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Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
        Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp;
      tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
        <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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          <resp>engraver</resp>
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Library Systems and Services</orgName>
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        </respStmt>
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          <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It Solutions
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          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
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            <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
            <resp>project management</resp>
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            <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
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            <resp>encoding</resp>
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          <respStmt xml:id="JS">
            <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
          </respStmt>
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            <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
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Shakespeare</ref>
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possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
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April
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          <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
        </availability>
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&amp;
        tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&amp;
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        Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
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          <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
          <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
          <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
          <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare
First Folios a
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        descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
        <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
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        <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First
Folios,
        With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
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                  <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                  <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp; <lb/>TRAGEDIES.
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Copies.</titlePart>

              </docTitle>

              <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at the
charges
          of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
          <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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      </dimensions>
    </support>
    <foliation>
      <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76,
79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
      <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59
misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161
misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p.
189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered
252; p.
265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some
copies;
p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166
numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count:
p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered
38;
p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
    </foliation>
    <collation>
      <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly
cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1) [πB²], ²A-2B⁶
2C² a-g⁶ χgg⁸ h-v⁶ x⁴ χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁶ gg² Gg⁶
hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ ²g⁸ h-v⁶
x⁴
'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶ 2k-2v⁶
x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.</p>
      <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-
nn2
mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
      <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf
a1
recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1
recto.</p>
    </collation>
    <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
reader".
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare
Books.</condition>

  </supportDesc>
  <layoutDesc>
    <layout>
      <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
      <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
      <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.
```

Blount, I.
                Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
                  <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
                </layout>

                </layoutDesc>
              </objectDesc>
              <decoDesc>
                <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
                <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed:
"Martin-
                Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier
                state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading,
                especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the
                jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate
                in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier
                state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
              </decoNote>
                </decoDesc>
                <additions>
                  <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
                unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".
                2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.
                (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on
                leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after
                leaving the Library.</p>
                </additions>
                <bindingDesc>
                  <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound
for the
                Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties,
red
                sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head
                of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine.
                Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in
                Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out
                on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste
from
                a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between
                1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see:
Bod.
                Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
                </bindingDesc>
              </physDesc>
              <history>
                <origin>
                  <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman,
Charleton. The
                printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
                </p>

```xml
        </origin>
        <acquisition>
          <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date
when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
          Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at
          shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date
when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
publication
          of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the
          newer <bibl>
            <title>Third Folio</title> (<date
when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
          to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
          "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a
          bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of
<num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
          <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
          the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall,
          Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
          family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was
          reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
          raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and
          purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The
          Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt
          Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
          <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
          digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and
          Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
        </acquisition>
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<ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
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        <persName type="standard">First Gentleman</persName>
```

```xml
        <persName type="form">1. Gent.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-oth-sen.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Senator, A senator of
Venice</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Sen.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-oth-gen.2">
        <persName type="standard">Second Gentleman</persName>
        <persName type="form">2</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-oth-sen.2">
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Venice</persName>
        <persName type="form">2. Sena.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-oth-gen.3">
        <persName type="standard">Third Gentleman</persName>
        <persName type="form">3</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-oth-all">
        <persName type="standard">All</persName>
        <persName type="form">All.</persName>
      </person>
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        <persName type="form">Bian.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bianca.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-oth-bra">
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        <persName type="form">Bra.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-oth-cas">
        <persName type="standard">Cassio, Othello's lieutenant</persName>
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        <persName type="form">Cassi.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Cassio.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-oth-clo">
        <persName type="standard">Clown, Servant to Othello</persName>
        <persName type="form">Clo.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Clow.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-oth-des">
        <persName type="standard">Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio and wife
to Othello</persName>
        <persName type="form">Des.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Desde.</persName>
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```xml
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</person>
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  <persName type="form">Emil.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Æm.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Æmi.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Æmil.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Gra.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-oth-her">
  <persName type="standard">Herald</persName>
  <persName type="form">Herald.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-iag">
  <persName type="standard">Iago, Othello's ancient (?)</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Iag.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iago.</persName>
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Brabantio</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lod.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lodo.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lodoui.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
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government of Cyprus</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Mont.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Monta.</persName>
</person>
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  <persName type="standard">Musician</persName>
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```xml
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            <persName type="form">Othel.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Othello.</persName>
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          <person xml:id="F-oth-rod">
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gentleman</persName>
            <persName type="form">Rod.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Rodo.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Rodor.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Rodori.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Rodorigo.</persName>
          </person>
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            <persName type="form">Saylor</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-oth-sen">
            <persName type="standard">Senator</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sen.</persName>
          </person>
        </listPerson>
      </particDesc>
    </profileDesc>
  </teiHeader>
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        <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello.</fw>
        <head rend="center">THE TRAGEDIE OF
          <lb/>Othello, the Moore of Venice.</head>
        <div type="act" n="1">
          <div type="scene" n="1">
            <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rodorigo, and
Iago.</stage>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic center">Rodorigo.</speaker>
  <l>
    <c rend="decoratedCapital">N</c>Euer tell me, I take it much
vnkindly</l>
  <l>That thou (<hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>) who hast had my purse,</l>
  <l>As if ẙ strings were thine, should'st know of this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ia.</speaker>
  <l>But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream</l>
  <l>Of such a matter, abhorre me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
  <l>Thou told'st me,</l>
  <l>Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Despise me</l>
  <l>If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,</l>
  <l>(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)</l>
  <l>Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man</l>
  <l>I know my price, I am worth no worsse a place.</l>
  <l>But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)</l>
  <l>Euades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,</l>
  <l>Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,</l>
  <l>Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,</l>
  <l>I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?</l>
  <l>For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,</l>
  <l>One <hi rend="italic">Michaell Cassio</hi>, a <hi
rend="italic">Florentine</hi>,</l>
  <l>(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)</l>
  <l>That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,</l>
  <l>Nor the deuision of a Battaile knows</l>
  <l>More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:</l>
  <l>Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose</l>
  <l>As Masterly as he. Meere pratle (without practise)</l>
  <l>Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th'election;</l>
  <l>And I (of whom his eies had seene the proofe</l>
  <l>At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds</l>
  <l>Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd</l>
  <l>By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,</l>
  <l>He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be.</l>
  <l>And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <l>By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.</l>
```

```xml
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Why, there's no remedie.</l>
      <l>'Tis the cursse of Seruice;</l>
      <l>Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,</l>
      <l>And not by old gradation, where each second</l>
      <l>Stood Heire to'th'first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,</l>
      <l>Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd</l>
      <l>To loue the <hi rend="italic">Moore</hi>?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
      <l>I would not follow him then.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>O Sir content you.</l>
      <l>I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.</l>
      <l>We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke</l>
      <l>Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;</l>
      <l>That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)</l>
      <l>Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,</l>
      <l>For naught but Prouender, &amp; when he's old Casheer'd.</l>
      <l>Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are</l>
      <l>Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,</l>
      <l>Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselues,</l>
      <l>And throwing but showes of Seruice on their Lords</l>
      <l>Doe well thriue by them.</l>
      <l>And when they haue lin'd their Coates</l>
      <l>Doe themselues Homage.</l>
      <l>These Fellowes haue some soule,</l>
      <l>And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)</l>
      <l>It is as sure as you are <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>,</l>
      <l>Were I the Moore, I would not be <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>:</l>
      <l>In following him, I follow but my selfe.</l>
      <l>Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,</l>
      <l>But seeming so, for my peculiar end:</l>
      <l>For when my outward Action doth demonstrate</l>
      <l>The natiue act, and figure of my heart</l>
      <l>In Complement externe, 'tis not long after</l>
      <l>But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue</l>
      <l>For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
      <l>What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe</l>
      <l>If he can carry't thus?</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Call vp her Father:</l>
      <l>Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,</l>
      <l>Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,</l>
      <l>And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,</l>
      <l>Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,</l>
      <l>Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,</l>
      <l>As it may loose some colour.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
      <l>Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,</l>
      <l>As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire</l>
      <l>Is spied in populus Citties.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
      <l>What hoa: <hi rend="italic">Brabantio</hi>, Signior <hi
rend="italic">Brabantio</hi>, hoa.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Awake: what hoa, <hi rend="italic">Brabantio</hi>: Theeues,
Theeues.</l>
      <l>Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,</l>
      <l>Theeues, Theeues.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="business"> Aboue.</stage>
      <l>What is the reason of this terrible</l>
      <l>Summons? What is the matter there?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
      <l>Signior is all your Familie within?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Are your Doores lock'd<c rend="italic">?</c>
      </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
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    <l>Why? Wherefore ask you this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Your</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0821-0.jpg" n="311"/>
  <fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule</l>
  <l>Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram</l>
  <l>Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,</l>
  <l>Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,</l>
  <l>Or else the deuill will make a Grand-sire of you.</l>
  <l>Arise I say.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
  <l>What, haue you lost your wits<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <l>Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
  <l>Not I: what are you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <l>My name is <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
  <l>The worsser welcome:</l>
  <l>I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:</l>
  <l>In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,</l>
  <l>My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse</l>
  <l>(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)</l>
  <l>Vpon malitious knauerie, dost thou come</l>
  <l>To start my quiet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, Sir, Sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
  <l>But thou must needs be sure,</l>
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    <l>My spirits and my place haue in their power</l>
    <l>To make this bitter to thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
   <l>Patience good Sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
   <l>What tell'st thou me of Robbing?</l>
   <l>This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
   <l>Most graue <hi rend="italic">Brabantio</hi>,</l>
   <l>In simple and pure soule, I come to you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ia.</speaker>
   <p>Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
<lb/>if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
<lb/>and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daugh-
<lb/>ter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Ne-
<lb/>phewes neigh to you, you'le haue Coursers for Cozens:
<lb/>and Gennets for Germaines.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
   <p>What prophane wretch art thou?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ia.</speaker>
   <p>I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
<lb/>ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
   <l>Thou art a Villaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
   <l>You are a Senator.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
   <l>This thou shalt answere. I know thee <hi
rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
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    <l>Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you</l>
    <l>If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,</l>
    <l>(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,</l>
    <l>At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night</l>
    <l>Transported with no worse nor better guard,</l>
    <l>But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,</l>
    <l>To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:</l>
    <l>If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,</l>
    <l>We then haue done you bold, and saucie wrongs.</l>
    <l>But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,</l>
    <l>We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeue</l>
    <l>That from the sence of all Ciuilitie,</l>
    <l>I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.</l>
    <l>Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)</l>
    <l>I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,</l>
    <l>Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes</l>
    <l>In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,</l>
    <l>Of here, and euery where: straight sat<gap extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="illegible"
        agent="uninkedType"
        resp="#ES"/>sfie your selfe.</l>
    <l>If she be in her Chamber, or your house,</l>
    <l>Let loose on me the Iustice of the State</l>
    <l>For thus deluding you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>Strike on the Tinder, hoa:</l>
    <l>Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,</l>
    <l>This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,</l>
    <l>Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.</l>
    <l>Light, I say, light.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iag.</speaker>
    <l>Farewell: for I must leaue you.</l>
    <l>It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall,)</l>
    <l>Against the Moore. For I do know the State,</l>
    <l>(How euer this may gall him with some checke)</l>
    <l>Cannot with safetie cast him. For he's embark'd</l>
    <l>With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,</l>
    <l>(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules</l>
    <l>Another of his Fadome, they haue none,</l>
    <l>To lead their Businesse. In which regard,</l>
    <l>Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,</l>
    <l>Yet, for necessitie of present life,</l>
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<l>I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,</l>
<l>(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him</l>
<l>Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:</l>
<l>And there will I be with him. So farewell.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brabantio, with
Seruants and Torches.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
<speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
<l>It is too true an euill. Gone she is,</l>
<l>And what's to come of my despised time,</l>
<l>Is naught but bitternesse. Now <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>,</l>
<l>Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)</l>
<l>With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)</l>
<l>How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me</l>
<l>Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:</l>
<l>Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
<speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
<l>Truely I thinke they are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
<speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
<l>Oh Heauen: how got she out?</l>
<l>Oh treason of the blood.</l>
<l>Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds</l>
<l>By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,</l>
<l>By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood</l>
<l>May be abus'd? Haue you not read <hi
rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>,</l>
<l>Of some such thing?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
<speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
<l>Yes Sir: I haue indeed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
<speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
<l>Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.</l>
<l>Some one way, some another. Doe you know</l>
<l>Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
<speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
<l>I thinke I can discouer him, if you please</l>
<l>To get good Guard, and go along with me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">

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            <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
            <l>Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,</l>
            <l>(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)</l>
            <l>And raise some speciall Officers of might:</l>
            <l>On good <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>, I will deserue your
paines.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
         </div>
         <div type="scene" n="2">
            <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, Iago,
Attendants, with Torches.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ia.</speaker>
            <l>Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,</l>
            <l>Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th'conscience</l>
            <l>To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie</l>
            <l>Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times</l>
            <l>I had thought t'haue yerk'd him here vnder the Ribbes.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othello.</speaker>
            <l>'Tis better as it is.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
            <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
            <l>Nay but he prated,</l>
            <l>And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes</l>
            <l>Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue</l>
            <l>I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,</l>
            <l>Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,</l>
            <l>That the Magnifico is much belou'd,</l>
            <l>And hath in his effect a voice potentiall</l>
            <l>As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.</l>
            <l>Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,</l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0822-0.jpg" n="312"/>
            <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)</l>
            <l>Will giue him Cable.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
            <l>Let him do his spight;</l>
            <l>My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie</l>
            <l>Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,</l>
            <l>Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,</l>
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<l>I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,</l>
<l>From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites</l>
<l>May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune</l>
<l>As this that I haue reach'd. For know <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,</l>
<l>But that I loue the gentle <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>,</l>
<l>I would not my vnhoused free condition</l>
<l>Put into Circumscription, and Confine,</l>
<l>For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassio, with Torches.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:</l>
<l>You were best go in.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
<l>Not I: I must be found.</l>
<l>My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule</l>
<l>Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>By <hi rend="italic">Ianus</hi>, I thinke no.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
<l>The Seruants of the Dukes?</l>
<l>And my Lieutenant?</l>
<l>The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)</l>
<l>What is the Newes?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<l>The Duke do's greet you (Generall)</l>
<l>And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,</l>
<l>E<c rend="inverted">u</c>en on the instant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othello.</speaker>
<l>What is the matter, thinke you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<l>Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:</l>
<l>It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies</l>
<l>Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers</l>
<l>This very night, at one anothers heeles:</l>

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    <l>And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,</l>
    <l>Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,</l>
    <l>When being not at your Lodging to be found,</l>
    <l>The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,</l>
    <l>To search you out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis well I am found by you:</l>
  <l>I will but spend a word here in the house,</l>
  <l>And goe with you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>Aunciant, what makes he heere?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,</l>
  <l>If it proue lawfull prize, he'<gap extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="illegible"
        agent="uninkedType"
        resp="#ES"/> made for euer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>I do not vnderstand.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>He's married.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>To who?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Marry to   Come Captaine, will you go?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
  <l>Haue with you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo,
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with Officers, and Torches.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>It is <hi rend="italic">Brabantio</hi>: Generall be aduis'd,</l>
        <l>He comes to bad intent.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Othello.</speaker>
        <l>Holla, stand there.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
        <l>Signior, it is the Moore.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
        <l>Downe with him, Theefe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>You, <hi rend="italic">Rodorigoc?</hi> Come Sir, I am for you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
        <p>Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
<lb/>rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
<lb/>yeares, then with your Weapons.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
        <l>Oh thou foule Theefe,</l>
        <l>Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?</l>
        <l>Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchaunted her</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>For Ile referre me to all things of sense,</l>
        <l>(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)</l>
        <l>Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,</l>
        <l>So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd</l>
        <l>The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,</l>
        <l>Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)</l>
        <l>Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,</l>
        <l>Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?</l>
        <l>Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,</l>
        <l>That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,</l>
        <l>Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,</l>
        <l>That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,</l>
        <l>'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;</l>
        <l>I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,</l>
        <l>For an abuser of the World, a practiser</l>
        <l>Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;</l>

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          <l>Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist</l>
          <l>Subdue him, at his perill.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
          <l>Hold your hands</l>
          <l>Both you of my inclining, and the rest.</l>
          <l>Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it</l>
          <l>Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe</l>
          <l>To answere this your charge?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
          <l>To Prison, till fit time</l>
          <l>Of Law, and course of direct Session</l>
          <l>Call thee to answer.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
          <l>What if I do obey?</l>
          <l>How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,</l>
          <l>Whose Messengers are heere about my side,</l>
          <l>Vpon some present businesse of the State,</l>
          <l>To bring me to him.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-off">
          <speaker rend="italic">Officer.</speaker>
          <l>'Tis true most worthy Signior,</l>
          <l>The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,</l>
          <l>I am sure is sent for.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
          <l>How? The Duke in Counsell?</l>
          <l>In this time of the night? Bring him away;</l>
          <l>Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,</l>
          <l>Or any of my Brothers of the State,</l>
          <l>Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:</l>
          <l>For if such Actions may haue passage free,</l>
          <l>Bond-slaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="3">
        <head rend="italic center">scæna Tertia.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke, Senators, and
Officers.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-oth-duv">
          <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <l>There's no composition in this Newes,</l>
    <l>That giues them Credite.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-sen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Indeed, they are disproportioned;</l>
  <l>My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>And mine a Hundred fortie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-sen.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Sena.</speaker>
  <l>And mine two Hundred:</l>
  <l>But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,</l>
  <l>(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,</l>
  <l>'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme</l>
  <l>A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:</l>
  <l>I do not so secure me in the Error,</l>
  <l>But the maine Article I do approue</l>
  <l>In fearefull sense.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-sai">
  <speaker rend="italic">Saylor</speaker>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">within.</stage>
  <l>What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Saylor.</stage>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Officer</hi>. A</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0823-0.jpg" n="313"/>
<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-off">
  <speaker rend="italic">Officer.</speaker>
  <l>A Messenger from the Gallies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Now? What's the businesse?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-sai">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sailor.</speaker>
  <l>The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,</l>
  <l>So was I bid report here to the State,</l>
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    <l>By Signior <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>How say you by this change?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-sen.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>This cannot be</l>
    <l>By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant</l>
    <l>To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider</l>
    <l>Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;</l>
    <l>And let our selues againe but vnderstand,</l>
    <l>That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,</l>
    <l>So may he with more facile question beare it,</l>
    <l>For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,</l>
    <l>But altogether lackes th'abilities</l>
    <l>That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,</l>
    <l>We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,</l>
    <l>To leaue that latest, which concernes him first,</l>
    <l>Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine</l>
    <l>To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-off">
    <speaker rend="italic">Officer.</speaker>
    <l>Here is more Newes.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Messen.</speaker>
    <l>The <hi rend="italic">Ottamites</hi>, Reueren'd, and Gracious,</l>
    <l>Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,</l>
    <l>Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-sen.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <l>Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem</l>
    <l>Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance</l>
    <l>Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior <hi
rend="italic">Montano</hi>,</l>
    <l>Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,</l>
    <l>With his free dutie, recommends you thus,</l>
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    <l>And prayes you to beleeue him.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Marcus Luccicos</hi> is not he in Towne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-sen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>He's now in Florence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Write from vs,</l>
  <l>To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-sen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Here comes <hi rend="italic">Brabantio</hi>, and the Valiant
Moore.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brabantio, Othello,
Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,
<lb/>and Officers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Valiant <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>, we must straight employ
you,</l>
  <l>Against the generall Enemy <hi rend="italic">Ottoman</hi>.</l>
  <l>I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,</l>
  <l>We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
  <l>So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.</l>
  <l>Neither my place, hor ought I heard of businesse</l>
  <l>Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care</l>
  <l>Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe</l>
  <l>Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,</l>
  <l>That it engluts, and swallowe<gap extent="3"
    unit="chars"
    reason="illegible"
    agent="stain"
    resp="#ES"/>ther sorrowes,</l>
  <l>And it is still it selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Why<c rend="italic">?</c> What's the matter?</l>
```

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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>My Daughter: oh my Daughter!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-sen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
    <l>Dead<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>I, to me.</l>
    <l>She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted</l>
    <l>By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;</l>
    <l>For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,</l>
    <l>(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)</l>
    <l>Sans witch-craft could not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding</l>
    <l>Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,</l>
    <l>You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,</l>
    <l>After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son</l>
    <l>Stood in your Action.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>Humbly I thanke your Grace,</l>
    <l>Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seems</l>
    <l>Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires</l>
    <l>Hath hither brought.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>We are verie sorry for't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>What in your owne part, can you say to this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>Nothing, but this is so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
```

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    <l>Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,</l>
    <l>My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;</l>
    <l>That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,</l>
    <l>It is most true: true I haue married her;</l>
    <l>The verie head, and front of my offending,</l>
    <l>Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,</l>
    <l>And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;</l>
    <l>For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith,</l>
    <l>Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd</l>
    <l>Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:</l>
    <l>And little of this great world can I speake,</l>
    <l>More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,</l>
    <l>And therefore little shall I grace my cause,</l>
    <l>In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gratious patience)</l>
    <l>I will a round vn-varnish'd Tale deliuer,</l>
    <l>Of my whole course of Loue.</l>
    <l>What Drugges, what Charmes,</l>
    <l>What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,</l>
    <l>(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)</l>
    <l>I won his Daughter.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>A Maiden, neuer bold:</l>
    <l>Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion</l>
    <l>Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,</l>
    <l>Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing</l>
    <l>To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;</l>
    <l>It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.</l>
    <l>That will confesse Perfection so could erre</l>
    <l>Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen</l>
    <l>To find out practises of cunning hell</l>
    <l>Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,</l>
    <l>That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,</l>
    <l>Or with some Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)</l>
    <l>He <choice>
        <orig>wtought</orig>
        <corr>wrought</corr>
      </choice> vpon her.</l>
    <l>To vouch this, is no proofe,</l>
    <l>Without more wider, and more ouer Test</l>
    <l>Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods</l>
    <l>Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-sen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
    <l>But <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>, speake,</l>
    <l>Did you, by indirect, and forced courses</l>
    <l>Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?</l>
    <l>Or came it by request, and such faire question</l>
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    <l>As soule, to soule affordeth?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
  <l>I do beseech you,</l>
  <l>Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,</l>
  <l>And let her speake of me before her Father;</l>
  <l>If you do finde me foule, in her report,</l>
  <l>The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,</l>
  <l>Not onely take away, but let your Sentence</l>
  <l>Euen fall vpon my life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Fetch <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi> hither.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Aunciant, conduct them:</l>
  <l>You best know the place.</l>
  <l>And tell she come, as truely as to heauen,</l>
  <l>I do confesse the vices of my blood,</l>
  <l>So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">How</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0824-0.jpg" n="314"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,</l>
  <l>And she in mine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Say it <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:</l>
  <l>Still question'd me the Storie of my life,</l>
  <l>From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,</l>
  <l>That I haue past.</l>
  <l>I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,</l>
  <l>To th'very moment that he bad me tell it.</l>
  <l>Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:</l>
  <l>Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,</l>
  <l>Of haire-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;</l>
  <l>Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,</l>
  <l>And sold to slauery. Of my redemption thence,</l>
  <l>And portance in my Trauellours historie.</l>
  <l>Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,</l>
  <l>Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,</l>
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            <l>It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,</l>
            <l>And of the Canibals that each others eate,</l>
            <l>The <hi rend="italic">Antropophague</hi>, and men whose heads</l>
            <l>Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,</l>
            <l>Would <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi> seriously incline:</l>
            <l>But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:</l>
            <l>Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,</l>
            <l>She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare</l>
            <l>Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,</l>
            <l>Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes</l>
            <l>To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,</l>
            <l>That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,</l>
            <l>Whereof by parcels she had something heard,</l>
            <l>But not instinctiuely: I did consent,</l>
            <l>And often did beguile her of her teares,</l>
            <l>When I did speake of some distressefull stroke</l>
            <l>That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,</l>
            <l>She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:</l>
            <l>She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,</l>
            <l>'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.</l>
            <l>She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd</l>
            <l>That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,</l>
            <l>And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,</l>
            <l>I should but teach him how to tell my Story,</l>
            <l>And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,</l>
            <l>She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,</l>
            <l>And I lou'd her, that she did pitty them.</l>
            <l>This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.</l>
            <l>Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-oth-duv">
           <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
           <l>I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,</l>
           <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Brabantio</hi>, take vp this mangled matter at the best:</l>
           <l>Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,</l>
           <l>Then their bare hands.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
           <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
           <l>I pray you heare her speake?</l>
           <l>If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,</l>
           <l>Destruction on my head, if my bad blame</l>
           <l>Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,</l>
           <l>Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,</l>
           <l>Where most you owe obedience?</l>
         </sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>My Noble Father,</l>
  <l>I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.</l>
  <l>To you I am bound for life, and education:</l>
  <l>My life and education both do learne me,</l>
  <l>How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,</l>
  <l>I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;</l>
  <l>And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>To you, preferring you before her Father:</l>
  <l>So much I challenge, that I may professe</l>
  <l>Due to the Moore my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
  <l>God be with you: I haue done.</l>
  <l>Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;</l>
  <l>I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.</l>
  <l>Come hither Moore;</l>
  <l>I here do giue thee that with all my heart,</l>
  <l>Which but thou hast already, with all my heart</l>
  <l>I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)</l>
  <l>I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child;</l>
  <l>For thy escape would teach me Tirranie</l>
  <l>To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Let me speake like your selfe:</l>
  <l>And lay a Sentence,</l>
  <l>Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.</l>
  <l>When remedies are past, the griefes are ended</l>
  <l>By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.</l>
  <l>To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,</l>
  <l>Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.</l>
  <l>What cannot be preseru'd, when Fortune takes:</l>
  <l>Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.</l>
  <l>The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,</l>
  <l>He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
  <l>So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,</l>
  <l>We loose it not so long as we can smile:</l>
  <l>He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,</l>
  <l>But the free comfort which from thence he heares.</l>
  <l>But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,</l>
  <l>That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.</l>
  <l>These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,</l>
```

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    <l>Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.</l>
    <l>But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:<gap extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="nonstandardCharacter"
        agent="inkedSpacemarker"
        resp="#ES"/>
    </l>
    <l>That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.</l>
    <l>I humbly beseech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <p>The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
<lb/>makes for Cyprus: <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>, the Fortitude of
the place is
    <lb/>best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substi-
    <lb/>tute of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
    <lb/>soueraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer
    <lb/>voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber
    <lb/>the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-
    <lb/>borne, and boystrous expedition.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators,</l>
    <l>Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre</l>
    <l>My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize</l>
    <l>A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,</l>
    <l>I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake</l>
    <l>This present Warres against the <hi
rend="italic">Ottamites</hi>.</l>
    <l>Most humbly therefore bending to your State,</l>
    <l>I craue fit disposition for my Wife,</l>
    <l>Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,</l>
    <l>With such Accomodation and besort</l>
    <l>As leuels with her breeding.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>Why at her Fathers?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>I will not haue it so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Nor I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Nor would I there recide,</l>
    <l>To put my Father in impatient thoughts</l>
    <l>By being in his eye. Most <choice>
        <orig>Grcaious</orig>
        <corr>Gracious</corr>
      </choice> Duke,</l>
    <l>To my vnfolding, lend your prosperous eare,</l>
    <l>And let me finde a Charter in your voice</l>
    <l>T'assist my simplenesse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>What would you <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,</l>
    <l>My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">May</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0825-0.jpg" n="315"/>
    <fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd</l>
    <l>Euen to the very quality of my Lord;</l>
    <l>I saw <hi rend="italic">Othello's</hi> visage in his mind,</l>
    <l>And to his Honours and his valiant parts,</l>
    <l>Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.</l>
    <l>So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind</l>
    <l>A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,</l>
    <l>The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:</l>
    <l>And I a heauie interim shall support</l>
    <l>By his deere absence. Let me go with him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Let her haue your voice.</l>
    <l>Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not</l>
    <l>To please the pallate of my Appetite:</l>
    <l>Nor to comply with heat the yong affects</l>
    <l>In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.</l>
    <l>But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:</l>
    <l>And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke</l>
    <l>I will your serious and great businesse scant</l>
    <l>When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes</l>
    <l>Of feather'd <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi>, seele with wanton
dulnesse</l>
    <l>My speculatiue, and offic'd Instrument:</l>
    <l>That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:</l>
    <l>Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,</l>
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    <l>And all indigne, and base aduersities,</l>
    <l>Make head against my Estimation.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>Be it as you shall priuately determine,</l>
    <l>Either for her stay, or going: th'Affaire cries hast:</l>
    <l>And speed must answer it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-sen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
    <l>You must away to night.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>With all my heart.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.</l>
    <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>, leaue some Officer behind</l>
    <l>And he shall our Commission bring to you:</l>
    <l>And such things else of qualitie and respect</l>
    <l>As doth import you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>So please your Grace, my Ancient,</l>
    <l>A man he is of honesty and trust:</l>
    <l>To his conueyance I assigne my wife,</l>
    <l>With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think</l>
    <l>To be sent after me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-duv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>Let it be so:</l>
    <l>Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,</l>
    <l>If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,</l>
    <l>Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-sen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
    <l>Adieu braue Moore, vse <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>
well.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:</l>
    <l>She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee.</l>
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</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>My life vpon her faith. Honest <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,</l>
  <l>My <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi> must I leaue to thee:</l>
  <l>I prythee let thy wife attend on her,</l>
  <l>And bring them after in the best aduantage.</l>
  <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, I haue but an houre</l>
  <l>Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction</l>
  <l>To spend with thee. We must obey the time.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>What saist thou Noble heart?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>What will I do, think'st thou?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Why go to bed and sleepe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>I will incontinently drowne my selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why
<lb/>thou silly Gentleman?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>It is sillynesse to liue, when to liue is torment:
<lb/>and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is
<lb/>our Physition.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world
<lb/>for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish
<cb n="2"/>
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<lb/>betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that
<lb/>knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
<lb/>drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would
<lb/>change my Humanity with a Baboone.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>What should I do? I confesse it is my shame
<lb/>to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selues that we are
<lb/>thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
<lb/>our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net-
<lb/>tels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede vp Time:
<lb/>Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with
<lb/>many: either to haue it sterrill with idlenesse, or manu-
<lb/>red with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable au-
<lb/>thoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues
<lb/>had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensu-
<lb/>alitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would
<lb/>conduct vs to most prepostrous Conclusions. But we
<lb/>haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
<lb/>Stings, or vnbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you
<lb/>call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>It cannot be.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission
<lb/>of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown
<lb/>Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend,
<lb/>and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of
<lb/>perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee
<lb/>then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
<lb/>Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say
<lb/>put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that <hi
rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>
<lb/>should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in
<lb/>thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-
<lb/>ment in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Seque-
<lb/>stration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores
<lb/>are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money.
<lb/>The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts,
<lb/>shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She
<lb/>must change for youth: when she is sated with his body

<lb/>she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-
<lb/>ney in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do
<lb/>it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo-
<lb/>ney thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, be-
<lb/>twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be
<lb/>not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
<lb/>shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drow-
<lb/>ning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra-
<lb/>ther to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be
<lb/>drown'd, and go without her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
  <p>Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on
<lb/>the issue?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue
<lb/>told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I
<lb/>hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse
<lb/>reason. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, against
<lb/>him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a
<lb/>pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euents in the
<lb/>Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go,
<lb/>prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to mor-
<lb/>row. Adieu.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>Where shall we meete i'th'morning?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>At my Lodging.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>Ile be with thee betimes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Go too, farewell. Do you heare <hi
rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>Ile sell all my Land.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

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        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:</l>
          <l>For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane</l>
          <l>If I would time expend with such Snpe,</l>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">But</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0826-0.jpg" n="316"/>
          <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,</l>
          <l>And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets</l>
          <l>She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,</l>
          <l>But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,</l>
          <l>Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,</l>
          <l>The better shall my purpose worke on him:</l>
          <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Cassio's</hi> a proper man: Let me see now,</l>
          <l>To get his Place, and to plume vp my will</l>
          <l>In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.</l>
          <l>After some time, to abuse <hi rend="italic">Othello's</hi> eares,</l>
          <l>That he is too familiar with his wife:</l>
          <l>He hath a person, and a smooth dispose</l>
          <l>To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.</l>
          <l>The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,</l>
          <l>That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,</l>
          <l>And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Nose</l>
          <l>As Asses are:</l>
          <l>I hau't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,</l>
          <l>Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.</l>
        </sp>
      </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="2">
      <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Montano, and two
Gentlemen.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
          <l>What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-gen.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>
          <l>Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:</l>
          <l>I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,</l>
          <l>Descry a Saile.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
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    <l>Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,</l>
    <l>A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:</l>
    <l>If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea,</l>
    <l>What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,</l>
    <l>Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-gen.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:</l>
    <l>For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,</l>
    <l>The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds,</l>
    <l>The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high &amp; monstrous Maine</l>
    <l>Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,</l>
    <l>And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole:</l>
    <l>I neuer did like mollestation view</l>
    <l>On the enchafed Flood.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
    <l>If that the Turkish Fleete</l>
    <l>Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,</l>
    <l>It is impossible to beare it out.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Gentleman.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-gen.3">
    <speaker>3</speaker>
    <l>Newes Laddes: our warres are done:</l>
    <l>The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,</l>
    <l>That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,</l>
    <l>Hath seene a greeuous wracke and sufferance</l>
    <l>On most part of their Fleet.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
    <l>How? Is this true?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-gen.3">
    <speaker>3</speaker>
    <l>The Ship is heere put in: A <hi rend="italic">Verennessa, Michael Cassio</hi>
    </l>
    <l>Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>,</l>
    <l>Is come on Shore: the Moore himself at Sea,</l>
    <l>And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
    <l>I am glad on't:</l>
    <l>'Tis a worthy Gouernour.</l>
  </sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-gen.3">
  <speaker>3</speaker>
  <l>But this same <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, though he speake of comfort,</l>
  <l>Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,</l>
  <l>And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted</l>
  <l>With fowle and violent Tempest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <l>Pray Heauens he be:</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands</l>
  <l>Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)</l>
  <l>As well to see the Vessell that's come in,</l>
  <l>As to throw-out our eyes for braue <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>,</l>
  <l>Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,</l>
  <l>An indistinct regard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
  <l>Come, let's do so;</l>
  <l>For euery Minute is expectancie</l>
  <l>Of more Arriuancie.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassio.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
  <l>Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,</l>
  <l>That so approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens</l>
  <l>Giue him defence against the Elements,</l>
  <l>For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <l>Is he well ship'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot</l>
  <l>Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;</l>
  <l>Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)</l>
  <l>Stand in bold Cure.</l>
</sp>
<stage type="business" rend="italic inline">Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>What noise?</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-gen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
      <l>The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea</l>
      <l>Stand rankes of People and they cry, a Saile.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <l>My hopes do shape him for the Gouernor.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-gen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
      <l>They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,</l>
      <l>Our Friends, at least.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <l>I pray you Sir, go forth,</l>
      <l>And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-gen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
      <l>I shall.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
      <l>But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <l>Most fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid</l>
      <l>That paragons description, and wilde Fame:</l>
      <l>One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,</l>
      <l>And in th'essentiall Vesture of Creation,</l>
      <l>Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gentleman.</stage>
      <l>How now? Who ha's put in?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-gen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
      <l>'Tis one <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, Auncient to the Generall.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <l>Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:</l>
      <l>Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,</l>
      <l>The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,</l>
      <l>Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,</l>
      <l>As hauing sence of Beautie, do omit</l>
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    <l>Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by</l>
    <l>The Diuine <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <l>What is she?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>She that I spake of:</l>
  <l>Our great Captains Captaine,</l>
  <l>Left in the conduct of the bold <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,</l>
  <l>Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,</l>
  <l>A Senights speed. Great Ioue, <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi> guard,</l>
  <l>And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,</l>
  <l>That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,</l>
  <l>Make loues quicke pants in <hi rend="italic">Desdemonaes</hi> Armes,</l>
  <l>Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.</stage>
  <l>Oh behold,</l>
  <l>The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:</l>
  <l>You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.</l>
  <l>Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,</l>
  <l>Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand</l>
  <l>Enwheele thee round.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I thanke you, Valiant <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>,</l>
  <l>What tydings can you tell of my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Cassio</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0827-0.jpg" n="317"/>
<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought</l>
  <l>But that he's well, and will be shortly here.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, but I feare:</l>
  <l>How lost you company?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
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    <l>The great Contention of Sea, and Skies</l>
    <l>Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.</l>
</sp>
<sp>
  <speaker rend="italic">Within.</speaker>
  <l>A Saile, a Saile.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
  <l>They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:</l>
  <l>This likewise is a Friend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>See for the Newes:</l>
  <l>Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:</l>
  <l>Let it not gaule your patience (good <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>)</l>
  <l>That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,</l>
  <l>That giues me this bold shew of Curtesie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,</l>
  <l>As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,</l>
  <l>You would haue enough.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Alas: she ha's no speech.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Infaith too much:</l>
  <l>I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.</l>
  <l>Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,</l>
  <l>She puts her tongue a little in her heart,</l>
  <l>And chides with thinking.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>You haue little cause to say so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
<lb/>doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit-
<lb/>chens: Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended:
<lb/>Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswiues in your
<lb/>Beds.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,</l>
  <l>You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>You shall not write my praise.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>No, let me not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Desde.</speaker>
  <l>What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
<lb/>praise me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too<c rend="inverted">'</c>t,</l>
  <l>For I am nothing, if not Criticall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Come on, assay.</l>
  <l>There's one gone to the Harbour?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I am not merry: but I do beguile</l>
  <l>The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.</l>
  <l>Come, how would'st thou praise me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
<lb/>from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
<lb/>out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
<lb/>is deliuer'd.</p>
  <l rend="italic">If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit,</l>
  <l rend="italic">The ones for vse, the other vseth it.</l>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Well prais'd:</l>
  <l>How if she be Blacke and Witty?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l rend="italic">If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,</l>
  <l rend="italic">She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <p>Worse, and worse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <p>How if Faire, and Foolish?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l rend="italic">She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,</l>
  <l rend="italic">For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Desde.</speaker>
  <p>These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
<lb/>laugh i'th'Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
<lb/>for her that's Foule, and Foolish.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l rend="italic">There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,</l>
  <l rend="italic">But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones
do.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Desde.</speaker>
  <p>Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
<lb/>best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deser-
<lb/>uing woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her
<cb n="2"/>
    <lb/>merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it
<lb/>selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l rend="italic">She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,</l>
  <l rend="italic">Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:</l>
  <l rend="italic">Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,</l>
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<l rend="italic">Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.</l>
<l rend="italic">She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,</l>
<l rend="italic">Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:</l>
<l rend="italic">She that in wisedome neuer was so fraile,</l>
<l rend="italic">To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:</l>
<l rend="italic">She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,</l>
<l rend="italic">See Suitors following, and not looke behind:</l>
<l rend="italic">She was a wight, (if euer such wightes were)</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>To do what?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l rend="italic">To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Desde.</speaker>
<p>Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do
<lb/>not learne of him <hi rend="italic">Æmillia</hi>, though he be thy husband.
<lb/>How say you (<hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>) is he not a most prophane, and li-
<lb/>berall Counsailor?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<p>He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish
<lb/>him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<p>He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whis-
<lb/>per. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
<lb/>a Fly as <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee
<lb/>in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
<lb/>If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenan-
<lb/>trie, it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fin-
<lb/>gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play
<lb/>the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curt-
<lb/>sie: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
<lb/>lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your
<lb/>sake.</p>
<l>The Moore I know his Trumpet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<l>'Tis truely so.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>Let's meete him, and recieue him.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <l>Loe, where he comes.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, and
Attendants.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
      <l>O, my faire Warriour.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>My deere <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
      <l>It giues me wonder great, as my content</l>
      <l>To see you heere before me.</l>
      <l>Oh my Soules Ioy:</l>
      <l>If after euery Tempest, come such Calmes,</l>
      <l>May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:</l>
      <l>And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas</l>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Olympus</hi> high: and duck againe as low,</l>
      <l>As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,</l>
      <l>'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,</l>
      <l>My Soule hath her content so absolute,</l>
      <l>That not another comfort like to this,</l>
      <l>Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>The Heauens forbid</l>
      <l>But that our Loues</l>
      <l>And Comforts should increase</l>
      <l>Euen as our dayes do grow.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
      <l>Amen to that (sweet Powers)</l>
      <l>I cannot speake enough of this content,</l>
      <l>It stoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.</l>
      <l>And this, and this the greatest discords be</l>
      <l>That ere our hearts shall make.</l>
    </sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe
<lb/>the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">tt</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Othe.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0828-0.jpg" n="318"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Come: let vs to the Castle.</l>
  <l>Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:</l>
  <l>The <gap/>urkes are drown'd.</l>
  <l>How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
  <l>(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,</l>
  <l>I haue found great loue among'st them. Oh my Sweet,</l>
  <l>I prattle out of fashion, and I doate</l>
  <l>In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good <hi
rend="italic">Iago</hi>,</l>
  <l>Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:</l>
  <l>Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,</l>
  <l>He is a good one, and his worthynesse</l>
  <l>Do's challenge much respect. Come <hi
rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>,</l>
  <l>Once more well met at Cyprus.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Othello and
Desdemona.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
<lb/>Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men
<lb/>being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
<lb/>more then is natiue to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to
<lb/>night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
<lb/>thee this: <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, is directly in loue with
him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>With him? Why, 'tis not possible.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-
<lb/>structed. Marke me with what violence she first lou'd
<lb/>the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall
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<lb/>lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet
<lb/>heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
<lb/>shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
<lb/>is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a
<lb/>game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.
<lb/>Louelinesse in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners,
<lb/>and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now
<lb/>for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate
<lb/>tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,
<lb/>gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil
<lb/>instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
<lb/>Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn-
<lb/>forc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
<lb/>this Forune, as <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> do's: a knaue very voluble: no
<lb/>further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme
<lb/>of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse
<lb/>of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
<lb/>why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occa-
<lb/>sion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Ad-
<lb/>uantages, though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe.
<lb/>A diuelish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
<lb/>and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
<lb/>mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
<lb/>woman hath found him already.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
  <p>I cannot beleeue that in her, she's full of most
<lb/>bless'd condition.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Bless'd figges-end. The Wine she drinkes is
<lb/>made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would
<lb/>neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou
<lb/>not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not
<lb/>marke that?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
<lb/>prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
<lb/>They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
<lb/>embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>, when

<lb/>these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
<lb/>comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate
<lb/>conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue
<lb/>brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
<lb/>the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> knowes you
<lb/>not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-
<cb n="2"/>
<lb/>casion to anger <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, either by speaking too loud, or
<lb/>tainting his discipline, or from what other course
<lb/>you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi-
<lb/>nister.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>Well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and
<lb/>happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for
<lb/>euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
<lb/>Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-
<lb/>gaine, but by the displanting of <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>. So shall you
<lb/>haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I
<lb/>shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment
<lb/>most profitably remoued, without the which there were
<lb/>no expectation of our prosperitie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
  <p>I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-
<lb/>tunity.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the
<lb/>Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Fare-
<lb/>well.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
  <p>Adieu.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>That <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> loues her, I do well beleeu't:</l>

<l>That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.</l>
<l>The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)</l>
<l>Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,</l>
<l>And I dare thinke, he'le proue to <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>
</l>
<l>A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,</l>
<l>Not out of absolute Lust, (though peraduenture</l>
<l>I stand accomptant for as great a sin)</l>
<l>But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,</l>
<l>For that I do suspect the lustie Moore</l>
<l>Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,</l>
<l>Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:</l>
<l>And nothing can, or shall content my Soule</l>
<l>Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wift.</l>
<l>Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,</l>
<l>At least into a Ielouzie so strong</l>
<l>That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,</l>
<l>If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace</l>
<l>For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,</l>
<l>Ile haue our <hi rend="italic">Michael Cassio</hi> on the hip,</l>
<l>Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe</l>
<l>(For I feare <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> with my Night-Cape
too)</l>

<l>Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,</l>
<l>For making him egregiously an Asse,</l>
<l>And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,</l>
<l>Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,</l>
<l>Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello's, Herald with a
Proclamation.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-her">
<speaker rend="italic">Herald.</speaker>
<p>It is <hi rend="italic">Othello's</hi> pleasure, our Noble and Vali-
<lb/>ant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd,
<lb/>importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete:
<lb/>euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,
<lb/>some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
<lb/>Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these bene-
<lb/>ficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
<lb/>much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi-
<lb/>ces are open, &amp; there is full libertie of Feasting from this
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">pre-</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0829-0.jpg" n="319"/>
<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>

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            <cb n="1"/>
            <lb/>
            <choice>
               <orig>presenr</orig>
               <corr>present</corr>
            </choice> houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.
         <lb/>Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall <hi
rend="italic">Othel-
         <lb/>lo</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
   </div>
   <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, Desdemona,
Cassio, and Attendants.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
            <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Michael</hi>, looke you to the guard to
night.</l>
            <l>Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop,</l>
            <l>Not to out-sport discretion.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
            <l>
               <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, hath direction what to do.</l>
            <l>But notwithstanding with my personall eye</l>
            <l>Will I looke to't.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
            <l>
               <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, is most honest:</l>
            <l>
               <hi rend="italic">Michael</hi>, goodnight. To morrow with your
earliest,</l>
            <l>Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,</l>
            <l>The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,</l>
            <l>That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you.</l>
            <l>Goodnight.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iago.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
            <l>Welcome <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>: we must to the Watch.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
            <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
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<p>Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
<lb/>o'th'clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the
<lb/>loue of his <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>: Who, let vs not therefore blame;
<lb/>he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
<lb/>she is sport for <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>She's a most exquisite Lady.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>And Ile warrant her, full of Game.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>Indeed she s a most fresh and delicate creature.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>What an eye she ha's?</l>
  <l>Me thinkes it sounds a parley to prouocation.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>An inuiting eye:</l>
  <l>And yet me thinkes right modest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>And when she speakes,</l>
  <l>Is it not an Alarum to Loue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>She is indeed perfection.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu-
<lb/>tenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a
<lb/>brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea-
<lb/>sure to the health of blacke <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>Not to night, good <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, I haue very poore,
<lb/>and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wish
<lb/>Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of enter-

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<lb/>tainment.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
<lb/>drinke for you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
<lb/>was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
<lb/>it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
<lb/>dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-
<lb/>lants desire it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>Where are they?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>Ile do't, but it dislikes me.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him</l>
  <l>With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,</l>
  <l>He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence</l>
  <l>As my yong Mistris dogge.</l>
  <l>Now my sicke Foole <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>,</l>
  <l>Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,</l>
  <l>To <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi> hath to night Carrows'd.</l>
  <l>Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.</l>
  <l>Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,</l>
  <l>(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,</l>
  <l>The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)</l>
  <l>Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,</l>
  <l>And they Watch too.</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards</l>
  <l>Am I put to our <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> in some Action</l>
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<l>That may offend the Isle. But here they come.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassio, Montano, and
Gentlemen.</stage>
    <l>If Consequence do but approue my dreame,</l>
    <l>My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowse already.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <p>Good-faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a
<lb/>Souldier.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Some Wine hoa.</p>
  <l rend="italic">And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:</l>
  <l rend="italic">And let me the Cannakin clinke.</l>
  <l rend="italic">A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,</l>
  <l rend="italic">Why then let a Souldier drinke.</l>
  <p>Some Wine Boyes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are
<lb/>most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine,
<lb/>and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are
<lb/>nothing to your English.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drin-
<lb/>king?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane
<lb/>dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Al-
<lb/>maine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
<lb/>Pottle can be fill'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>To the health of our Generall.</p>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <p>I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Oh sweet England.</p>
  <l rend="italic">King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,</l>
  <l rend="italic">His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,</l>
  <l rend="italic">He held them Six pence all to deere,</l>
  <l rend="italic">With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:</l>
  <l rend="italic">He was a wight of high Renowne,</l>
  <l rend="italic">And thou art but of low degree:</l>
  <l rend="italic">'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,</l>
  <l rend="italic">And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.</l>
  <p>Some Wine hoa.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>Why this is a more exquisite Song then the o-
<lb/>ther.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Will you heare't againe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place,
<lb/>that do's those things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and
<lb/>there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must
<lb/>not be saued.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>It's true, good Lieutenant.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
<lb/>nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>And so do I too Lieutenant.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The
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<lb/>Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue
<lb/>no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our
<lb/>sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not
<lb/>thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this
<lb/>is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke
<lb/>now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
  <p>Excellent well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>Why very well then: you must not thinke then,
<lb/>that I am drunke.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Monta.</speaker>
  <p>To th'Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the
<lb/>Watch.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>You see this Fellow, that is gone before,</l>
  <l>He's a Souldier, fit to stand by <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
  <l>And giue direction. And do but see his vice,</l>
  <l>'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox,</l>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">tt3</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0830-0.jpg" n="320"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:</l>
  <l>I feare the trust <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi> puts him in,</l>
  <l>On some odde time of his infirmitie</l>
  <l>Will shake this Island.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mont.</speaker>
  <l>But is he often thus?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,</l>
  <l>He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,</l>
  <l>If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mont.</speaker>

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        <l>It were well</l>
        <l>The Generall were put in mind of it:</l>
        <l>Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature</l>
        <l>Prizes the vertue that appeares in <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>,</l>
        <l>And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rodorigo.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>?</l>
        <l>I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
        <l>And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore</l>
        <l>Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second</l>
        <l>With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,</l>
        <l>It were an honest Action, to say so</l>
        <l>To the Moore.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>Not I, for this faire Island,</l>
        <l>I do loue <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> well: and would do
much</l>
        <l>To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noise?</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassio pursuing
Rodorigo.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
        <l>You Rogue: you Rascall.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
        <l>What's the matter Lieutenant?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
        <p>A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
<lb/>Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
        <l>Beate me?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
        <l>Dost thou prate, Rogue?</l>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, good Lieutenant:</l>
  <l>I pray you Sir, hold your hand.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>Let me go (Sir)</l>
  <l>Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <l>Come, come: you're drunke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>Drunke?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.</l>
  <l>Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:</l>
  <l>Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir <hi rend="italic">Montano</hi>:</l>
  <l>Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.</l>
  <l>Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:</l>
  <l>The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,</l>
  <l>You'le be asham'd for euer.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, and
Attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>What is the matter heere?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <l>I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Hold for your liues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iag.</speaker>
  <l>Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir <hi rend="italic">Montano</hi>,
Gentlemen:</l>
  <l>Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?</l>
  <l>Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
          <l>Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
          <l>Are we turn'd Turkes<c rend="italic">?</c> and to our selues do that</l>
          <l>Which Heauen hath forbid the <hi rend="italic">Ottamittes</hi>.</l>
          <l>For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:</l>
          <l>He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,</l>
          <l>Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.</l>
          <l>Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,</l>
          <l>From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?</l>
          <l>Honest <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, that lookes dead with greeuing,</l>
          <l>Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.</l>
          <l>In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome</l>
          <l>Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now:</l>
          <l>(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)</l>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <l>Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,</l>
          <l>In opposition bloody. I cannot speake</l>
          <l>Any begining to this peeuish oddes.</l>
          <l>And would, in Action glorious, I had lost</l>
          <l>Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
          <l>How comes it (<hi rend="italic">Michaell</hi>) you are thus forgot?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
          <l>I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
          <l>Worthy <hi rend="italic">Montano</hi>, you were wont to be ciuill:</l>
          <l>The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth</l>
          <l>The world hath noted. And your name is great</l>
          <l>In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter</l>
          <l>That you vnlace your reputation thus,</l>
          <l>And spend your rich opinion, for the name</l>
          <l>Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
    <l>Worthy <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>, I am hurt to danger,</l>
    <l>Your Officer <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, can informe you,</l>
    <l>While I spare speech which something now offends me.</l>
    <l>Of all that I do know, nor know I ought</l>
    <l>By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,</l>
    <l>Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,</l>
    <l>And to defend our selues, it be a sinne</l>
    <l>When violence assailes vs.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Now by Heauen,</l>
    <l>My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,</l>
    <l>And passion (hauing my best iudgement collied)</l>
    <l>Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,</l>
    <l>Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you</l>
    <l>Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know</l>
    <l>How this foule Rout began: Who set it on.</l>
    <l>And he that is approu'd in this offence,</l>
    <l>Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,</l>
    <l>Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,</l>
    <l>Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,</l>
    <l>To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?</l>
    <l>In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?</l>
    <l>'Tis monstrous: <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, who began't?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
    <l>If partially Affin'd, or league in office,</l>
    <l>Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,</l>
    <l>Thou art no Souldier.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Touch me not so neere,</l>
    <l>I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,</l>
    <l>Then it should do offence to <hi rend="italic">Michaell
Cassio</hi>.</l>
    <l>Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth</l>
    <l>Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:</l>
    <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Montano</hi> and my selfe being in speech,</l>
    <l>There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,</l>
    <l>And <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> following him with determin'd
Sword</l>
    <l>To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,</l>
    <l>Steppes in to <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, and entreats his
pause:</l>
    <l>My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,</l>
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        <l>Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)</l>
        <l>The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)</l>
        <l>Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather</l>
        <l>For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,</l>
        <l>And <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> high in oath: Which till to
night</l>
        <l>I nere might say before. When I came backe</l>
        <l>(For this was briefe) I found them close together</l>
        <l>At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were</l>
        <l>When you your selfe did part them.</l>
        <l>More of this matter cannot I report,</l>
        <l>But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,</l>
        <l>Though <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> did some little wrong to
him,</l>
        <l>As men in rage strike those that wish them best,</l>
        <l>Yet surely <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, I beleeue receiu'd</l>
        <l>From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,</l>
        <l>Which patience could not passe.</l>
      </sp>
      <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Othe.</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0831-0.jpg" n="321"/>
      <fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
        <l>I know <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>
        </l>
        <l>Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,</l>
        <l>Making it light to <hi rend="italic">Cassio: Cassio</hi>, I loue
thee,</l>
        <l>But neuer more be Officer of mine.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Desdemona
attended.</stage>
        <l>Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:</l>
        <l>Ile make thee an example.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>What is the matter (Deere?)</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
        <l>All's well, Sweeting:</l>
        <l>Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,</l>
        <l>My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:</l>
        <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, looke with care about the Towne,</l>
        <l>And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.</l>
        <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, 'tis the Soldiers life,</l>
        <l>To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.</l>
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</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>What are you hurt Lieutenant?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>I, past all Surgery.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Marry Heauen forbid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue
<lb/>lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of
<lb/>myselfe, and what remaines is bestiall. My Reputation,
<lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, my Reputation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>As I am an honest man I had thought you had
<lb/>receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that
<lb/>then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
<lb/>imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-
<lb/>seruing. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you
<lb/>repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are
<lb/>more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are
<lb/>but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in poli-
<lb/>cie, then in malice) euen so as one would beate his of-
<lb/>fencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
<lb/>him againe, and he's yours.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue
<lb/>so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
<lb/>indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And
<lb/>squabble? Swagger? Sweare? And discourse Fustian
<lb/>with ones owne shadow<c rend="italic">?</c> Oh thou invisible
spirit of
<lb/>Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call
<lb/>thee Diuell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>What was he that you follow'd with your
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<lb/>Sword? What had he done to you<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>I know not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Is't possible?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-
<lb/>stinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
<lb/>men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale a-
<lb/>way their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasance,
<lb/>reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Why? But you are now well enough: how
<lb/>came you thus recouered?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to giue
<lb/>place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me
<lb/>another to make me frankly despise my selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Come, you are too seuere a Moraller. As the
<lb/>Time, the Place, &amp; the Condition of this Country stands
<lb/>I could hartily wish this had not befalne: but since it is, as
<lb/>it is, mend it for your owne good.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell
<lb/>me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as <hi
rend="italic">Hydra</hi>,
<lb/>such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sen-
<lb/>sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh
<lb/>strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnbless'd, and the Ingre-
<lb/>dient is a diuell.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
```

<p>Come, come: good wine, is a good famillar
<lb/>Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it.
<lb/>And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue
<lb/>you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a
<lb/>time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's
<lb/>Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect,
<lb/>for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the
<lb/>Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts
<lb/>and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Impor-
<lb/>tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is
<lb/>of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition,
<lb/>she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more
<lb/>then she is requested. This broken ioynt between
<lb/>you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my
<lb/>Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of
<lb/>your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>You aduise me well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest
<lb/>kindnesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>I thinke it freely: and betimes in the mor-
<lb/>ning, I will beseech the vertuous <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>
to vndertake
<lb/>for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I
<lb/>must to the Watch.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>Good night, honest <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Cassio.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>And what's he then,</l>
  <l>That saies I play the Villaine?</l>
  <l>When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,</l>
  <l>Proball to thinking, and indeed the course</l>
  <l>To win the Moore againe.</l>
  <l>For 'tis most easie</l>
  <l>Th'inclyning <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi> to subdue</l>
  <l>In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull</l>
  <l>As the free Elements. And then for her</l>
  <l>To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptisme,</l>
  <l>All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:</l>
  <l>His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Loue,</l>
  <l>That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,</l>
  <l>Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,</l>
  <l>With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,</l>
  <l>To Counsell <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> to this paralell
course,</l>

  <l>Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,</l>
  <l>When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,</l>
  <l>They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,</l>
  <l>As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole</l>
  <l>Plies <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, to repaire his Fortune,</l>
  <l>And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,</l>
  <l>Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:</l>
  <l>That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust'</l>
  <l>And by how much she striues to do him good,</l>
  <l>She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.</l>
  <l>So will I turne her vertue into pitch.</l>
  <l>And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,</l>
  <l>That shall en-mash them all.</l>
  <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rodorigo.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rodorigo.</speaker>
  <p>I do follow heere in the Chace, not
<lb/>like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the
<lb/>Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night
<lb/>exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">tt3</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">will</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0832-0.jpg" n="322"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <lb/>will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines;
<lb/>And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-
<lb/>turne againe to Venice.</p>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>How poore are they that haue not Patience?</l>
          <l>What wound did euer heale but by degrees?</l>
          <l>Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft</l>
          <l>And Wit depends on dilatory time:</l>
          <l>Dos't not go well? <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> hath beaten
thee,</l>
          <l>And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd <hi
rend="italic">Cassio:</hi>
          </l>
          <l>Though other things grow faire against the Sun,</l>
          <l>Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:</l>
          <l>Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;</l>
          <l>Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.</l>
          <l>Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:</l>
          <l>Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:</l>
          <l>Nay get thee gone.</l>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Roderigo.</stage>
          <l>Two things are to be done:</l>
          <l>My Wife must moue for <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> to her
Mistris:</l>
          <l>Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,</l>
          <l>And bring him iumpe, when he<gap extent="1"
            unit="chars"
            reason="nonstandardCharacter"
            agent="inkedSpacemarker"
            resp="#ES"/>may <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> finde</l>
          <l>Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:</l>
          <l>Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="3">
      <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassio, Musitians, and
Clowne</stage>
        <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
          <l>Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,</l>
          <l>Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-clo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Na-
        <lb/>ples, that they speake i'th'Nose thus?</p>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mus">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
  <p>How Sir? how?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mus">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
  <p>I marry are they sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Oh, thereby hangs a tale.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mus">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
  <p>Whereby hangs a tale, sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I
<lb/>know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Ge-
<lb/>nerall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues
<lb/>sake to make no more noise with it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mus">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
  <p>Well Sir, we will not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard,
<lb/>too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Ge-
<lb/>nerall do's not greatly care.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mus">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
  <p>We haue none such, sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile
<lb/>away. Go, vanish into ayre, away.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Mu.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
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      <p>Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-clo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>No, I heare not your honest Friend:
<lb/>I heare you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <p>Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore
<lb/>peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends
<lb/>the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi> en-
<lb/>treats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-clo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall
<lb/>seeme to notifie vnto her.
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Clo.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iago.</stage>
          <lb/>In happy time, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <p>You haue not bin a-bed then?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <p>Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
<lb/>I haue made bold (<hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>) to send in to your
wife:
<lb/>My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous <hi
rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <lb/>Procure me some accesse.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Ile send her to you presently:</l>
      <l>And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore</l>
      <l>Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse</l>
      <l>May be more free.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <l>I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew</l>
      <l>A Florentine more kinde, and honest.</l>
      <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
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line.</note>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Æmilia.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
          <l>Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie</l>
          <l>For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.</l>
          <l>The Generall and his wife are talking of it,</l>
          <l>And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,</l>
          <l>That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,</l>
          <l>And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome</l>
          <l>He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you</l>
          <l>And needs no other Suitor, but his likings</l>
          <l>To bring you in againe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
          <l>Yet I beseech you,</l>
          <l>If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,</l>
          <l>Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse</l>
          <l>With <hi rend="italic">Desdemon</hi> alone.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
          <l>Pray you come in:</l>
          <l>I will bestow you where you shall haue time</l>
          <l>To speake your bosome freely.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
          <l>I am much bound to you.</l>
        </sp>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2">
        <head rend="italic center">scœna Secunda.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, Iago, and
Gentlemen.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
          <l>These Letters giue (<hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>) to the Pylot,</l>
          <l>And by him do my duties to the Senate:</l>
          <l>That done, I will be walking on the Workes,</l>
          <l>Repaire there to mee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-gen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
        <l>Well waite vpon your Lordship.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="3">
      <head rend="italic center">scœna Tertia.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Desdemona, Cassio,
and Æmilia.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>Be thou assur'd (good <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>) I will do</l>
          <l>All my abilities in thy behalfe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
          <l>Good Madam do:</l>
          <l>I warrant it greeues my Husband,</l>
          <l>As if the cause were his.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>
          </l>
          <l>But I will haue my Lord, and you againe</l>
          <l>As friendly as you were.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
          <l>Bounteous Madam,</l>
          <l>What euer shall become of <hi rend="italic">Michael
Cassio</hi>,</l>
          <l>He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:</l>
          <l>You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd</l>
          <l>He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,</l>
          <l>Then in a politique distance.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
          <l>I, but Lady,</l>
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    <l>That policie may either last so long,</l>
    <l>Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,</l>
    <l>Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,</l>
    <l>That I being absent, and my place supply'd,</l>
    <l>My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Do not doubt that: before <hi rend="italic">Æmilia</hi> here,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0833-0.jpg" n="323"/>
    <fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,</l>
    <l>If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it</l>
    <l>To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,</l>
    <l>Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;</l>
    <l>His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,</l>
    <l>Ile intermingle euery thing he do's</l>
    <l>With <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>'s suite: Therefore be merry <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>,</l>
    <l>For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,</l>
    <l>Then giue thy cause away.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, and
Iago.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, heere comes my Lord.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, Ile take my leaue.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Why stay, and heare me speake.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,</l>
    <l>Vnfit for mine owne purposes.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Well, do your discretion.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Cassio.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
```

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            <l>Hah? I like not that.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
            <l>What dost thou say?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
            <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
            <l>Nothing my Lord; or if   I know not what.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
            <l>Was not that <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> parted from my
wife?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
            <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
            <l>
              <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> my Lord<c rend="italic">?</c> No
sure, I cannot thinke it</l>
            <l>That he would steale away so guilty-like,</l>
            <l>Seeing your comming.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>I do beleeue 'twas he.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>How now my Lord?</l>
            <l>I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,</l>
            <l>A man that languishes in your displeasure.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>Who is't you meane?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>Why your Lieutenant <hi rend="italic">Cassio:</hi> Good my
Lord,</l>
            <l>If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,</l>
            <l>His present reconciliation take.</l>
            <l>For if he be not one, that truly loues you,</l>
            <l>That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,</l>
            <l>I haue no iudgement in an honest face.</l>
            <l>I prythee call him backe.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <l>Went he hence now?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>I sooth; so humbled,</l>
    <l>That he hath left part of his greefe with mee</l>
    <l>To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
    <l>Not now (sweet <hi rend="italic">Desdemon</hi>) some other time.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>But shall't be shortly?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>The sooner (Sweet) for you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Shall't be to night, at Supper?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>No, not to night.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>To morrow Dinner then?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>I shall not dine at home:</l>
    <l>I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,</l>
    <l>On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.</l>
    <l>I prythee name the time, but let it not</l>
    <l>Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:</l>
    <l>And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason</l>
    <l>(Saue that they say the warres must make example)</l>
    <l>Out of her best, is not almost a fault</l>
    <l>T'encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?</l>
    <l>Tell me <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>. I wonder in my Soule</l>
    <l>What you would aske me, that I should deny,</l>
```

```xml
        <l>Or stand so mam'ring on? What? <hi rend="italic">Michael Cassio</hi>,</l>
        <l>That came a woing with you? and so many a time</l>
        <l>(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)</l>
        <l>Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do</l>
        <l>To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:</l>
        <l>I will deny thee nothing.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>Why, this is not a Boone:</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,</l>
        <l>Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,</l>
        <l>Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit</l>
        <l>To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite</l>
        <l>Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,</l>
        <l>It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,</l>
        <l>And fearefull to be granted.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>I will deny thee nothing.</l>
        <l>Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,</l>
        <l>To leaue me but a little to my selfe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>Farewell my <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, Ile come to thee strait.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Æmilia</hi> come; be as your Fancies teach you:</l>
        <l>What ere you be, I am obedient.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule</l>
```

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    <l>But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,</l>
    <l>Chaos is come againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>My Noble Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>What dost thou say, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Michael Cassio</hi>
  </l>
  <l>When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>He did, from first to last:</l>
  <l>Why dost thou aske?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>But for a satisfaction of my Thought,</l>
  <l>No further harme.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Why of thy thought, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Indeed?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?</l>
  <l>Is he not honest?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <l>Honest, my Lord?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Honest<c rend="italic">?</c> I, Honest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, for ought I know.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>What do'st thou thinke<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Thinke, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;</l>
  <l>As if there were some Monster in thy thought</l>
  <l>Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean somthing:</l>
  <l>I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,</l>
  <l>When <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> left my wife. What didd'st not like?</l>
  <l>And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,</l>
  <l>Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?</l>
  <l>And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,</l>
  <l>As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine</l>
  <l>Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,</l>
  <l>Shew me thy thought.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, you know I loue you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke thou do'st:</l>
  <l>And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,</l>
  <l>And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,</l>
  <l>Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:</l>
  <l>For such things in a false disloyall Knaue</l>
  <l>Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,</l>
  <l>They're close dilations, working from the heart,</l>
  <l>That Passion cannot rule.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>For <hi rend="italic">Michael Cassio</hi>,</l>
    <l>I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>I thinke so too.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Men should be what they seeme,</l>
    <l>Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Certaine, men should be what they seeme.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Why then I thinke <hi rend="italic">Cassio's</hi> an honest
man.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Nay, yet there's more in this?</l>
    <l>I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,</l>
    <l>As thou dost ruminate, and giue thy worst of thoughts</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0834-0.jpg" n="324"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>The worst of words.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Good my Lord pardon me,</l>
    <l>Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,</l>
    <l>I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:</l>
    <l>Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and falce?</l>
    <l>As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things</l>
    <l>Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,</l>
    <l>Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions</l>
    <l>Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit</l>
    <l>With meditations lawfull?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (<hi
rend="italic">Iago</hi>)</l>
    <l>If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare</l>
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    <l>A stranger to thy Thoughts.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I do beseech you,</l>
  <l>Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse</l>
  <l>(As I confesse it is my Natures plague</l>
  <l>To spy into Abuses, and of my iealousie</l>
  <l>Shapes faults that are not) that your wisedome</l>
  <l>From one, that so imperfectly conceits,</l>
  <l>Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble</l>
  <l>Out of his scattering, and vnsure obseruance:</l>
  <l>It were not for your quiet, nor your good,</l>
  <l>Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisedome,</l>
  <l>To let you know my thoughts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>What dost thou meane?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Good name in Man, &amp; woman (deere my Lord)</l>
  <l>Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;</l>
  <l>Who steales my purse, steales trash:</l>
  <l>'Tis something, nothing;</l>
  <l>'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:</l>
  <l>But he that filches from me my good Name,</l>
  <l>Robs me of that, which not enriches him,</l>
  <l>And makes me poore indeed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Ile know thy Thoughts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,</l>
  <l>Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Ha<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie,</l>
  <l>It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke</l>
  <l>The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,</l>
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<l>Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:</l>
<l>But oh, what damned minutes <gap extent="1"
    unit="chars"
    reason="illegible"
    agent="partiallyInkedType"
    resp="#ES"/>els he ore,</l>
<l>Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>O miserie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,</l>
  <l>But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,</l>
  <l>To him that euer feares he shall be poore:</l>
  <l>Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend</l>
  <l>From Iealousie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Why? why is this?</l>
  <l>Think'st thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealousie;</l>
  <l>To follow still the changes of the Moone</l>
  <l>With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,</l>
  <l>Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,</l>
  <l>When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule</l>
  <l>To such exufflicate, and blow'd Surmises,</l>
  <l>Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,</l>
  <l>To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,</l>
  <l>Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:</l>
  <l>Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.</l>
  <l>Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw</l>
  <l>The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,</l>
  <l>For she had eyes, and chose me. No <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,</l>
  <l>Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;</l>
  <l>And on the proofe, there is no more but this,</l>
  <l>Away at once with Loue, or Iealousie.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ia.</speaker>
  <l>I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason</l>
  <l>To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you</l>
  <l>With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)</l>
  <l>Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of proofe:</l>
  <l>Looke to your wife, obserue her well with <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>,</l>
  <l>Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:</l>

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    <l>I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,</l>
    <l>Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:</l>
    <l>I know our Country disposition well:</l>
    <l>In Venice, they do let Heauen see the prankes</l>
    <l>They dare not shew their Husbands.</l>
    <l>Their best Conscience,</l>
    <l>Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Dost thou say so?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,</l>
  <l>And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,</l>
  <l>She lou'd them most.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>And so she did.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Why go too then:</l>
  <l>Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming</l>
  <l>To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,</l>
  <l>He thought 'twas Witchcraft.</l>
  <l>But I am much too blame:</l>
  <l>I humbly do beseech you of your pardon</l>
  <l>For too much louing you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I am bound to thee for euer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Not a iot, not a iot.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Trust me, I feare it has:</l>
  <l>I hope you will consider what is spoke</l>
  <l>Comes from your Loue.</l>
  <l>But I do see y'are moou'd:</l>
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    <l>I am to pray you, not to straine my speech</l>
    <l>To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,</l>
    <l>Then to Suspition.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I will not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Should you do so (my Lord)</l>
  <l>My speech should fall into such vilde successe,</l>
  <l>Which my Thoughts aym'd not.</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>'s my worthy Friend:</l>
  <l>My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>No, not much mou'd:</l>
  <l>I do not thinke but <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>'s honest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Long liue she so;</l>
  <l>And long liue you to thinke so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I, there's the point:</l>
  <l>As (to be bold with you)</l>
  <l>Not to affect many proposed Matches</l>
  <l>Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,</l>
  <l>Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:</l>
  <l>Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,</l>
  <l>Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.</l>
  <l>But (pardon me) I do not in position</l>
  <l>Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare</l>
  <l>Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,</l>
  <l>May fal to match you with her Country formes,</l>
  <l>And happily repent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Farewell, farewell:</l>
  <l>If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:</l>
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      <l>Set on thy wife to obserue.</l>
      <l>Leaue me <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord, I take my leaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
   <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
   <l>Why did I marry?</l>
   <l>This honest Creature (doubtlesse)</l>
   <l>Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
   <gap extent="2"
      unit="chars"
      reason="illegible"
      agent="partiallyInkedType"
      resp="#ES"/>go</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0835-0.jpg" n="325"/>
<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor</l>
   <l>To scan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,</l>
   <l>Although 'tis fit that <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> haue his
Place;</l>
   <l>For sure he filles it vp with great Ability;</l>
   <l>Yet if you please, to him off a-while:</l>
   <l>You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:</l>
   <l>Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment</l>
   <l>With any strong, or vehement importunitie,</l>
   <l>Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,</l>
   <l>Let me be thought too busie in my feares,</l>
   <l>(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)</l>
   <l>And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
   <l>Feare not my gouernment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
   <l>I once more take my leaue.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
   <l>This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,</l>
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<l>And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit</l>
<l>Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,</l>
<l>Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,</l>
<l>I'ld whistle her off, and let her downe the winde</l>
<l>To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,</l>
<l>And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation</l>
<l>That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd</l>
<l>Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)</l>
<l>Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe</l>
<l>Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!</l>
<l>That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,</l>
<l>And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,</l>
<l>And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,</l>
<l>Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue</l>
<l>For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,</l>
<l>Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,</l>
<l>'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death:</l>
<l>Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,</l>
<l>When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Desdemona and
Æmilia.</stage>
<l>If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:</l>
<l>Ile not beleeue't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>How now, my deere <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>?</l>
<l>Your dinner, and the generous Islanders</l>
<l>By you inuited, do attend your presence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>I am too blame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>Why do you speake so faintly?</l>
<l>Are you not well?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.</l>
<l>Let me but binde it hard, within this houre</l>
<l>It will be well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Your Napkin is too little:</l>
    <l>Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>I am very sorry that you are not well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>I am glad I haue found this Napkin:</l>
    <l>This was her first remembrance from the Moore,</l>
    <l>My wayward Husband hath a hundred times</l>
    <l>Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,</l>
    <l>(For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it)</l>
    <l>That she reserues it euermore about her,</l>
    <l>To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,</l>
    <l>And giu't <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>: what he will do with it</l>
    <l>Heauen knowes, not I:</l>
    <l>I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iago.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>How now? What do you heere alone?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>You haue a thing for me?</l>
    <l>It is a common thing    </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Hah?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>To haue a foolish wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now</l>
    <l>For that same Handkerchiefe.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>What Handkerchiefe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>What Handkerchiefe?</l>
  <l>Why that the Moore first gaue to <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>,</l>
  <l>That which so often you did bid me steale.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Hast stolne it from her?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>No: but she let it drop by negligence,</l>
  <l>And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:</l>
  <l>Looke, heere 'tis.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>A good wench, giue it me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <p>What will you do with't, that you haue bene
<lb/>so earnest to haue me filch it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Why, what is that to you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>If it be not for some purpose of import,</l>
  <l>Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad</l>
  <l>When she shall lacke it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Be not acknowne on't:</l>
  <l>I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me.</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Æmil.</stage>
  <l>I will in <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>'s Lodging loose this Napkin,</l>
  <l>And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,</l>
  <l>Are to the iealious, confirmations strong,</l>
  <l>As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.</l>
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<l>The Moore already changes with my poyson:</l>
<l>Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,</l>
<l>Which at the first are scarse found to distaste:</l>
<l>But with a little acte vpon the blood,</l>
<l>Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello.</stage>
<l>Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,</l>
<l>Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world</l>
<l>Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe</l>
<l>Which thou owd'st yesterday.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Ha, ha, false to mee?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Why how now Generall? No more of that.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:</l>
  <l>I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,</l>
  <l>Then but to know't a little.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>How now, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?</l>
  <l>I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:</l>
  <l>I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.</l>
  <l>I found not <hi rend="italic">Cassio's</hi> kisses on her Lippes:</l>
  <l>He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,</l>
  <l>Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I am sorry to heare this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,</l>
  <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
line.</note>
  <l>Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,</l>
  <l>So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer</l>
  <l>Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;</l>

<l>Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,</l>
    <l>That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell;</l>
    <l>Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,</l>
    <l>The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,</l>
    <l>The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,</l>
    <l>Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:</l>
    <l>And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throats</l>
    <l>Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,</l>
    <l>Farewell: <hi rend="italic">Othello's</hi> Occupation's gone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Is't possible, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;</l>
  <l>Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular proofe,</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Or</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0836-0.jpg" n="326"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,</l>
  <l>Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog</l>
  <l>Then answer my wak'd wrath.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Is't come to this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,</l>
  <l>That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,</l>
  <l>To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>My Noble Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>If thou dost slander her, and torture me,</l>
  <l>Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse</l>
  <l>On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:</l>
  <l>Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;</l>
  <l>For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,</l>
  <l>Greater then that.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!</l>
        <l>Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?</l>
        <l>God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,</l>
        <l>That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!</l>
        <l>Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)</l>
        <l>To be direct and honest, is not safe.</l>
        <l>I thanke you for this profit, and from hence</l>
        <l>Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,</l>
        <l>And looses that it workes for.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>By the World,</l>
        <l>I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:</l>
        <l>I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:</l>
        <l>Ile haue some proofe. My name that was as fresh</l>
        <l>As <hi rend="italic">Dians</hi> Visage, is now begrim'd and
blacke</l>
        <l>As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,</l>
        <l>Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,</l>
        <l>Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>I see you are eaten vp with Passion:</l>
        <l>I do repent me, that I put it to you.</l>
        <l>You would be satisfied?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>Would? Nay, and I will.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>And may: but how<c rend="italic">?</c> How satisfied, my
Lord?</l>
        <l>Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?</l>
        <l>Behold her top'd?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
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    <l>Death, and damnation. Oh!</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,</l>
  <l>To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,</l>
  <l>If euer mortall eyes do see them boulster</l>
  <l>More then their owne. What then? How then?</l>
  <l>What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?</l>
  <l>It is impossible you should see this,</l>
  <l>Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,</l>
  <l>As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse</l>
  <l>As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,</l>
  <l>If imputation, and strong circumstances,</l>
  <l>Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,</l>
  <l>Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I do not like the Office.</l>
  <l>But sith I am entred in this cause so farre</l>
  <l>(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)</l>
  <l>I will go on. I lay with <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> lately,</l>
  <l>And being troubled with a raging tooth,</l>
  <l>I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,</l>
  <l>So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter</l>
  <l>Their Affayres: one of this kinde is <hi rend="italic">Cassio:</hi>
  </l>
  <l>In sleepe I heard him say, sweet <hi
rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>,</l>
  <l>Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,</l>
  <l>And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:</l>
  <l>Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,</l>
  <l>That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,</l>
  <l>And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,</l>
  <l>That gaue thee to the Moore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>O monstrous! monstrous!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, this was but his Dreame.</l>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,</l>
  <l>'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,</l>
  <l>That do demonstrate thinly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Ile teare her all to peeces.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,</l>
  <l>She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,</l>
  <l>Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe</l>
  <l>Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe</l>
  <l>(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day</l>
  <l>See <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> wipe his Beard with.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>If it be that.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>If it be that, or any, it was hers.</l>
  <l>It speakes against her with the other proofes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
  <l>O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:</l>
  <l>One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.</l>
  <l>Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,</l>
  <l>All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.</l>
  <l>Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,</l>
  <l>Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne</l>
  <l>To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,</l>
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    <l>For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Yet be content.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Oh blood, blood, blood.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Patience I say: your minde may change.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Neuer <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>. Like to the Ponticke Sea,</l>
    <l>Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,</l>
    <l>Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on</l>
    <l>To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:</l>
    <l>Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace</l>
    <l>Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,</l>
    <l>Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge</l>
    <l>Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,</l>
    <l>In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,</l>
    <l>I heere engage my words.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Do not rise yet:</l>
    <l>Witnesse you euer-burning Lights aboue,</l>
    <l>You Elements, that clip vs round about,</l>
    <l>Witnesse that heere <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi> doth giue vp</l>
    <l>The execution of his wit, hands, heart,</l>
    <l>To wrong'd <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>'s Seruice. Let him command,</l>
    <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
    <l>And to obey shall be in me remorse,</l>
    <l>What bloody businesse euer.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>I greet thy loue,</l>
    <l>Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,</l>
    <l>And will vpon the instant put thee too't.</l>
    <l>Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,</l>
    <l>That <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>'s not aliue.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>My Friend is dead:</l>
        <l>'Tis done at your Request.</l>
        <l>But let her liue.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>Damne her lewde Minx:</l>
        <l>O damne her, damne her.</l>
        <l>Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw</l>
        <l>To furnish me with some swift meanes of death</l>
        <l>For the faire Diuell.</l>
        <l>Now art thou my Lieutenant.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>I am your owne for euer.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Scena</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0839-0.jpg" n="327"/>
      <fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="4">
      <head rend="italic center">Scæna Quarta.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Desdemona, Æmilia,
and Clown.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <p>Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>
          <lb/>lyes?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
        <p>I dare not say he lies any where.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <p>Why man?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes,
<lb/>'tis stabbing.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
```

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      <p>Go too: where lodges he?</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where
<lb/>I lye.</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <p>Can any thing be made of this?</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-
<lb/>uise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were
<lb/>to lye in mine owne throat.</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <p>Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re-
<lb/>port?</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make
<lb/>Questions, and by them answer.</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <p>Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I
<lb/>haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will
<lb/>be well.</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,
<lb/>and therefore I will attempt the doing it.</p>
  </sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Clo.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <p>Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, <hi rend="italic">Æ-
<lb/>milia</hi>?</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <p>I know not Madam.</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
```

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    <l>Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse</l>
    <l>Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore</l>
    <l>Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,</l>
    <l>As iealious Creatures are, it were enough</l>
    <l>To put him to ill-thinking.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Is he not iealious?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,</l>
  <l>Drew all such humors from him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Looke where he comes.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I will not leaue him now, till <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> be</l>
  <l>Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!</l>
  <l>How do you, <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Well, my good Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Giue me your hand.</l>
  <l>This hand is moist, my Lady.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>This argues fruitfulnesse, and liberall heart:</l>
  <l>Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires</l>
  <l>A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,</l>
  <l>Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,</l>
  <l>For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell here</l>
```

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    <l>That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,</l>
    <l>A franke one.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>You may (indeed) say so:</l>
  <l>For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:</l>
  <l>But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I cannot speake of this:</l>
  <l>Come, now your promise.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>What promise, Chucke?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I haue sent to bid <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> come speake with
you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:</l>
  <l>Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Heere my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>That which I gaue you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I haue it not about me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Not?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>No indeed, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe</l>
    <l>Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue:</l>
    <l>She was a Charmer, and could almost read</l>
    <l>The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,</l>
    <l>'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father</l>
    <l>Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,</l>
    <l>Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye</l>
    <l>Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt</l>
    <l>After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,</l>
    <l>And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)</l>
    <l>To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,</l>
    <l>Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:</l>
    <l>To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,</l>
    <l>As nothing else could match.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Is't possible?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:</l>
    <l>A <hi rend="italic">Sybill</hi> that had numbred in the world</l>
    <l>The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,</l>
    <l>In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:</l>
    <l>The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,</l>
    <l>And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull</l>
    <l>Conseru'd of Maidens hearts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Indeed? Is't true?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Ha? wherefore?</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Blesse vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Say you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>It is not lost: but what and if it were?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>How<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I say it is not lost.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Fetcht, let me see't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Why so I can: but I will not now:</l>
  <l>This is a tricke to put me from my suite,</l>
  <l>Pray you let <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> be receiu'd againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,</l>
  <l>My minde mis-giues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <p>Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more suffici-
<lb/>ent man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>The Handkerchiefe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>A man that all his time</l>
    <l>Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;</l>
    <l>Shar'd dangers with you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>The Handkerchiefe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Insooth, you are too blame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Away.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Othello.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Is not this man iealious?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>I neu'r saw this before.</l>
    <l>Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,</l>
    <l>I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:</l>
    <l>They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,</l>
    <l>They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full</l>
    <l>They belch vs.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iago, and
Cassio.</stage>
    <l>Looke you, <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> and my Husband.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:</l>
    <l>And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Des.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0838-0.jpg" n="328"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
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<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>How now (good <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>) what's the newes with
<lb/>you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,</l>
  <l>That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe</l>
  <l>Exist, and be a member of his loue,</l>
  <l>Whom I, with all the Office of my heart</l>
  <l>Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.</l>
  <l>If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,</l>
  <l>That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,</l>
  <l>Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,</l>
  <l>Can ransome me into his loue againe,</l>
  <l>But to know so, must be my benefit:</l>
  <l>So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,</l>
  <l>And shut my selfe vp in some other course</l>
  <l>To Fortunes Almes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Alas (thrice-gentle <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>)</l>
  <l>My Aduocation is not now in Tune;</l>
  <l>My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,</l>
  <l>Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.</l>
  <l>So helpe me euery spirit sanctified,</l>
  <l>As I haue spoken for you all my best,</l>
  <l>And stood within the blanke of his displeasure</l>
  <l>For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:</l>
  <l>What I can do, I will: and more I will</l>
  <l>Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Is my Lord angry?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>He went hence but now:</l>
  <l>And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Can he be angry? I haue seen the Cannon</l>
  <l>When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,</l>
  <l>And like the Diuell from his very Arme</l>
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    <l>Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?</l>
    <l>Something of moment then: I will go meet him,</l>
    <l>There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I prythee do so. Something sure of State,</l>
  <l>Either from Venice, or some vnhatch'd practise</l>
  <l>Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,</l>
  <l>Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,</l>
  <l>Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,</l>
  <l>Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen so.</l>
  <l>For let our finger ake, and it endues</l>
  <l>Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense</l>
  <l>Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,</l>
  <l>Nor of them looke for such obseruancie</l>
  <l>As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, <hi
rend="italic">Æmilia</hi>,</l>
  <l>I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am)</l>
  <l>Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule:</l>
  <l>But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,</l>
  <l>And he's Indited falsely.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Pray heauen it bee</l>
  <l>State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,</l>
  <l>Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>But Iealious soules will not be answer'd so;</l>
  <l>They are not euer iealious for the cause,</l>
  <l>But iealious, for they're iealious. It is a Monster</l>
  <l>Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Heauen keepe the Monster from <hi rend="italic">Othello's</hi>
mind.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Lady, Amen.</l>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I will go seeke him. <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, walke heere about:</l>
  <l>If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,</l>
  <l>And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>I humbly thanke your Ladyship.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bianca.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
  <l>'Saue you (Friend <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>.)</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>What make you from home?</l>
  <l>How is't with you, my most faire <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>?</l>
  <l>Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
  <l>And I was going to your Lodging, <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>.</l>
  <l>What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?</l>
  <l>Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres</l>
  <l>More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?</l>
  <l>Oh weary reck'ning.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>Pardon me, <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>:</l>
  <l>I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,</l>
  <l>But I shall in a more continuate time</l>
  <l>Strike off this score of absence. Sweet <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi></l>
  <l>Take me this worke out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bianca.</speaker>
  <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, whence came this?</l>
  <l>This is some Token from a newer Friend,</l>
  <l>To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause:</l>
  <l>Is't come to this? Well, well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
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  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>Go too, woman:</l>
  <l>Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth,</l>
  <l>From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,</l>
  <l>That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;</l>
  <l>No, in good troth <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
  <l>Why, who's is it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>I know not neither:</l>
  <l>I found it in my Chamber,</l>
  <l>I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded</l>
  <l>(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:</l>
  <l>Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
  <l>Leaue you? Wherefore?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>I do attend heere on the Generall,</l>
  <l>And thinke it no addition, nor my wish</l>
  <l>To haue him see me woman'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
  <l>Why, I <choice>
      <orig>ptay</orig>
      <corr>pray</corr>
    </choice> you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>Not that I loue you not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
  <l>But that you do not loue me.</l>
  <l>I pray you bring me on the way a little,</l>
  <l>And say, if I shall see you soone at night?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,</l>
  <l>For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.</l>
```

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-bia">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
      <l>'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt omnes.</stage>
  </div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="4">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, and
Iago.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Will you thinke so?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
      <l>Thinke so, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>What, to kisse in priuate?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
      <l>An vnauthoriz'd kisse?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,</l>
      <l>An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
      <l>Naked in bed (<hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>) and not meane
harme?</l>
      <l>It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:</l>
      <l>They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,</l>
      <l>The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:</l>
      <l>But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
```

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    <l>What then?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,</l>
    <l>She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>She is Protectresse of her honor too:</l>
    <l>May she giue that?</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Iago.</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0839-0.jpg" n="329"/>
  <fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,</l>
    <l>They haue it very oft, that haue it not.</l>
    <l>But for the Handkerchiefe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:</l>
    <l>Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,</l>
    <l>As doth the Rauen o're the infectious house:</l>
    <l>Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>I: what of that?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>That's not so good now.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iag.</speaker>
    <l>What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong<c
rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
    <l>Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad,</l>
    <l>Who hauing by their owne importunate suit,</l>
    <l>Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,</l>
    <l>Conuinced or supply'd them, cannot chuse</l>
    <l>But they must blab.)</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
```

<l>Hath he said any thing?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,</l>
  <l>No more then he'le vn-sweare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>What hath he said?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Why, that he did: I know not what he did.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>What? What?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Lye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>With her?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>With her? On her: what you will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <p>Lye with her<c rend="italic">?</c> lye on her? We say lye on her,
<lb/>when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:
<lb/>Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To con-
<lb/>fesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
<lb/>and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
<lb/>inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some
<lb/>I<c rend="inverted">n</c>struction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
<lb/>Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Hand-
<lb/>kerchiefe? O diuell.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Falls in a Traunce.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Worke on,</l>
  <l>My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,</l>

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    <l>And many worthy, and chast Dames euen thus,</l>
    <l>(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?</l>
    <l>My Lord, I say: <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassio.</stage>
    <l>How now <hi rend="italic">C<c rend="inverted">a</c>ssio?</hi>
    </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>What's the matter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,</l>
  <l>This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>Rub him about the Temples.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>The Lethargie must haue his quyet course:</l>
  <l>If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by</l>
  <l>Breakes out to sauage madnesse Looke, he stirres:</l>
  <l>Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,</l>
  <l>He will recouer straight: when he is gone</l>
  <l>I would on great occasion, speake with you.</l>
  <l>How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Dost thou mocke me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I mocke you not, by Heauen:</l>
  <l>Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,</l>
  <l>And many a ciuill Monster.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
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      <l>Did he confesse it?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
   <l>Good Sir, be a man:</l>
   <l>Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd</l>
   <l>May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,</l>
   <l>That nightly lye in these vnproper beds,</l>
   <l>Which they dare Sweare peculiar. Your case is better.</l>
   <l>Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,</l>
   <l>To lip a wanton in secure Cowch;</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,</l>
   <l>And knowing what I am, I know what she shallbe.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
   <l>Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
   <l>Stand you a while apart,</l>
   <l>Confine your selfe but in a patient List,</l>
   <l>Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe</l>
   <l>(A passion most resulting such a man)</l>
   <l>
     <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> came hither. I shifted him away,</l>
   <l>And layd good scuses vpon your Extasie,</l>
   <l>Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,</l>
   <l>The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,</l>
   <l>And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes</l>
   <l>That dwell in euery Region of his face.</l>
   <l>For I will make him tell the Tale anew;</l>
   <l>WHere, how, how oft, how long ago, and when</l>
   <l>He hath, and is agine <gap extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="illegible"
        agent="inkBlot"
        resp="#ES"/>o cope your wife.</l>
   <l>I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,</l>
   <l>Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,</l>
   <l>And nothing of a man.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
   <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
   <l>Do'st thou heare, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,</l>
   <l>I will be found most cunning in my Patience:</l>
   <l>But (do'st thou heare) most bloody.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
```

<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>That's not amisse,</l>
<l>But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?</l>
<l>Now will I question <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>,</l>
<l>A Huswife that by selling her desires</l>
<l>Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature</l>
<l>That dotes on <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague</l>
<l>To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)</l>
<l>He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine</l>
<l>From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassio.</stage>
<l>As he shall smile, <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi> shall go mad:</l>
<l>And his vnbookish Ielousie must conserue</l>
<l>Poore <hi rend="italic">Cassio's</hi> smiles, gestures, and light behauiours</l>
<l>Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
<l>The worser, that you giue me the addition,</l>
<l>Whose want euen killes me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>Ply <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi> well, and you are sure on't:</l>
<l>Now, if this Suit lay in <hi rend="italic">Bianca's</hi> dowre,</l>
<l>How quickely should you speed?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
<l>Alas poore Caitiffe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>Looke how he laughes already.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>I neuer knew woman loue man so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
<l>Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.</l>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Do you heare <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Now he importunes him</l>
  <l>To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>She giues it out, that you shall marry her.</l>
  <l>Do you intend it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>Ha, ha, ha.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare</l>
  <l>Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it</l>
  <l>So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Why the cry goes, that you marry her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>Prythee say true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I am a very Villaine else.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Haue you scoar'd me? Well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
    <l>This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:</l>
    <l>She is perswaded I will marry her</l>
    <l>Out of her owne loue &amp; flattery, not out of my promise.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sign" place="footRight">vv</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
    <hi rend="italic">Othe.</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0840-0.jpg" n="330"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi> becomes me: now he begins the story.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
    <p>She was heere euen now: she haunts me in e-
<lb/>uery place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-
<lb/>banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the
<lb/>Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <p>Crying oh deere <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, as it were: his
iesture im-
<lb/>ports it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
    <l>So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:</l>
    <l>So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <p>Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Cham-
<lb/>ber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I
<lb/>shall throw it to.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
    <p>Well, I must leaue her companie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <p>Before me: looke where she comes.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bianca.</stage>
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<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
   <p>'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
<lb/>What do you meane by this haunting of me?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
   <p>Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what
<lb/>did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue
<lb/>me euen now<c rend="italic">?</c> I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take
<lb/>out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should
<lb/>finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.
<lb/>This is some Minxes token, &amp; I must take out the worke?
<lb/>There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wheresoeuer you had
<lb/>it, Ile take out no worke on't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
   <p>How now, my sweete <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>?
<lb/>How now? How now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
   <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
   <l>By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-bia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
   <p>If you'le come to supper to night you may, if
<lb/>you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
   <p>After her: after her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
   <p>I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
   <p>Will you sup there?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
   <p>Yes, I intend so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
```

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    <p>Well, I may chance to see you: for I would ve-
<lb/>ry faine speake with you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>Prythee come: will you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Go too; say no more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <p>How shall I murther him, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <p>Oh, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>And did you see the Handkerchiefe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <p>Was that mine?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes
<lb/>the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him,<gap extent="1"
      unit="chars"
      reason="nonstandardCharacter"
      agent="inkedSpacemarker"
      resp="#ES"/>and he
<lb/>hath giu'n it his whore.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:</l>
  <l>A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, you must forget that.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othello.</speaker>
  <p>I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to
<lb/>night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to
<lb/>stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world
<lb/>hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Em-
<lb/>perours side, and command him Taskes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, that's not your way.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <p>Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate
<lb/>with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will
<lb/>sing the Sauagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plen-
<lb/>teous wit, and inuention<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>She's the worse for all this.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <p>Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
<lb/>And then of so gentle a condition?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>I too gentle.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <p>Nay that's certaine:</p>
  <p>But yet the pitty of it, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>: oh <hi
rend="italic">Iago</hi>, the pitty of it
    <cb n="2"/>
      <lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her
<lb/>pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere
<lb/>no body.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <p>I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Oh, 'tis foule in her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <p>With mine Officer?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>That's fouler.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <p>Get me some poyson, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, this night. Ile not
<lb/>expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnpro-
<lb/>uide my mind againe: this night <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,
<lb/>Euen the bed she hath contaminated.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Good, good:</l>
  <l>The Iustice of it pleases: very good.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>And for <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, let me be his vndertaker:</l>
  <l>You shall heare more by midnight.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lodouico, Desdemona,
and Attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I warrant something from Venice,</l>
  <l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Lodouico</hi>, this, comes from the
Duke.</l>
  <l>See, your wife's with him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Lodo.</speaker>
    <l>Saue you worthy Generall.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>With all my heart Sir.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
    <l>The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>And what's the newes, good cozen <hi
rend="italic">Lodouico</hi>?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>I am very glad to see you Signior:</l>
    <l>Welcome to Cyprus.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
    <l>I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Liues Sir,</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Cozen, there's falne betweene him, &amp; my Lord,</l>
    <l>An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Are you sure of that?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>This faile you not to do, as you will   </l>
```

```xml
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
            <l>He did not call: he's busie in the paper,</l>
            <l>Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>A most vnhappy one: I would do much</l>
            <l>T'attone<gap extent="1"
                unit="chars"
                reason="nonstandardCharacter"
                agent="inkedSpacemarker"
                resp="#ES"/>them, for the loue I beare to <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>Fire, and brimestone.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>My Lord.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>Are you wise?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>What is he angrie?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
            <l>May be th Letter mou'd him.</l>
            <l>For as I thinke, they do command him home,</l>
            <l>Deputing <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> in his Gouernment.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>Trust me, I am glad on't.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
            <l>Indeed?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>My Lord?</l>
```

```xml
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>I am glad to see you mad.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Why, sweete <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Diuell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I haue not deseru'd this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,</l>
  <l>Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,</l>
  <l>Make her amends: she weepes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Oh diuell, diuell:</l>
  <l>If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,</l>
  <l>Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:</l>
  <l>Out of my sight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I will not stay to offend you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
  <l>Truely obedient Lady:</l>
  <l>I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Oth</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0841-0.jpg" n="331"/>
<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Mistris.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>What would you with her, Sir?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
    <l>Who I, my Lord<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:</l>
    <l>Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on</l>
    <l>And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.</l>
    <l>And she's obedient: as you say obedient.</l>
    <l>Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.</l>
    <l>Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)</l>
    <l>I am commanded home: get you away:</l>
    <l>Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,</l>
    <l>And will returne to Venice. Hence, auaunt:</l>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> shall haue my Place. And Sir, to
night</l>
    <l>I do entreat, that we may sup together.</l>
    <l>You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.</l>
    <l>Goates, and Monkeys.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
    <l>Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate</l>
    <l>Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature</l>
    <l>Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue</l>
    <l>The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance</l>
    <l>Could neither graze, nor pierce?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>He is much chang'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
    <l>Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.</l>
```

```xml
    <l>What he might be: if what he might, he is not,</l>
    <l>I would to heauen he were.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
    <l>What? Strike his wife?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew</l>
    <l>That stroke would proue the worst.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
    <l>Is it his vse?</l>
    <l>Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,</l>
    <l>And new create his fault<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Alas, alas:</l>
    <l>It is not honestie in me to speake</l>
    <l>What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,</l>
    <l>And his owne courses will <choice>
        <orig>deonte</orig>
        <corr>denote</corr>
      </choice> him so,</l>
    <l>That I may saue my speech: do but go after</l>
    <l>And marke how he continues.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
    <l>I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Secundas.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello and
Æmilia.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>You haue seene nothing then<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.</l>
```

```xml
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
            <l>Yes, you haue seene <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, and she
together.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmi.</speaker>
            <l>But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,</l>
            <l>Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
            <l>What? Did they neuer whisper?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
            <l>Neuer my Lord.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
            <l>Nor send you out o'th'way?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
            <l>Neuer.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
            <l>To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-
<lb rend="turnunder"/>
              <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>thing?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
            <l>Neuer my Lord.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
            <l>That's strange.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
            <l>I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:</l>
            <l>Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,</l>
            <l>Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:</l>
            <l>If any wretch haue put this in your head,</l>
            <l>Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,</l>
```

```xml
    <l>There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues</l>
    <l>Is foule as Slander.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Bid her come hither: go.</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Æmilia.</stage>
    <l>She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud</l>
    <l>That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:</l>
    <l>A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,</l>
    <l>And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Desdemona, and
Æmilia.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, what is your will<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Pray you Chucke come hither.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>What is your pleasure?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>What horrible Fancie's this?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Some of your Function Mistris:</l>
    <l>Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:</l>
    <l>Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:</l>
    <l>Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Æmi.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?</l>
    <l>I vnderstand a Fury in your words.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
```

<l>Why? What art thou?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othello.</speaker>
    <p>Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least
<lb/>being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should
<lb/>feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare
<lb/>thou art honest.</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Heauen doth truely know it.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>To whom my Lord?</l>
    <l>With whom? How am I false?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Desdemon</hi>, away, away, away.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?</l>
    <l>Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?</l>
    <l>If happely you my Father do suspect,</l>
    <l>An Instrument of this your calling backe,</l>
    <l>Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,</l>
    <l>I haue lost him too.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
    <l>Had it pleas'd Heauen,</l>
    <l>To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd</l>
    <l>All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:</l>
    <l>Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.</l>
    <l>Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,</l>
    <l>I should haue found in some place of my Soule</l>
    <l>A drop of patience. But alas, to make me</l>
    <l>The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,</l>
    <l>To point his slow, and mouing finger at.</l>

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    <l>Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:</l>
    <l>But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,</l>
    <l>Where either I must liue, or beare no life,</l>
    <l>The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,</l>
    <l>Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,</l>
    <l>Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades</l>
    <l>To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:</l>
    <l>Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,</l>
    <l>I heere looke grim as hell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,</l>
  <l>That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:</l>
  <l>Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,</l>
  <l>That the Sense akes at thee,</l>
  <l>Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke</l>
  <l>Made to write Whore vpon? What commited,</l>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">vv2</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Com.</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0842-0.jpg" n="332"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,</l>
  <l>I should make very Forges of my cheekes,</l>
  <l>That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,</l>
  <l>Did I but speake thy deedes. What commited?</l>
  <l>Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:</l>
  <l>The baudy winde that kisses all it meetes,</l>
  <l>Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth</l>
  <l>And will not hear't. What commited?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>By Heauen you do me wrong.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
```

```xml
        <l>Are not you a Strumpet?</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>No, as I am a Christian.</l>
  <l>If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,</l>
  <l>From any other foule vnlawfull touch</l>
  <l>Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>What, not a Whore?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>No, as I shall be sau'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>Is't possible?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Oh Heauen forgiue vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
  <l>I cry you mercy then.</l>
  <l>I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,</l>
  <l>That married with <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>. You Mistris,</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Æmilia.</stage>
  <l>That haue the office opposite to Saint <hi
rend="italic">Peter</hi>,</l>
  <l>And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.</l>
  <l>We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:</l>
  <l>I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?</l>
  <l>How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Faith, halfe a sleepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmi.</speaker>
  <l>Good Madam,</l>
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    <l>What's the matter with my Lord?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>With who?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Why, with my Lord, Madam?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Who is thy Lord?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>He that is yours, sweet Lady.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>I haue none: do not talke to me, <hi rend="italic">Æmilia</hi>,</l>
    <l>I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,</l>
    <l>But what should go by water. Prythee to night,</l>
    <l>Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,</l>
    <l>And call thy husband hither.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Heere's a change indeed.</l>
  </sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.</l>
    <l>How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke</l>
    <l>The small'st opinion on my least misvse?</l>
  </sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iago, and
Æmilia.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>What is your pleasure Madam?</l>
    <l>How is't with you?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes</l>
    <l>Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.</l>
    <l>He might haue chid me so; for in good faith</l>
    <l>I am a Child to chiding.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>What is the matter Lady?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
          <l>Alas (<hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>) my Lord hath so bewhor'd
her,</l>
          <l>Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her</l>
          <l>That true hear<gap extent="1"
              unit="chars"
              reason="illegible"
              agent="partiallyInkedType"
              resp="#ES"/>s cannot beare it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>Am I that name, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>What name, (faire Lady?)</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>Such as she said my Lord did say I was.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
          <l>He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:</l>
          <l>Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>Why did he so?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>I do not know: I am sure I am none such.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
          <l>Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?</l>
          <l>Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends<c
rend="italic">?</c>
```

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    </l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one we<gap extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="illegible"
        agent="inkBlot"
        resp="#ES"/>pe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>It is my wretched Fortune.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Beshrew him for't:</l>
  <l>How comes this Tricke vpon him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, Heauen doth know.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmi.</speaker>
  <l>I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,</l>
  <l>Some busie and insinuating Rogue,</l>
  <l>Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,</l>
  <l>Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>A halter pardon him:</l>
  <l>And hell gnaw his bones.</l>
  <l>Why should he call her Whore<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
  <l>Who keepes her companie?</l>
  <l>What Place? What Time?</l>
  <l>What Forme? What liklyhood?</l>
  <l>The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,</l>
  <l>Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow.</l>
  <l>Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,</l>
  <l>And put in euery honest hand a whip</l>
  <l>To lash<note type="physical" resp="#ES">A stain partially obscures
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this word.</note> the Rascalls naked through the world,</l>
				<l>Euen from the East to th'West.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
				<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
				<l>Speake within doore.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
				<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
				<l>Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was</l>
				<l>That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,</l>
				<l>And made you to suspect me with the Moore.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
				<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
				<l>You are a Foole: go too.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-oth-des">
				<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
				<l>Alas <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,</l>
				<l>What shall I do to win my Lord againe?</l>
				<l>Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,</l>
				<l>I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:</l>
				<l>If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,</l>
				<l>Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,</l>
				<l>Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence</l>
				<l>Delighted them: or any other Forme.</l>
				<l>Or that I do not yet, and euer did,</l>
				<l>And euer will, (though he do shake me off</l>
				<l>To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,</l>
				<l>Comfort forsweare me. Vnkindnesse may do much,</l>
				<l>And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,</l>
				<l>But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,</l>
				<l>It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,</l>
				<l>To do the Act, that might the addition earne,</l>
				<l>Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
				<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
				<l>I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:</l>
				<l>The businesse of the State do's him offence.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-oth-des">
				<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
				<l>If 'twere no other.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
				<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
				<l>It is but so, I warrant,</l>
				<l>Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:</l>

<l>The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,</l>
<l>Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rodorigo.</stage>
<l>How now <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo?</hi></l>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
<speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
<l>I do not finde</l>
<l>That thou deal'st iustly with me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>What in the contrarie?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
<speaker rend="italic">Rodori.</speaker>
<p>Euery day thou dafts me with some deuise
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from
<lb/>me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad-
<lb/>uantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
<lb/>am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
<lb/>haue foolishly suffred.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<p>Will you heare me <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Rodori.</hi> I</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0843-0.jpg" n="333"/>
<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
<speaker rend="italic">Rodori.</speaker>
<p>I haue heard too much: and your words and
<lb/>Performances are no kin together.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>You charge me most vniustly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
<speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
<p>With naught but truth: I haue wasted my
<lb/>selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from

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<lb/>me to deliuer <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, would halfe haue
corrupted a
<lb/>Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them,
<lb/>and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine
<lb/>respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Well, go too: very well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
  <p>Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor
<lb/>tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to
<lb/>finde my selfe fopt in it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Very well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rodor.</speaker>
  <p>I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my
<lb/>selfe knowne to <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>. If she will
returne me my
<lb/>Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlaw-
<lb/>full solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke
<lb/>satisfaction of you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>You haue said now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>
  <p>I: and said nothing but what I protest intend-
<lb/>ment of doing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and
<lb/>euen from this instant do build on thee a better o-
<lb/>pinion then euer before: giue me thy hand <hi
rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>.
<lb/>Thou hast taken against me a most iust excepti-
<lb/>on: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy
<lb/>Affaire.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
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    <p>It hath not appeer'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <p>I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and
<lb/>your suspition is not without wit and iudgement.
<lb/>But <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which
<lb/>I haue greater reason to beleeue now then euer (I
<lb/>meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night
<lb/>shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not
<lb/>
    <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, take me from this world with Treache-
<lb/>rie, and deuise Engines for my life.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
    <p>Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com-
<lb/>passe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <p>Sir, there is especiall Commission come from
<lb/>Venice to depute <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> in <hi rend="italic">Othello's</hi> place.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
    <p>Is that true<c rend="italic">?</c> Why then <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>
        <lb/>returne againe to Venice.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <p>Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh
<lb/>away with him the faire <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, vnlesse his a-
<lb/>bode be lingred heere by some accident. Where-
<lb/>in none can be so determinate, as the remouing of
<lb/>
        <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-rod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
    <p>How do you meane remouing him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <p>Why, by making him vncapable of <hi rend="italic">Othello's</hi>
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        <lb/>place: knocking out his braines.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
        <p>And that you would haue me to do.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <p>I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a
      <lb/>right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither
      <lb/>will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable
      <lb/>Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which
      <lb/>I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one)
      <lb/>you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere
      <lb/>to second your A<gap extent="2"
              unit="chars"
              reason="illegible"
              agent="inkBlot"
              resp="#ES"/>empt, and he shall fall betweene
      <lb/>vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with
      <lb/>me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that
      <lb/>you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It
      <lb/>is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast.
      <lb/>About it.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
        <p>I will heare further reason for this.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <p>And you shalbe satisfi'd.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      <cb n="2"/>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="3">
      <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, Lodouico,
Desdemona, Æmilia,
      <lb/>and Atendants.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
        <p>I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.</l>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lodoui.</speaker>
  <l>Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your
<lb/>Ladyship.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <p>Your Honour is most welcome.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <p>Will you walke Sir? Oh <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othello.</speaker>
  <p>Get you to bed on th'instant, I will be re-
<lb/>turn'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't
<lb/>be done.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <p>I will my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æm.</speaker>
  <p>How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>He saies he will returne incontinent,</l>
  <l>And hath commanded me to go to bed,</l>
  <l>And bid me to dismisse you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmi.</speaker>
  <l>Dismisse me<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>It was his bidding: therefore good <hi
rend="italic">Æmilia</hi>,</l>
  <l>Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.</l>
  <l>We must not now displease him.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>I, would you had neuer seene him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,</l>
  <l>That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,</l>
  <l>(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmi.</speaker>
  <l>I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?</l>
  <l>If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me</l>
  <l>In one of these same Sheetes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Come, come: you talke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>My Mother had a Maid call'd <hi rend="italic">Barbarie</hi>,</l>
  <l>She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,</l>
  <l>And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,</l>
  <l>An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,</l>
  <l>And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,</l>
  <l>Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,</l>
  <l>But to go hang my head all at one side</l>
  <l>And sing it like poore <hi rend="italic">Brabarie</hi>: prythee
dispatch.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmi.</speaker>
  <l>Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>No, vn-pin me here,</l>
  <l>This <hi rend="italic">Lodouico</hi> is a proper man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>A very handsome man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>He speakes well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <p>I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd
<lb/>barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l rend="italic">The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.</l>
    <l rend="italic">Sing all a greene Willough:</l>
    <l rend="italic">Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,</l>
    <l rend="italic">Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.</l>
    <l rend="italic">The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her
moanes</l>
    <l rend="italic">Sing Willough, &amp;c.</l>
    <l rend="italic">Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,</l>
    <l rend="italic">Sing Willough, &amp;c. <hi rend="roman">(Lay by
these)</hi>
    </l>
    <l rend="italic">Willough, Willough. <hi rend="roman">Prythee high
thee: he'le come anon)</hi>
    </l>
    <l rend="italic">Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.</l>
    <l rend="italic">Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.</l>
    <l>(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>It's the wind.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l rend="italic">I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?</l>
    <l rend="italic">Sing Willough, &amp;c.</l>
    <l rend="italic">If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">vv3</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">So</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0844-0.jpg" n="334"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:</l>
    <l>Doth that boade weeping?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis neyther heere, nor there.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
```

<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!</l>
        <l>Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me <hi
rend="italic">Æmilia</hi>)</l>
        <l>That there be women do abuse their husbands</l>
        <l>In such grosse kinde?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>There be some such, no question.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>Why, would not you?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>No, by this Heauenly light.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:</l>
        <l>I might doo't as well i'th'darke.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>The world's a huge thing:</l>
        <l>It is a great price, for a small vice.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <p>Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when
<lb/>I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
<lb/>ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
<lb/>Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
<lb/>all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
<lb/>band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-
<lb/>ture Purgatory for't.</p>

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong</l>
        <l>For the whole world.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <p>Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world;
<lb/>and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
<lb/>your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>I do not thinke there is any such woman.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <p>Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as
<lb/>would store the world they plaid for.</p>
        <l>But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults</l>
        <l>If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,</l>
        <l>And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;</l>
        <l>Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,</l>
        <l>Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,</l>
        <l>Or scant our former hauing in despight)</l>
        <l>Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,</l>
        <l>Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,</l>
        <l>Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,</l>
        <l>And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,</l>
        <l>As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,</l>
        <l>When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?</l>
        <l>I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?</l>
        <l>I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?</l>
        <l>It is so too. And haue not we Affections?</l>
        <l>Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue<c rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
        <l>Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,</l>
        <l>The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-des">
        <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
        <l>Good night, good night:</l>
        <l>Heauen me such vses send,</l>
        <l>Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
  </div>
  <div type="act" n="5">
```

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<div type="scene" n="1">
  <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iago, and
Rodorigo.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Heere, stand behinde this Barke,</l>
    <l>Straight will he come:</l>
    <l>Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:</l>
    <l>Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,</l>
    <l>It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,</l>
    <l>And fixe most firme thy Resolution.</l>
  </sp>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
    <l>Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, &amp; take thy stand.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
    <l>I haue no great deuotion to the deed,</l>
    <l>And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:</l>
    <l>'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,</l>
    <l>And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>,</l>
    <l>Or <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> him, or each do kill the other,</l>
    <l>Euery way makes my gaine. Liue <hi
rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>,</l>
    <l>He calles me to a restitution large</l>
    <l>Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,</l>
    <l>As Guifts to <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>.</l>
    <l>It must not be: If <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> do remaine,</l>
    <l>He hath a dayly beauty in his life,</l>
    <l>That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore</l>
    <l>May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:</l>
    <l>No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassio.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
    <l>I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.</l>
```

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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
              <l>That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,</l>
              <l>But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:</l>
              <l>I will make proofe of thine.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
              <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
              <l>Oh, I am slaine.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
              <l>I am maym'd for euer:</l>
              <l>Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
              <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
              <l>The voyce of <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Iago</hi> keepes his word.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
              <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
              <l>O Villaine that I am.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
              <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
              <l>It is euen so.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
              <l>Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
              <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
              <l>'Tis he: O braue <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, honest, and iust,</l>
              <l>That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,</l>
              <l>Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,</l>
              <l>And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:</l>
              <l>For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.</l>
              <l>Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Othello.</stage>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lodouico and
Gratiano.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
              <l>What hoa? no Watch? No passage?</l>
              <l>Murther, Murther.</l>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <l>'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
        <l>Oh helpe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lodo.</speaker>
        <l>Hearke.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
        <l>Oh wretched Villaine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
        <l>Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;</l>
        <l>These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnsafe</l>
        <l>To come into the cry, without more helpe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
        <l>Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iago.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
        <l>Hearke.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <l>Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
<lb/>Weapons.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>Who's there<c rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
        <l>Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lodo.</speaker>
        <l>We do not know.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>Do not you heare a cry?</l>
```

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
      <l>Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>What's the matter?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
      <l>This is <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>'s Ancient, as I take it.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lodo.</speaker>
      <l>The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>What are you heere, that cry so greeuously?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by
Villaines:</l>
      <l>Giue me some helpe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>O mee, Lieutenant!</l>
      <l>What Villaines haue done this?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
      <l>I thinke that one of them is heereabout.</l>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0845-0.jpg" n="335"/>
      <fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <l>And cannot make away.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Oh treacherous Villaines:</l>
      <l>What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
      <l>O helpe me there.</l>
```

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
      <l>That's one of them.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-rod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rod.</speaker>
      <l>O damn'd <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>! O inhumane Dogge!</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Kill men i'th'darke?</l>
      <l>Where be these bloody Theeues?</l>
      <l>How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.</l>
      <l>What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
      <l>As you shall proue vs, praise vs.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Signior <hi rend="italic">Lodouico</hi>?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
      <l>He Sir.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>I cry you mercy: here's <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> hurt by
Villaines.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Cassio?</hi>
      </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>How is't Brother?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
      <l>My Legge is cut in two.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>Marry heauen forbid:</l>
          <l>Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bianca.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-oth-bia">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
          <l>What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>Who is't that cry'd?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-bia">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
          <l>Oh my deere <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>,</l>
          <l>My sweet <hi rend="italic">Cassio:</hi> Oh <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>O notable Strumpet. <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, may you
suspect</l>
          <l>Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
          <l>No.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
          <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
          <l>I am sorry to finde you thus;</l>
          <l>I haue beene to seeke you.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>Lend me a Garter. So:    Oh for a Chaire</l>
          <l>To beare him easily hence.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-bia">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
          <l>Alas he faints. Oh <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
          <l>Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash</l>
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        <l>To be a party in this Iniurie.</l>
        <l>Patience awhile, good <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>. Come,
come;</l>
        <l>Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?</l>
        <l>Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman</l>
        <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis <hi
rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <l>What, of Venice?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>Euen he Sir: Did you know him?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <l>Know him? I.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>Signior <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>? I cry your gentle
pardon:</l>
        <l>These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,</l>
        <l>That so neglected you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <l>I am glad to see you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>How do you <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>? Oh, a Chaire, a
Chaire.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>He, he, 'tis he:</l>
        <l>Oh that's well said, the Chaire.</l>
        <l>Some good man beare him carefully from hence,</l>
        <l>Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,</l>
        <l>Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (<hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>)</l>
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        <l>Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
        <l>None in the world: nor do I know the man?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.</l>
        <l>Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?</l>
        <l>Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye<c rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
        <l>Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.</l>
        <l>Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:</l>
        <l>Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake</l>
        <l>Though tongues were out of vse.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>Alas, what is the matter<c rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
        <l>What is the matter, Husband?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> hath heere bin set on in the darke</l>
        <l>By <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>, and Fellowes that are
scap'd:</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>He's almost slaine, and <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi> quite
dead.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>Alas good Gentleman: alas good <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
        <l>This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe <hi
rend="italic">Æmilia</hi>,</l>
        <l>Go know of <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> where he supt to
night.</l>
        <l>What, do you shake at that?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-bia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
        <l>He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>O did he so? I charge you go with me.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
      <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
      <l>Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-bia">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
      <l>I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,</l>
      <l>As you that thus abuse me.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
      <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
      <l>As I? Fie vpon thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Kinde Gentlemen:</l>
      <l>Let's go see poore <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> drest.</l>
      <l>Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.</l>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Æmilia</hi>, run you to the Cittadell,</l>
      <l>And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:</l>
      <l>Will you go on afore? This is the night</l>
      <l>That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="2">
    <head rend="italic center">scœna Secunda.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Othello, and
Desdemona in her bed.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
      <l>It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)</l>
      <l>Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,</l>
      <l>It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,</l>
      <l>Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,</l>
      <l>And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:</l>
      <l>Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:</l>
      <l>Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:</l>
      <l>If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,</l>
      <l>I can againe thy former light restore,</l>
      <l>Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,</l>
      <l>Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,</l>
      <l>I know not where is that <hi rend="italic">Promethe<gap extent="1"
            unit="chars"
            reason="illegible"
```

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                    agent="uninkedType"
                    resp="#ES"/>n</hi> heate</l>
      <l>That can thy Light re-Lume.</l>
      <l>When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,</l>
      <l>I ca<gap extent="2"
            unit="chars"
            reason="absent"
            agent="hole"
            resp="#ES"/>ot giue it vitall growth againe,</l>
      <l>It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.</l>
      <l>Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade</l>
      <l>Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:</l>
      <l>Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,</l>
      <l>And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.</l>
      <l>So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,</l>
      <l>But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,</l>
      <l>It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>Who's there<c rend="italic">?</c>
        <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
      <l>I <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>Will you come to bed, my Lord?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
      <l>Haue you pray'd to night, <hi rend="italic">Desdemon</hi>?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>I my Lord.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
      <l>If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime</l>
      <l>Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,</l>
      <l>Solicite for it straight.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>Alacke, my Lord,</l>
      <l>What may you meane by that?</l>
   </sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:</l>
  <l>I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,</l>
  <l>No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Talke you of killing?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I, I do.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Oth.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0846-0.jpg" n="336"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Amen, with all my heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>If you say, I hope you will not kill me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Humh.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then</l>
  <l>When your eyes rowle so.</l>
  <l>Why I should feare, I know not,</l>
  <l>Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Thinke on thy sinnes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>They are Loues I beare to you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>I, and for that thou dy'st.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.</l>
    <l>Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?</l>
    <l>Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:</l>
    <l>These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,</l>
    <l>They do not point on me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Peace, and be still.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>I will so: What's the matter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>That Handkerchiefe</l>
    <l>Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,</l>
    <l>And aske him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,</l>
    <l>Thou art on thy death-bed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>I, but not yet to dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Presently.</l>
    <l>Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:</l>
    <l>For to deny each Article with Oath,</l>
    <l>Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception</l>
    <l>That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>O Heauen haue mercy on me.</l>
```

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
          <l>I say, Amen.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>And haue you mercy too. I neuer did</l>
          <l>Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi>,</l>
          <l>But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,</l>
          <l>As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
          <l>By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.</l>
          <l>O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,</l>
          <l>And makes me call, what I intend to do,</l>
          <l>A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.</l>
          <l>I saw the Handkerchiefe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>He found it then:</l>
          <l>I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:</l>
          <l>Let him confesse a truth.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
          <l>He hath confest.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>What, my Lord?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
          <l>That he hath vs'd thee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
          <l>How? vnlawfully<c rend="italic">?</c>
          </l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
          <l>I.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-des">
          <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
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    <l>He will not say so.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>No: his mouth is stopp'd:</l>
    <l>Honest <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi> hath 'tane order for't.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Had all his haires bin liues, my great Reuenge</l>
    <l>Had stomacke for them all.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Downe Strumpet.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Nay, if you striue.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
    <l>But halfe an houre.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Being done, there is no pawse.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
    <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
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        <l>But while I say one prayer.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>It is too late.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Smothers her.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Æmilia at the doore.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>My Lord, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?</l>
  <l>I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,</l>
  <l>I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?</l>
  <l>So, so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="business"> within.</stage>
  <l>What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Who's there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
<lb/>with you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Yes: 'Tis <hi rend="italic">Æmilia</hi>: by and by. Shee's dead.</l>
  <l>'Tis like she comes to speake of <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>'s
death:</l>
  <l>The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?</l>
  <l>Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?</l>
  <l>I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?</l>
  <l>If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:</l>
  <l>My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.</l>
  <l>Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!</l>
  <l>Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse</l>
  <l>Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe</l>
  <l>Did yawne at Alteration.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>I do beseech you</l>
  <l>That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I had forgot thee: oh come in <hi rend="italic">Æmilia</hi>.</l>
  <l>Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.</l>
  <l>Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Æmilia.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
<lb/>done.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>What? now?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>But now, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>It is the very error of the Moone,</l>
  <l>She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,</l>
  <l>And makes men mad.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, my Lord, hath kill'd</l>
  <l>A young Venetian, call'd <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi> kill'd? and <hi
rend="italic">Cassio</hi> kill'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>No, <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> is not kill'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Not <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> kill'd? Then Murther's out of
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tune,</l>
            <l>And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>O falsely, falsely murder'd.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
            <l>Alas! what cry is that<c rend="italic">?</c>
            </l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>That? What?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
            <l>Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.</l>
            <l>Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,</l>
            <l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi>, oh sweet Mistris,
speake.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>A guiltlesse death, I dye.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
            <l>Oh who hath done this deed?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-des">
            <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
            <l>No body: I my selfe, farewell:</l>
            <l>Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>Why, how should she be murdred?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
            <l>Alas: who knowes?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
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    <l>She said so: I must needs report the truth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,</l>
  <l>'Twas I that kill'd her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-
<lb/>er Diuell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>She was false as water.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>Thou art rash as fire, to say</l>
  <l>That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> did top her: Ask thy husband else.</l>
  <l>O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:</l>
  <l>But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds</l>
  <l>To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Æmil.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0847-0.jpg" n="337"/>
<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>My Husband?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Thy Husband.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>That she was false to Wedlocke?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>I, with <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>: had she bin true,</l>
        <l>If Heauen would make me such another world,</l>
        <l>Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,</l>
        <l>I'ld not haue sold her for it.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>My Husband?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>I, 'twas he that told me on her first,</l>
        <l>An honest man he is, and hates the slime</l>
        <l>That stickes on filthy deeds.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>My Husband?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>What needs this itterance, Woman?</l>
        <l>I say, thy Husband.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>Oh Mistris,</l>
        <l>Villany hath made mockes with loue:</l>
        <l>My Husband say she was false?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
        <l>He, Woman;</l>
        <l>I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?</l>
        <l>My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest <hi
rend="italic">Iago</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
        <l>If he say so, may his pernicious Soule</l>
        <l>Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,</l>
        <l>She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
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```xml
    <l>Hah?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Do thy worst:</l>
    <l>This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,</l>
    <l>Then thou was't worthy her.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Peace, you were best.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,</l>
    <l>As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,</l>
    <l>As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed</l>
    <l>(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,</l>
    <l>Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:</l>
    <l>The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Montano, Gratiano, and
Iago.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-oth-mon">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
    <l>What is the matter? How now Generall?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Oh, are you come, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>: you haue done
well,</l>
    <l>That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
    <l>What is the matter?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:</l>
    <l>He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:</l>
    <l>I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.</l>
    <l>Speake, for my heart is full.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-oth-iag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
    <l>I told him what I thought,</l>
    <l>And told no more</l>
    <l>Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.</l>
  </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>But did you euer tell him,</l>
  <l>She was false?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>I did.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:</l>
  <l>Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.</l>
  <l>Shee false with <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>?</l>
  <l>Did you say with <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>With <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, Mistris?</l>
  <l>Go too, charme your tongue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>I will not charme my Tongue;</l>
  <l>I am bound to speake,</l>
  <l>My Mistris heere lyes murthered in her bed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <l>Oh Heauens, forefend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>And your reports haue set the Murder on.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Othello.</speaker>
  <l>Nay stare not Masters,</l>
  <l>It is true indeede.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis a strange Truth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mont.</speaker>
  <l>O monstrous Acte.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
```

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  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>Villany, villany, villany:</l>
  <l>I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:</l>
  <l>I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.</l>
  <l>O villany! villany!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>What, are you mad?</l>
  <l>I charge you get you home.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:</l>
  <l>'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:</l>
  <l>Perchance <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, I will ne're go home.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, oh, oh.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:</l>
  <l>For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,</l>
  <l>That ere did lift vp eye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Oh she was fowle!</l>
  <l>I scarse did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,</l>
  <l>Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:</l>
  <l>I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <l>Poore <hi rend="italic">Desdemon:</hi></l>
  <l></l>
  <l>I am glad thy Father's dead,</l>
  <l>Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe</l>
  <l>Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,</l>
  <l>This sight would make him do a desperate turne:</l>
  <l>Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,</l>
  <l>And fall to Reprobance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis pittifull: but yet <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi> knowes</l>
  <l>That she with <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, hath the Act of
shame</l>
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    <l>A thousand times committed. <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> confest
it,</l>
    <l>And she did gratifie his amorous workes</l>
    <l>With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue</l>
    <l>Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:</l>
    <l>It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token</l>
    <l>My Father gaue my Mother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Come, hold your peace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?</l>
  <l>No, I will speake as liberall as the North;</l>
  <l>Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,</l>
  <l>All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Be wise, and get you home.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>I will not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <l>Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>Oh thou dull Moore,</l>
  <l>That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of</l>
  <l>I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:</l>
  <l>For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,</l>
  <l>(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)</l>
  <l>He begg'd of me, to steale't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Villanous Whore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
```

<l>She giue it <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>? No, alas I found it,</l>
<l>And I did giu't my Husband.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Filth, thou lyest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:</l>
  <l>Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole</l>
  <l>Do with so good a wife?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Are there no stones in Heauen,</l>
  <l>But what serues for the Thunder?</l>
  <l>Precious Villaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <l>The woman falles:</l>
  <l>Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <l>Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mon.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon</l>
  <l>Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:</l>
  <l>Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,</l>
  <l>But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,</l>
  <l>For 'tis a damned Slaue.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Oth.</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0848-0.jpg" n="338"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Othello</fw>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I am not valiant neither:</l>
  <l>But euery Punie whipster gets my Sword.</l>

<l>But why should Honor out-liue Honesty?</l>
    <l>Let it go all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
    <l>What did thy Song boad Lady?</l>
    <l>Hearke, canst thou heare me<c rend="italic">?</c> I will play the
Swan,</l>
    <l>And dye in Musicke: <hi rend="italic">Willough</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Willough</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Willough</hi>.</l>
    <l>Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,</l>
    <l>So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:</l>
    <l>So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>I haue another weapon in this Chamber,</l>
    <l>It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:</l>
    <l>Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
    <l>If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;</l>
    <l>Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
    <l>Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,</l>
    <l>Or naked as I am I will assault thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
    <l>What is the matter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
    <l>Behold, I haue a weapon:</l>
    <l>A better neuer did it selfe sustaine</l>
    <l>Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,</l>
    <l>That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,</l>
    <l>I haue made my way through more impediments</l>
    <l>Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)</l>
    <l>Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.</l>
    <l>Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:</l>
    <l>Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt</l>
    <l>And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.</l>
    <l>Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:</l>
    <l>Man but a Rush against <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>'s brest,</l>
    <l>And he retires. Where should <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi> go?</l>
    <l>Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,</l>

<l>Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,</l>
<l>This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,</l>
<l>And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?</l>
<l>Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!</l>
<l>Whip me ye Diuels,</l>
<l>From the possession of this Heauenly sight:</l>
<l>Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,</l>
<l>Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.</l>
<l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Desdemon</hi>! dead <hi
rend="italic">Desdemon</hi>: dead. Oh, oh!</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lodouico, Cassio,
Montano, and Iago,
<lb/>with Officers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>That's he that was <hi rend="italic">Othello:</hi> heere I am.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>Where is that Viper?</l>
<l>Bring the Villaine forth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,</l>
<l>If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>Wrench his Sword from him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
<l>I am not sorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:</l>
<l>For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>Oh thou <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi>, that was once so good,</l>
<l>Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,</l>
<l>What shall be saide to thee.</l>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Why any thing:</l>
  <l>An honourable Murderer, if you will:</l>
  <l>For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
  <l>This wretch hath part confest his Villany:</l>
  <l>Did you and he consent in <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>'s death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>I do beleeue it, and I aske your pardon:</l>
  <l>Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iag.</speaker>
  <l>Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:</l>
  <l>From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
  <l>What? not to pray?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <l>Torments will ope your lips.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
  <l>Well, thou dost best.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
  <l>Sir,</l>
  <l>You shall vnderstand what hath befalne,</l>
  <l>(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter</l>
  <l>Found in the pocket of the slaine <hi
```

rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>,</l>
              <l>And heere another, the one of them imports</l>
              <l>The death of <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, to be vndertooke</l>
              <l>By <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>O Villaine!</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
            <l>Most Heathenish, and most grosse.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
            <l>Now, heere's another discontented paper</l>
            <l>Found in his pocket too: and this it seems</l>
            <l>
              <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo</hi> meant t'haue sent this damned
villaine:</l>
              <l>But that (belike) <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi> in the interim</l>
              <l>Came in, and satisfi'd him.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
            <l>Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe;</l>
            <l>How came you (<hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>) by that
Handkerchiefe</l>
              <l>That was my wiues?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
            <l>I found it in my Chamber:</l>
            <l>And he himselfe confest it but euen now,</l>
            <l>That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,</l>
            <l>Which wrought to his desire.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
            <speaker rend="italic">Othel.</speaker>
            <l>O Foole, foole, foole!</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
            <l>There is besides, in <hi rend="italic">Rodorigo's</hi> Letter,</l>
            <l>How he vpbraides <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, that he made him</l>
            <l>Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came</l>
            <l>That I was cast: and euen but now he spake</l>
            <l>(After long seeming dead) <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi> hurt him,</l>
            <l>
              <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi> set him on.</l>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
          <l>You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:</l>
          <l>Your Power, and your Command is taken off,</l>
          <l>And <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> rules in Cyprus. For this
Slaue,</l>
          <l>If there be any cunning Crueltie,</l>
          <l>That can torment him much, and hold him long,</l>
          <l>It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,</l>
          <l>Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne</l>
          <l>To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
          <l>Soft you; a word or two before you goe:</l>
          <l>I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:</l>
          <l>No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,</l>
          <l>When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,</l>
          <l>Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,</l>
          <l>Nor set downe ought in malice.</l>
          <l>Then must you speake,</l>
          <l>Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:</l>
          <l>Of one, not easily Iealious, but being wrought,</l>
          <l>Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand</l>
          <l>(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away</l>
          <l>Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,</l>
          <l>Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode,</l>
          <l>Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees</l>
          <l>Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:</l>
          <l>And say besides, that in <hi rend="italic">Aleppo</hi> once,</l>
          <l>Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke</l>
          <l>Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,</l>
          <l>I tooke by th'throat the circumcised Dogge,</l>
          <l>And smoate him, thus.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
          <l>Oh bloody period.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-gra">
          <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
          <l>All that is spoke, is marr'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-oth">
          <speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
          <l>I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,</l>
          <l>Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dyes</stage>
```

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        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
          <hi rend="italic">Cassio.</hi>
        </fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0849-0.jpg" n="339"/>
        <fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-oth-cas">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
          <l>This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:</l>
          <l>For he was great of heart.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-oth-lod">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
          <l>Oh Sparton Dogge:</l>
          <l>More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:</l>
          <l>Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:</l>
          <l>This is thy worke:</l>
          <l>The Obiect poysons Sight,</l>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <l>Let it be hid. <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>, keepe the house,</l>
          <l>And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,</l>
          <l>For they succeede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,</l>
          <l>Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:</l>
          <l>The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:</l>
          <l>My selfe will straight aboord, and to the State,</l>
          <l>This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
    </div>
    <div type="dramatisPersonae">
      <head rend="italic center">The Names of the Actors.
    <lb/>(:⁂:)</head>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <list>
      <item rend="italic">
        <c rend="decoratedCapital">O</c>
        <hi rend="roman">Thello</hi>, the Moore.</item>
      <item rend="italic">
        <hi rend="roman">Brabantio</hi>, Father to Desdemona.</item>
      <item rend="italic">
        <hi rend="roman">Cassio</hi>, an Honourable Lieutenant.</item>
      <item rend="italic">
        <hi rend="roman">Iago</hi>, a Villaine.</item>
      <item rend="italic">
        <hi rend="roman">Rodorigo</hi>, a gull'd Gentleman.</item>
      <item rend="italic">Duke of Venice.</item>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <item rend="italic">Senators.</item>
```

```xml
            <item rend="italic">
              <hi rend="roman">Montano</hi>, Gouernour of Cyprus.</item>
            <item rend="italic">Gentlemen of Cyprus.</item>
            <item rend="italic">
              <hi rend="roman">Lodouico</hi>, and <hi
rend="roman">Gratiano</hi>, two Noble Venetians.</item>
            <item rend="italic">Saylors.</item>
            <item rend="italic">Clowne.</item>
            <item rend="italic">
              <hi rend="roman">Desdemona</hi>, Wife to Othello.</item>
            <item rend="italic">
              <hi rend="roman">Æmilia</hi>, Wife to Iago.</item>
            <item rend="italic">
              <hi rend="roman">Bianca</hi>, a Curtezan.</item>
          </list>
        </div>
       </div>
      </body>
     </text>
  </TEI>
```