit.

Music: Tiffany, Alex, and Victor.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Tiffany, Alex, Victor, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,
Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Musicke plays.

Enter Clown.

Clow. [Oh,] Masters, heere's money for you: and the Ge-nerall
so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues
sake to make no more noise with it.

Victor. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard,
too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Ge-nerall
do's not greatly care.

Victor. We haue none such, sir.

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge. Go, vanish into ayre, away.
Exit Mu.

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend:
I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore
peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends
the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* en-treats
her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

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

Exit Clo.

Enter Aemilia.

Aemil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie

For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly.

Enter Desdemona.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Aemil. Good Madam do:
I warrant it grieues my Husband,
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio*
But I will haue my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were. ...
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Des. Do not doubt that: before *Aemilia* here, [tt
I giue thee warrant,
... My Lord shall neuer rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
With *Cassio*'s suite:

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Aemil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leaue.

Des. Why stay, and heare me speake.

Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. Hah? I like not that.

Othel. What dost thou say?

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

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

Iago. *Cassio* my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would steale away so guilty- like,
Seeing your comming.

Oth. I do beleeeue 'twas he.

Des. How now my Lord?
I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take.
I prythee call him backe.

Othel. Not now (sweet *Desdemon*) some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you.

Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule

What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,
That came a woing with you? and so many a time
(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,
or keepe you warme, Nay, when I haue a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.

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

Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee strait.

Des. Aemilia come; be as your Fancies teach you:
Exit.

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

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

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.

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

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I, Honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What do'st thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife. What didd'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?
And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou do'st:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so too.

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

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

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

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?

I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminare, and giue thy worst of thoughts [tt v
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that

Oth. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vnshure obseruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou meane? Ile know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

Oth. O miserie.

Iago. Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealousie.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Iealousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealousie.

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe- Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go too then:

Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

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

Oth. Not a iota, not a iota.

Iago. Trust me, I feare it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do see y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)

My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Cassio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.

Oth. No, not much mou'd:

I do not thinke but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long liue she so;

And long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.

Iago. I, there's the point:

As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obserue.
Leaue me *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.

Othel. Why did I marry?

This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes. [tt

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor

To scan this thing no farther: Leauē it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* haue his Place;
For sure he filles it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to him off a- while:
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

Oth. Feare not my gouernment.

Iago. I once more take my leauē.

Exit.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings.

... Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh curse of marriage
That we can call these delicate creatures ours
And not their appetites. Looke where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleeeue't.

Des. How now, my deere *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you inuited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Des. Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.

Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.
Exit.

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

Aemil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,
(For he coniu'r'd her, she should euer keepe it)
That she reserues it euermore about her,
To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

Aemil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing—

Aemil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.

Aemil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that same Handkerchiefe.

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

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

Iago. Hast stolne it from her?

Aemil. No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:

Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, giue it me.

Aemil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene
so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Aemil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me.

Exit Aemil.

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealious, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson:

Enter Othello.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to heare this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer

Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell: Othello's Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular prooffe, [tt v
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some prooffe. Would I were satisfied.

Iago. I see you are eaten vp with Passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super- vision grossely gape on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do see them boulder
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office.
But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?

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

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that.

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

Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:

Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet:

Witnesse you euer- burning Lights aboute,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witnesse that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse euer.

Oth. I greet thy loue,

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio*'s not aliuie.

Iago. My Friend is dead:

'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue.

Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:

O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a- part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt. [tt

Scaena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Aemilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*
lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes,
'tis stabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where
I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-uisse
a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were
to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re-port?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make
Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I
haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will
be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,
and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, Ae-milia?

Aemil. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As iealious Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill- thinking.

Aemil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!
How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand.
... 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. This hand is moist, my Lady.
... Hot, hot, and moyst.

Des. I cannot speake of this:
Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, *Chucke*?

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

Oth. I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Aegyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)

To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

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

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Blesse vs.

Oth. Say you?

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

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetcht, let me see't.

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

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde mis- giues.

Des. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more suffici-ent
man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Exit Othello.

Aemil. Is not this man iealious?

Des. I neu'r saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Aemil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:
And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her. [ttv

Des. How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,

Des. Alas (thrice- gentle *Cassio*)
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Aemil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iago. Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
Exit

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit:

Aemil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.

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

Aemil. But Iealious soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not euer ielialous for the cause,
But ielialous, for they're ielialous. It is a Monster
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heauen keepe the Monster from Othello's mind.

Aemil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

Exit

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Saeue you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*?
Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*.
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
Oh weary reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Cassio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:

Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish
To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I loue you not.

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

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Music: Tiffany, Alex, Samuel and Victor

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?

Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'le vn- sweare.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Othe. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will.

Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,
when they be- lye- her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:
Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To con-fesse,
and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some
Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Hand-kerchiefe?
O diuell.

Falls in a Traunce.

Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes.
... : what hoa? My Lord?

My Lord, I say: *Othello*.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?

Othe. Dost thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.
... There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Stand you a while apart, [for hither Cassio comes],
Do but encaue your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.

Othe. Do'st thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do'st thou heare) most bloody.

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

Enter Cassio.

.... How do you Lieutenant?

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

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in Bianca's dowre,
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas poore Caitiffe.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man so.

Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.

Iago. She giues it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.
I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cas. Prythee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine else.

Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise. [vvv

Cassio. She was heere euen now: she haunts me in e-uery

place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke
with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the
Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:
So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what
did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue
me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take
out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should
finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.
This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke?
There, giue it your Hobbey- horse, wheresoeuer you had
it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca*?
How now? How now?

Othe. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to supper to night you may, if
you will not come when you are next prepar'd for.
Exit

Iago. After her: after her.

Cas. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would ve-ry
faine speake with you.

Cas. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too; say no more.

Oth. How shall I murther him, *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

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

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to
night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to
stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world
hath not a sweeter Creature:

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but say what she is:

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Othe. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine:
But yet the pittie of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pittie of it *Iago*.

Iago. If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her
pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere
no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not
expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnpro-uide
my mind againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,
Euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The Iustice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker:
You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, With Tiffany and Alex.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice,
'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the *Duke*.
See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.

Othe. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The *Duke*, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Liues Sir,

Des. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,
An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Othe. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will—

Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,
Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one: I would do much
T' attone, them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be the Letter mou'd him.
For as I thinke, they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Gouernment.

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

Othe. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweete *Othello*?

Othe. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

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

Othe. Oh diuell, diuell:
If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:
I do beseech your Lordship call her backe. [vv

Othe. Mistris.

Des. My Lord.

Othe. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well- painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:
Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake?

Tiffany. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.

Lod. What? Strike his wife?
... Is it his vse?

Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honestie in me to speake
What I haue seene, and knowne.

Alex. ... do but go after

And marke how he continues.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and Aemilia.

Othe. You haue seene nothing then?

Aemil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.

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

Aemi. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.

Othe. What? Did they neuer whisper?

Aemil. Neuer my Lord.

Othe. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Aemil. Neuer.

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-l(thing?

Aemil. Neuer my Lord.

Othe. That's strange.

Aemil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander.

Othe. Bid her come hither: go.

Exit Aemilia.

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:

A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Aemilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

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

Des. What horrible Fancie's this?

Othe. Some of your Function Mistris:
Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch.
Exit Aemi.

Des. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I vnderstand a Fury in your words.

Othe. Why? What art thou?

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

Othe. Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least
being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should
feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare
thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

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

Des. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Othe. Ah Desdemon, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,
I haue lost him too.

Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare- head:
Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.
Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,
I should haue found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. ...
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?

Othe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What committed, [vvv
Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
And will not hear't. What committed?

Des. By Heauen you do me wrong.

Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

Othe. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sau'd.

Othe. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.

Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,
Enter Aemilia.

... You, you: I you.

We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile.

Exit.

Aemil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe.

Aemi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With who?

Aemil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Aemil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I haue none: do not talke to me, *Aemilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Aemil. Heere's a change indeed.

Exit.

Des. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misvse?

Enter Iago, and Aemilia.

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

Des. I cannot tell:

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Aemil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Aemil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.

Aemil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Des. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Aemi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

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

Des. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Aemil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Aemil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy- side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go too.

Des. Alas *Iago*,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost him.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Aemilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st iustly with me.
Euery day thou dafts me with some deuise
Iago, then suppliest me with the least ad-uantage
of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
haue foolishly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*? [vv

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and
Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most vniustly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I haue wasted my
selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from
me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a
Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them,
and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine
respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor 'tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my Jewels, I will giue ouer my Suit. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue said now.

Rodo. I: and said nothing but what I protest intend-ment of doing.

Iago. *Rodorigo*, If thou the next night following enioy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treache-rie, and deuse Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com-passe?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into *Mauritania* and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his a-bode be lingred heere by some accident. Where-in none can be so determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello*'s place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry:
if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one)

you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere
to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene
vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with
me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that
you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It
is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast.
About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Aemilia.

Aem. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismissee you.

Aemi. Dismissee me?

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

Aemil. I, would you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn- pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Aemi. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

Aemil. Come, come: you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barb'ry:
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow;'

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind.
I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Aemilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?

Aemil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Aemil. The world's a huge thing:

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

Aemil. But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it Sport?
I think it is: and does Affection breed it?
I think it does. Is it Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct vs.

Des. Good night, good night:
Heauen me such vses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Music: Tiffany, Alex, Samuel and Victor.
Something appropriate.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution.

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

Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.

They fight.

Rod. Oh, I am slaine.

Cassio. I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.
Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
Murther, Murther.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Cas. Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vn safe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?

Lodo. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heere a cry?

Cas. Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?

Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout. [vv
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.

Rod. O helpe me there.

Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!

Rod. O damn'd *Iago!* O inhumane Dogge!

Iago. Kill men i'th' darke?
Where be these bloody Theeues?
How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iago. Signior *Lodouico?*

Lod. He Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is't Brother?

Cas. My Legge is cut in two.

*Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.*

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

*Bian. Oh my deere Cassio,
My sweet Cassio: Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.*

*Iago. O notable Strumpet. Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?*

Cas. No.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.

*Iago. Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis Rodorigo.*

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iago. Signior Gratiano?

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you Cassio?

Gra. Rodorigo?

*Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
... For you Mistris,*

Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you.

Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Aemil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath heere bin set on in the darke
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:
He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Aemil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring.

Aemil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.

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

Aemil. As I? Fie vpon thee.

Iago. Let's go see poore *Cassio* drest.
Aemilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Exeunt

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethaeon heate

That can thy Light re- Lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue.

She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello?*

Othel. I *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemon?*

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight.

Des. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore- fend) I would not kill thy Soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I do.

Des. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee. [vvv

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

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

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.

Des. They are Loues I beare to you.

Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.

Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him.

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death- bed.

Des. I, but not yet to dye.

Oth. Presently.

Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.

Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.

Des. He found it then:
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.

Des. How? vnlawfully?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.

Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.

Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, if you striue.

Des. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. Smothers her.

Aemilia at the doore.

Aemil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.

Aemil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Aemil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word with you.

Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Aemilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!

Aemil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.

Enter Aemilia.

Aemil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Aemil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Aemil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Aemil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Aemil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? What?

Aemil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.

Aemil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murdred?

Aemil. Alas: who knowes?

Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.

Aemil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Aemil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-er
Diuell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.

Aemil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Aemil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all. [vv

Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. Thy Husband.

Aemil. That she was false to Wedlocke?

My Husband?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deeds.

Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
I say, thy Husband.

Aemil. Oh Mistris,
Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;
I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Iago*.

Aemil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th' heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.

Oth. Hah?

Aemil. Do thy worst:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Aemil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?

Aemil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.

Gra. What is the matter?

Aemil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.

Aemil. But did you euer tell him,
She was false?

Iago. I did.

Aemil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee false with *Cassio*?
Did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistris?
Go too, charme your tongue.

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to speake,
My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.

All. Oh Heauens, forefend.

Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on.

Othello. Nay stare not Masters,
It is true indeede.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Mont. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:
I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!

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

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Gra. Poore Desdemon:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turne:

Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That she with *Cassio*, hath the Act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't.

Iago. Villanous Whore.

Emil. She giue it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.

Iago. Filth, thou lyeest.

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:

Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue.

Exit. [vvv

Aemil. Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber:
Who can controll his Fate?
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea- marke of my vtmost Saile.
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill- Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe- downe gulfes of Liquid fire.

Oh *Desdemon*! dead *Desdemon*: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,
with Tiffany and Alex.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not sorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio*'s death.

Oth. I.

Cas. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.

Oth. I do beleeeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy- Diuell,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,

If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.
Then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn- vsed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond- Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smoate him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse. Dyes [vv

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poysons Sight,
Let it be hid.

... To you, Lord Gouvernor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heaue Act, with heaue heart relate.

Exeunt.

Music: Tiffany.

Possibly a minor-key arrangement of My Kind of Town.

FINIS.