SCENE I. Venice. A street.

[Enter RODERIGO and IAGO]

RODERIGO
I take it much unkindly that thou, Iago,
Who hast had my purse as if the strings were thine,
Shouldst know of this.

IAGO
If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me.

RODERIGO
Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO
Despise me, if I do not.
I am worth no worse a place than the Moor's lieutenant.
But one Michael Cassio, a Florentine that never set a squadron in the field,
Must his lieutenant be.
And I!--God bless the mark!--his Moorship's ancient.

RODERIGO
By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO
Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service.
Now, sir, be judge yourself of this affair -
Whether I in any just term am required to love the Moor.

RODERIGO
I would not follow him then.

IAGO
Sir, content you:
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
In following him, I follow but myself;
RODERIGO
    What a full fortune does the thick lips own if he can carry it thus!

IAGO
    Call up her father,

RODERIGO
    Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

IAGO
    Call.

RODERIGO
    Brabantio! Signior Brabantio!

IAGO
    Awake now Brabantio! Thieves!
    Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
    Thieves! Thieves!

[BRABANTIO appears above, at a window]

BRABANTIO
    What is the reason of this terrible summons?

RODERIGO
    Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO
    Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO
    Why? Wherefore ask you this?

IAGO
    Because you're robbed.
    Even now, now, very now, an old black ram is topping your white ewe.
    Arise, arise!
    Or else the devil will make a grandfather of you.

BRABANTIO
    What, have you lost your wits?
RODERIGO
  Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

BRABANTIO
  Who are you?

RODERIGO
  My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO
  I have charged thee not to hang about my doors.
  In honest plainness thou hast heard me say -
  My daughter is not for thee!

RODERIGO
  Sir, sir, sir,--

BRABANTIO
  I have the power to make this bitter to thee.

RODERIGO
  Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO
  What - tell'st thou me of robbing?

RODERIGO
  Most grave Brabantio, in simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO [hiding as he speaks]
  Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you.
  We come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians.

BRABANTIO
  What?

IAGO
  You'll have your daughter sleep with an African horse?

BRABANTIO
  What profane wretch art thou?
IAGO
I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor
Are now making the beast with two backs.

BRABANTIO
Thou art a villain.
This thou shalt answer;
I know thee, Roderigo.

RODERIGO
Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you --
Your daughter - I say again - hath made a gross revolt.
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state for thus deluding you.
But look to her!

BRABANTIO
Give me a candle!
Call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Light, I say! light!

[Exit above]

IAGO
Farewell Roderigo. [Exit]

[Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches]

BRABANTIO
It is too true an evil. Gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised life is nought but bitterness.
Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her?
With the Moor, say'st thou?

RODERIGO
I think they are married.

BRABANTIO
O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds by what you see them act.
Are there not drugs by which the purity of girls' youth may be abused?
Have you not read, Roderigo, of some such thing?
RODERIGO
    Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO
    Do you know where we may find her and the Moor?

RODERIGO
    I think I can.

BRABANTIO
    Pray you, lead on, and get weapons for me!
    And raise some special officers of night.
    On, good Roderigo: I'll repay your pains.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II. Another street.

[Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches]

IAGO [whispers]
    I wanted to stab this Brabantio right in the ribs.

OTHELLO
    'Tis better as it is.

IAGO
    Nay, but he spoke such provoking terms against your honor.

OTHELLO
    Let him do his spite.

IAGO
    He hath in his power a voice potential to hurt you.

OTHELLO
    The services which I have done the signiory shall out-tongue his complaints.
IAGO
   He has powerful friends.

OTHELLO
   -- But, look! What lights?

IAGO
   Those are the raised father and his friends.
   You were best go in.

OTHELLO
   No, I must be found.

[Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches]

OTHELLO
   The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
   What is the news?

CASSIO
   The duke does greet you, general,
   And he now requires your appearance, even on the instant.

OTHELLO
   What is the matter, think you?

CASSIO
   Something from Cyprus as I may divine.
   It is a business of some heat.

OTHELLO
   It is well I am found by you.

IAGO
   Marry, to--Come, captain, will you go?

CASSIO
   Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO
   No -- It is Brabantio.
   General, be advised: he comes to bad intent.
[Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and weapons]

OTHELLO
   Stand there!

RODERIGO
   Signior, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO
   Down with him, thief!

[They draw weapons on both sides]

OTHELLO
   Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.  
   Good signior, you shall more command with years than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO
   O thou foul thief, where hast thou hid my daughter?  
   Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her.  
   Never a maid so tender, fair and happy would ever -  
   Run from her parent to the sooty bosom of such a thing as thou!

OTHELLO
   Sir!

BRABANTIO
   Thou hast practised on her with foul charms,  
   Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
   I therefore apprehend and do attach thee.  
   Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO
   Hold your hands,  
   Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
   Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter.  
   Where will you that I go to answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO
   To prison, till fit time of law and course of direct session call thee to answer.
OTHELLO
    What if I do obey?
    How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
    Whose messengers are here about my side,
    Upon some present business of the state to bring me to him?

CASSIO
    'Tis true, most worthy signior;
    The duke's in council and your noble self, I am sure, is sent for.

BRABANTIO
    How? the duke in council?
    In this time of the night!

    Bring him away.

    Mine's not an idle cause:
    The duke himself, or any of my brothers of the state,
    Cannot but feel this wrong as it were their own;
    For if such actions may have passage free,
    Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[Exit]

SCENE III. A council-chamber.

[The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.]

DUKE OF VENICE
    There is no composition in these news

FIRST SENATOR
    Indeed, they are disproportioned.
    My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
DUKE OF VENICE
And mine, a hundred and forty.

SECOND SENATOR
And mine, two hundred...
Yet do they all confirm a Turkish fleet -
And bearing up to Cyprus.

FIRST OFFICER
A messenger from the galleys.

[Enter a Sailor]

DUKE OF VENICE
Now, what's the business?

SAILOR
The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state.

DUKE OF VENICE
How say you by this change?

FIRST SENATOR
This cannot be - when we consider the importance of Cyprus to the Turk.
And let ourselves again but understand,
That Cyprus more concerns the Turk than Rhodes.
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful to leave Cyrus alone just to take
Rhodes!

DUKE OF VENICE
Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

FIRST OFFICER
Here is more news.

[Enter a Messenger]

MESSENGER
The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there combined with another fleet.
FIRST SENATOR
Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

MESSENGER
Thirty sails.
And now they do change course - their purposes toward Cyprus.

DUKE OF VENICE
'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Lucas, is not he in town?

FIRST SENATOR
He's now in Florence.

DUKE OF VENICE
Write him.

FIRST SENATOR
Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

[Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers]

DUKE OF VENICE
Valiant Othello,
We must straight employ you against the general enemy Ottoman.

[Then he speaks to BRABANTIO]
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lacked your counsel and your help tonight.

BRABANTIO
So did I yours.
Good your grace, pardon me:
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business hath raised me from my bed;
For mine own grief is of such an overbearing nature
That it swallows other sorrows

DUKE OF VENICE
Why, what's the matter?

BRABANTIO
O, my daughter!

DUKE OF VENICE
Dead?
BRABANTIO
Ay, to me.
She is abused, stolen from me -
- Corrupted by spells and medicines bought of witchdoctors.
For nature so preposterously to err, sans witchcraft, could not.

DUKE OF VENICE
Whoe’er he be that in this foul proceeding hath thus beguiled your
Daughter of herself, and you of her,
The bloody book of law you shall yourself read in the bitter letter after your own
sense.

BRABANTIO
Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs hath hither brought.

DUKE OF VENICE  [To Othello]
What, in your own part, can you say to this?

BRABANTIO
Nothing, for this is so.

OTHELLO
Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more.

Rude am I in my speech, and little blessed with the soft phrase of peace.
For since these arms of mine had seven years' strength,
Till now some nine moons wasted,
They have used their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause in speaking for myself.

Yet, by your gracious patience, I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love and how I won his daughter.
BRABANTIO
A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself;
And she, in spite of nature, of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
I therefore vouch again:
With mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some drug conjured to this effect,
He wrought magic upon her.

DUKE OF VENICE
To vouch this is no proof,

FIRST SENATOR
But, Othello, speak:
Did you, as he says, subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and fair question?

OTHELLO
I do beseech you, send for the lady,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you, not only take away,
But let your sentence even fall upon my life.

DUKE OF VENICE
Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO
Ancient, conduct them:. You best know the place.

[Exit Iago and attendants]

And, till she come, I'll present to your ears
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE OF VENICE
Say it, Othello.
OTHELLO

Her father loved me; oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year --
The battles, sieges, fortunes that I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe and sold to slavery,
And of my redemption thence.

And I spoke of my travels' history:
Wherein of caverns vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven it was my hint to speak.
And of the Cannibals that each other eat - the Anthropophagi,
And men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.

This to hear would Desdemona seriously incline.
Whenever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing, took once a pliant hour,
And found good means to draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage relate,

I did consent, and often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke that my youth suffered.

My story being done, she gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
She wished she had not heard it,
Yet she wished that heaven had made her such a man.
She thanked me, and bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story --
And that would woo her.

Upon this hint I spoke.

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

[Enter Desdemona, Iago, and attendants]

**DUKE OF VENICE**

I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio, take up this mangled matter at the best.

**BRABANTIO**

I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame light on the man!

Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company where most you owe obedience?

**DESDEMONA**

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me how to respect you.
You are the lord of duty; I am hitherto your daughter.

But here’s my husband:
And so much duty as my mother showed to you,
Preferring you before her father -
So much I challenge that I may profess due to the Moor, my lord.

**BRABANTIO**

God be with you! I have done!

Come hither, Moor: I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart I would keep from thee.

For your sake, jewel, I am glad at soul I have no other child.

**DUKE OF VENICE**

Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a hint or step, may help these lovers into your favor.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
BRABANTIO
So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

DUKE OF VENICE
The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.
Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you.
You must therefore be content to hold off the joy of your new fortunes
With this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTHELLO
The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war my thrice-driven bed of down.

I'll undertake these present wars for you.
But I ask fit disposition for my wife -- as levels with her breeding.

DUKE OF VENICE
If you please, be it at her father's.

BRABANTIO
I'll not have it so.

OTHELLO
Nor I.

DESDEMONA
Nor I.
I would not there reside to put my father in impatient thoughts by being in his eye.

Most gracious Duke…

DUKE OF VENICE
What would you, Desdemona?
DESDEMONA
That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes may trumpet to the world:
My heart’s subdued even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello’s visage in his mind,
And to his honor and his valiant parts did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind, a moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support by his dear absence.

Let me go with him.

OTHELLO
Let her have your voices.
And heaven defend your good souls,
Don’t think I will your serious and great business scant if she is with me.

DUKE OF VENICE
Be it as you shall privately determine,

FIRST SENATOR
You must away to-night.

OTHELLO
With all my heart.

DUKE OF VENICE
At nine in the morning here we’ll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you

OTHELLO
So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honest and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think to be sent after me.

DUKE OF VENICE
Let it be so.
Good night to every one.

[to Brabantio]

And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.
FIRST SENATOR
Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

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

OTHELLO
My life upon her faith!

IAGO
General –

OTHELLO
Honest Iago:
My Desdemona must I leave to thee.
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona:
I have but an hour of love, of worldly matters and direction, to spend with thee.
We must obey the time.

[Exit OTHELLO and DESDEMONA]

[lago and Roderigo stand alone in the Senate Chamber]

RODERIGO
Iago,--

IAGO
What say’st thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO
What will I do, thinkest thou?

IAGO
Why, go to bed, and sleep.

RODERIGO
I will pathetically drown myself.
IAGO
If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

RODERIGO
It is silliness to live when to live is torment;
And then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

IAGO
O villainous!

I have looked upon the world for four times seven years;
And since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury,
I never found man that knew how to love himself.
Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen,
I would change my humanity with a baboon.

RODERIGO
What should I do?
I confess it is my shame to be so fond;
But it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO
Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.
Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners.
We have reason to cool our raging emotions.
I take this pain of yours to be a sickness of the blood.

RODERIGO
It cannot be.

IAGO
It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will.
Come, be a man. Drown thyself! Drown cats and blind puppies.
I have professed me thy friend and I could never better help thee than now.

Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars;
Disguise thy features with a usurped beard.
I say, put money in thy purse.
It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor
It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable separation.
Put money in thy purse.
These Moors are changeable in their wills.
And she must change for youth.
When she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice:
She must have change, she must:
Therefore put money in thy purse.
If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it in a more delicate way than drowning -
-Make all the money thou canst.
Thou shalt enjoy her;
Therefore make money.

A pox of drowning thyself!
It is clean out of the way.

RODERIGO
 Wilt thou be true to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO
 Thou art sure of me:
--Go, make money:--I have told thee often,
And I tell thee again and again: I hate the Moor.
Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him.
If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport.
There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered.
Go, provide thy money.
We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

RODERIGO
 Where shall we meet in the morning?

IAGO
 At my lodging.

RODERIGO
 I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO
 Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

RODERIGO
 What say you?

IAGO
 No more of drowning, do you hear?
RODERIGO
    I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.

   Exit

IAGO
    Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
    For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,
    If I would time expend with such a snipe but for my sport and profit.

    I HATE THE MOOR!

    And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets he has done my office.

    I know not if it be true;
    But I, for mere suspicion in that kind, will do as if for surety.

    He holds me well; the better shall my purpose work on him.
    Cassio's a proper man…

    Let me see now:
    To get his place and to plume up my will in double knavery
    --How, how? Let's see:--

    I know!

    After some time, to abuse Othello's ear that Cassio's too familiar with his wife.
    The Moor is of a free and open nature,
    That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
    And will as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are.
    I have it! It is engendered.
    Hell and night must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

   End Act One