The Tragedy of Othello, Moor of Venice
Iago complete text

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he; as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he; mere prattle, without practise,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I--God bless the mark!--his Moorship's ancient.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them and when they have lined
their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!
*BRABANTIO appears above, at a window*

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on
your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is topping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for german.

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Iago. You are--a senator.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produced--as, if I stay, I shall-- Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state, However this may gall him with some cheque, Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls, Another of his fathom they have none, To lead their business: in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains. Yet, for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him, Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

Exit

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men, Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Iago. Nay, but he prated, And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour That, with the little godliness I have, I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, Are you fast married? Be assured of this, That the magnifico is much beloved, And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;  1.2.15
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  1.2.16
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  1.2.17
Will give him cable.  1.2.18

_Iago._ Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.  1.2.31

_Iago._ By Janus, I think no.  1.2.36

_Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches_

_Iago._ 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.  1.2.58

_Iago._ He's married.  1.2.61

_Iago._ Marry, to--Come, captain, will you go?  1.2.63

_Iago._ It is Brabantio. General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.  1.2.66

_Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches
and weapons_

_Iago._ You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.  1.2.71

_Iago._ What say'st thou, noble heart?  1.3.326

_Iago._ Why, go to bed, and sleep.  1.3.328

_Iago._ If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why,
thou silly gentleman!  1.3.330

_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.  1.3.334

_Iago._ Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which  1.3.342
our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant
nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up
thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or
distract it with many, either to have it sterile
with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the
power and corrigible authority of this lies in our
wills. If the balance of our lives had not one
scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the
blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us
to most preposterous conclusions: but we have
reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal
stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that
you call love to be a sect or scion.

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 confess me knit to thy deserving with
cables of perdurable toughness; I could never
better stead thee than now. Put money in thy
purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with
an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It
cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her
love to the Moor.--put money in thy purse,--nor he
his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou
shalt see an answerable sequestration:--put but
money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in
their wills: fill thy purse with money:--the food
that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be
to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. 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 a
more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money
thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt
an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian not
too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou
shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of
drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek
thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than
to be drowned and go without her.

Iago. Thou art sure of me:--go, make money:--I have told
thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I
hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no
less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge
against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost
thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many
events in the womb of time which will be delivered.
Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more
of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Iago. At my lodging.

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

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
     For I mine own gain'd 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't 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
     After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
     That he is too familiar with his wife.
     He hath a person and a smooth dispose
     To be suspected, framed to make women false.
     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't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
     Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
     Exit

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
     As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
     You'll have enough.

Iago. In faith, too much;
     I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
     Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
     She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
     And chides with thinking.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
     Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
     Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
     Players in your housewifery, and housewives' in your beds.
**Iago.** Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.  
2.1.126

2.1.127

**Iago.** No, let me not.  
2.1.129

**Iago.** O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.  
2.1.132

2.1.133

**Iago.** Ay, madam.  
2.1.135

**Iago.** I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
2.1.139

2.1.140

2.1.141

2.1.142

2.1.143

2.1.144

**Iago.** If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.  
2.1.146

2.1.147

**Iago.** She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.  
2.1.150

2.1.151

**Iago.** There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.  
2.1.155

2.1.156

**Iago.** She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—  
2.1.161

2.1.162

2.1.163

2.1.164

2.1.165

2.1.166

2.1.167

2.1.168

2.1.169

2.1.170

2.1.171

**Iago.** To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.  
2.1.173

**Iago.** [Aside] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said,  
2.1.180
whisper: with as little a web as this will I
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon
her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.
You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had
been better you had not kissed your three fingers so
oft, which now again you are most apt to play the
sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent
courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers
to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!
Trumpet within
The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Iago. [Aside] O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come
hither. If thou be'st valiant,-- as, they say, base
men being in love have then a nobility in their
natures more than is native to them--list me. The
lieutenant tonight watches on the court of
guard:--first, I must tell thee this--Desdemona is
directly in love with him.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor,
but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies:
and will she love him still for prating? let not
thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed;
and what delight shall she have to look on the
devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of
sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to
give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour,
sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which
the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these
required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will
find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge,
disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will
instruct her in it and compel her to some second
choice. Now, sir, this granted,--as it is a most
pregnant and unforced position--who stands so
eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio
does? a knave very voluble; no further
conscionable than in putting on the mere form of
civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing
of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why,
none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a
finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and
counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never
The Tragedy of Othello - character extract

present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion, Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit: The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof  
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong  
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,  
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb--  
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too--  
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me.  
For making him egregiously an ass  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:  
Knavery's plain face is never seen tin used.

Exit

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, fun of game.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.
Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in. 2.3.45

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, 2.3.47
With that which he hath drunk to-night already, 2.3.48
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence 2.3.49
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo, 2.3.50
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out, 2.3.51
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused 2.3.52
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch: 2.3.53
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits, 2.3.54
That hold their honours in a wary distance, 2.3.55
The very elements of this warlike isle, 2.3.56
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, 2.3.57
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards, 2.3.58
Am I to put our Cassio in some action 2.3.59
That may offend the isle.--But here they come: 2.3.60
If consequence do but approve my dream, 2.3.61
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream. 2.3.62

Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen;
servants following with wine

Iago. Some wine, ho! 2.3.66
Sings
And let me the canakin clink, clink; 2.3.67
And let me the canakin clink 2.3.68
A soldier's a man; 2.3.69
A life's but a span; 2.3.70
Why, then, let a soldier drink. 2.3.71
Some wine, boys! 2.3.72

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are 2.3.74
most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and 2.3.75
your swag-bellied Hollander--Drink, ho!--are nothing 2.3.76
to your English.

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead 2.3.79
drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he 2.3.80
gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle 2.3.81
can be filled.

Iago. O sweet England! 2.3.85
King Stephen was a worthy peer, 2.3.86
His breeches cost him but a crown; 2.3.87
He held them sixpence all too dear, 2.3.88
With that he call'd the tailor lown. 2.3.89
He was a wight of high renown, 2.3.90
And thou art but of low degree: 2.3.91
'Tis pride that pulls the country down; 2.3.92
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.  2.3.93
Some wine, ho!  2.3.94

Iago. Will you hear't again?  2.3.96

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.  2.3.100

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.  2.3.103

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in.
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.  2.3.115
2.3.116
2.3.117
2.3.118
2.3.119
2.3.120
2.3.121
2.3.122

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.  2.3.124
2.3.125
2.3.126

Iago. [Aside to him] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.  2.3.132
2.3.133
Exit RODERIGO  2.3.134

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil--But, hark! what noise?
Cry within: 'Help! help!'
Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO  2.3.139
2.3.140
2.3.141

Iago. [Aside to RODERIGO] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny.
Exit RODERIGO  2.3.155

Nay, good lieutenant,--alas, gentlemen;--
Help, ho!--Lieutenant,--sir,--Montano,--sir;
Help, masters!--Here's a goodly watch indeed!
Bell rings
Who's that which rings the bell?--Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold!
You will be shamed for ever.
Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants  2.3.156
2.3.157
2.3.158
2.3.159
2.3.160
2.3.161

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,--sir--Montano,--gentlemen,--  2.3.165
2.3.166
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!  2.3.167

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now--
As if some planet had unwitted men--
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!  2.3.178

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help:
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour--as it so fell out--
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back--
For this was brief--I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.  2.3.222

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?  2.3.263

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!  2.3.265

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received
some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than
in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false
imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without 2.3.273
deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, 2.3.274
unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! 2.3.275
there are ways to recover the general again: you 2.3.276
are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in 2.3.277
policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his 2.3.278
offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue 2.3.279
to him again, and he's yours. 2.3.280

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What 2.3.288
had he done to you? 2.3.289

Iago. Is't possible? 2.3.291

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus 2.3.297
recovered? 2.3.298

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, 2.3.302
the place, and the condition of this country 2.3.303
stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; 2.3.304
but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. 2.3.305

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, 2.3.312
if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. 2.3.313
And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you. 2.3.314

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk! at a time, man. 2.3.316
I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife 2.3.317
is now the general: may say so in this respect, for 2.3.318
that he hath devoted and given up himself to the 2.3.319
contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and 2.3.320
graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune 2.3.321
her help to put you in your place again: she is of 2.3.322
so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, 2.3.323
she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more 2.3.324
than she is requested: this broken joint between 2.3.325
you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my 2.3.326
fortunes against any lay worth naming, this 2.3.327
crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 2.3.328

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness. 2.3.330

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I 2.3.334
must to the watch. 2.3.335
CASSIO: Good night, honest Iago. 2.3.336
Exit

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain? 2.3.337
When this advice is free I give and honest, 2.3.338
Probal to thinking and indeed the course 2.3.339
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy 2.3.340
The inclining Desdemona to subdue 2.3.341
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful 2.3.342
As the free elements. And then for her 2.3.343
To win the Moor--were't to renounce his baptism, 2.3.344
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 2.3.345
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, 2.3.346
That she may make, unmake, do what she list, 2.3.347
Even as her appetite shall play the god 2.3.348
With his weak function. How am I then a villain 2.3.349
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, 2.3.350
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! 2.3.351
When devils will the blackest sins put on, 2.3.352
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, 2.3.353
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool 2.3.354
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes 2.3.355
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, 2.3.356
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, 2.3.357
That she repeals him for her body's lust; 2.3.358
And by how much she strives to do him good, 2.3.359
She shall undo her credit with the Moor. 2.3.360
So will I turn her virtue into pitch, 2.3.361
And out of her own goodness make the net 2.3.362
That shall enmesh them all. 2.3.363
Re-enter RODERIGO
How now, Roderigo! 2.3.364

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience! 2.3.371
What wound did ever heal but by degrees? 2.3.372
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; 2.3.373
And wit depends on dilatory time. 2.3.374
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee. 2.3.375
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio: 2.3.376
Though other things grow fair against the sun, 2.3.377
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe: 2.3.378
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning; 2.3.379
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. 2.3.380
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: 2.3.381
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: 2.3.382
Nay, get thee gone. 2.3.383
Exit RODERIGO
Two things are to be done: 2.3.384
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; 2.3.385
I'll set her on; 2.3.386
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart, 2.3.387
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find 2.3.388
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way  
Dull not device by coldness and delay.  
Exit

**Iago.** You have not been a-bed, then?  

**Iago.** I'll send her to you presently;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free.  

**Iago.** Well, my good lord, I'll do't.  

**Iago.** Ha! I like not that.  

**Iago.** Nothing, my lord: or if--I know not what.  

**Iago.** Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.  

**Iago.** My noble lord--  

**Iago.** Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love?  

**Iago.** But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.  

**Iago.** I did not think he had been acquainted with her.  

**Iago.** Indeed!  

**Iago.** Honest, my lord!  

**Iago.** My lord, for aught I know.  

**Iago.** Think, my lord!
Iago. My lord, you know I love you. 3.3.133

Iago. For Michael Cassio, 3.3.142
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest. 3.3.143

Iago. Men should be what they seem; 3.3.145
Or those that be not, would they might seem none! 3.3.146

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man. 3.3.148

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me: 3.3.153
Though I am bound to every act of duty, 3.3.154
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to. 3.3.155
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false; 3.3.156
As where's that palace whereinto foul things 3.3.157
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure, 3.3.158
But some uncleanly apprehensions 3.3.159
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit 3.3.160
With meditations lawful? 3.3.161

Iago. I do beseech you-- 3.3.165
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess, 3.3.166
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague 3.3.167
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy 3.3.168
Shapes faults that are not--that your wisdom yet, 3.3.169
From one that so imperfectly conceits, 3.3.170
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble 3.3.171
Out of his scattering and unsure observance. 3.3.172
It were not for your quiet nor your good, 3.3.173
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom, 3.3.174
To let you know my thoughts. 3.3.175

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, 3.3.177
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: 3.3.178
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 3.3.179
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands: 3.3.180
But he that filches from me my good name 3.3.181
Rob me of that which not enriches him 3.3.182
And makes me poor indeed. 3.3.183

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand; 3.3.185
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody. 3.3.186

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; 3.3.188
The Tragedy of Othello - character extract

It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock 3.3.189
The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss 3.3.190
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger; 3.3.191
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o’er 3.3.192
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves! 3.3.193

Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich enough, 3.3.195
But riches fineless is as poor as winter 3.3.196
To him that ever fears he shall be poor. 3.3.197
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend 3.3.198
From jealousy! 3.3.199

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason 3.3.217
To show the love and duty that I bear you 3.3.218
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound, 3.3.219
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof. 3.3.220
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio; 3.3.221
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature, 3.3.223
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to’t: 3.3.224
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks 3.3.226
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave’t undone, but keep’t unknown.

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you; 3.3.230
And when she seem’d to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Iago. Why, go to then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father’s eyes up close as oak-
He thought ‘twas witchcraft--but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash’d your spirits.

Iago. I’ faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you’re moved:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend--
My lord, I see you're moved.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Iago. Ay, there's the point: as--to be bold with you--
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereeto we see in all things nature tends--
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.


Iago. [Returning] My lord, I would I might entreat
your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears--
As worthy cause I have to fear I am--
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Exit

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing--

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Iago. What handkerchief?
Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?  3.3.346

Iago. A good wench; give it me.  3.3.350

Iago. [Snatching it] Why, what's that to you?  3.3.354

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.  3.3.358
  Go, leave me.  3.3.359

Exit EMILIA

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  3.3.360
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  3.3.361
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  3.3.362
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.  3.3.363
The Moor already changes with my poison:  3.3.364
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons.  3.3.365
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  3.3.366
But with a little act upon the blood.  3.3.367
Burn like the mines of Sulphur. I did say so:  3.3.368
Look, where he comes!  3.3.369

Re-enter OTHELLO

Not poppy, nor mandragora,  3.3.370
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  3.3.371
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  3.3.372
Which thou owedst yesterday.  3.3.373

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.  3.3.375

Iago. How now, my lord!  3.3.379

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.  3.3.386

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?  3.3.400

Iago. Is't come to this?  3.3.406

Iago. My noble lord,--  3.3.410

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!  3.3.417
  Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?  3.3.418
  God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool.  3.3.419
  That livest to make thine honesty a vice!  3.3.420
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  3.3.421
To be direct and honest is not safe.  3.3.422
I thank you for this profit; and from hence  3.3.423
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.  3.3.424

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool  3.3.426
And loses that it works for.  3.3.427

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  3.3.436
I do repent me that I put it to you.  3.3.437
You would be satisfied?  3.3.438

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?  3.3.440
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on--  3.3.441
Behold her topp'd?  3.3.442

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  3.3.444
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,  3.3.445
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  3.3.446
More than their own! What then? how then?  3.3.447
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  3.3.448
It is impossible you should see this,  3.3.449
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  3.3.450
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  3.3.451
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  3.3.452
If imputation and strong circumstances,  3.3.453
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  3.3.454
Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.  3.3.455

Iago. I do not like the office:  3.3.457
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  3.3.458
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,  3.3.459
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  3.3.460
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  3.3.461
I could not sleep.  3.3.462
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  3.3.463
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:  3.3.464
One of this kind is Cassio:  3.3.465
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,  3.3.466
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;'  3.3.467
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,  3.3.468
Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,  3.3.469
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots  3.3.470
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg  3.3.471
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then  3.3.472
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'  3.3.473
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream. 3.3.475

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs 3.3.478
That do demonstrate thinly. 3.3.479

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done; 3.3.481
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this, 3.3.482
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief 3.3.483
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand? 3.3.484

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief-- 3.3.486
I am sure it was your wife's--did I to-day 3.3.487
See Cassio wipe his beard with. 3.3.488

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers, 3.3.490
It speaks against her with the other proofs. 3.3.491

Iago. Yet be content. 3.3.501

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change. 3.3.503

Iago. Do not rise yet. 3.3.514

Kneels
Witness, you ever-burning lights above, 3.3.515
You elements that clip us round about, 3.3.516
Witness that here Iago doth give up 3.3.517
The execution of his wit, hands, heart, 3.3.518
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command, 3.3.519
And to obey shall be in me remorse, 3.3.520
What bloody business ever. 3.3.521

They rise

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request: 3.3.527
But let her live. 3.3.528

Iago. I am your own for ever. 3.3.533

Exeunt

Iago There is no other way; 'tis she must do': 3.4.120
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her. 3.4.121

Iago. Is my lord angry? 3.4.146
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  3.4.149  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  3.4.150  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  3.4.151  
Puff'd his own brother:--and can he be angry?  3.4.152  
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:  3.4.153  
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.  3.4.154

Iago. Will you think so?  4.1.1

Iago. What,  4.1.3  
To kiss in private?  4.1.4

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed  4.1.6  
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?  4.1.7

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:  4.1.12  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,--  4.1.13

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,  4.1.15  
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.  4.1.16

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;  4.1.19  
They have it very oft that have it not:  4.1.20  
But, for the handkerchief,--  4.1.21

Iago. Ay, what of that?  4.1.26

Iago. What,  4.1.28  
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?  4.1.29  
Or heard him say,--as knaves be such abroad,  4.1.30  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  4.1.31  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  4.1.32  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  4.1.33  
But they must blab--  4.1.34

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,  4.1.36  
No more than he'll unswear.  4.1.37

Iago. 'Faith, that he did--I know not what he did.  4.1.39
Iago. Lie--

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

Iago. Work on,
   My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
   And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
   All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!
   My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO

How now, Cassio!

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
   This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Iago. No, forbear;
   The lethargy must have his quiet course:
   If not, he foams at mouth and by and by
   Breaks out to savage madness. Look he stirs:
   Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
   He will recover straight: when he is gone,
   I would on great occasion speak with you.

Exit CASSIO

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
   Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
   And many a civil monster.

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
   Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
   May draw with you: there's millions now alive
   That nightly lie in those unproper beds
   Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
   O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
   To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
   And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
   And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
   Confine yourself but in a patient list.
   Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief--
   A passion most unsuiting such a man--
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

OTHELLO retires
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one:
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:
Re-enter CASSIO
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behavior,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Speaking lower
Now, if this suit lay in Bianco's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

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

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Iago. I am a very villain else.
Iago. Before me! look, where she comes. 4.1.161

Iago. After her, after her. 4.1.176

Iago. Will you sup there? 4.1.178

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you. 4.1.180 4.1.181

Iago. Go to; say no more. Exit CASSIO 4.1.183

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice? 4.1.185

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief? 4.1.187

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore. 4.1.189 4.1.190 4.1.191

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 4.1.194

Iago. Nay, that's not your way. 4.1.200

Iago. She's the worse for all this. 4.1.205

Iago. Ay, too gentle. 4.1.208

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 4.1.211 4.1.212 4.1.213

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her. 4.1.215

Iago. That's fouler. 4.1.217

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated. 4.1.221 4.1.222
Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMÔNA, and Attendants

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior Welcome to Cyprus.

Iago. Lives, sir.

Iago. He is much changed.

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure What he might be: if what he might he is not, I would to heaven he were!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew That stroke would prove the worst!

Iago. Alas, alas! It is not honesty in me to speak What I have seen and known. You shall observe him, And his own courses will denote him so That I may save my speech: do but go after, And mark how he continues.

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

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Iago. Why did he so?

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
Iago. Beshrew him for't!
   How comes this trick upon him?  4.2.150
   4.2.151

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.  4.2.157

Iago. Speak within door.  4.2.168

Iago. You are a fool; go to.  4.2.172

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
   The business of the state does him offence,
   And he does chide with you.  4.2.190
   4.2.191
   4.2.192

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.  4.2.194
   Trumpets within
   Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
   4.2.195
   The messengers of Venice stay the meat;
   4.2.196
   Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
   4.2.197
Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA
Enter RODERIGO
   How now, Roderigo!  4.2.198

Iago. What in the contrary?  4.2.200

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?  4.2.207

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.  4.2.210

Iago. Well; go to; very well.  4.2.217

Iago. Very well.  4.2.221

Iago. You have said now.  4.2.227

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from
   this instant to build on thee a better opinion than
   ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast
   taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I
   protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.  4.2.229
   4.2.230
   4.2.231
   4.2.232
   4.2.233
Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania and takes away him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his horrible fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supptime, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

Exeunt

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight he come: Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

Retires
Iago. I have rubb’d this young quat almost to the sense, 5.1.11
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio, 5.1.12
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, 5.1.13
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo, 5.1.14
He calls me to a restitution large 5.1.15
Of gold and jewels that I bobb’d from him, 5.1.16
As gifts to Desdemona; 5.1.17
It must not be: if Cassio do remain, 5.1.18
He hath a daily beauty in his life 5.1.19
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor 5.1.20
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril: 5.1.21
No, he must die. But so: I hear him coming. 5.1.22

Enter CASSIO

Iago. Who’s there? whose noise is this that ones on murder? 5.1.50

Iago. Did not you hear a cry? 5.1.52

Iago. What’s the matter? 5.1.54

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously? 5.1.57

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this? 5.1.60

Iago. O treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in, and give some help. 5.1.63

To LODOVICO and GRATIANO

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

Stabs RODERIGO

Iago. Kill men i’ the dark!--Where be these bloody thieves?-- 5.1.69
How silent is this town!--Ho! murder! murder!-- 5.1.70
What may you be? are you of good or evil? 5.1.71

Iago. Signior Lodovico? 5.1.73

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here’s Cassio hurt by villains. 5.1.75

Iago. How is’t, brother! 5.1.77
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!  
   Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.  
   
   Enter BIANCA  

Iago. Who is't that cried!  

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect  
   Who they should be that have thus many led you?  

Iago. Lend me a garter. So, O, for a chair,  
   To bear him easily hence!  

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
   To be a party in this injury.  
   Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;  
   Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?  
   Alas my friend and my dear countryman  
   Roderigo! no;--yes, sure: O heaven! Roderigo.  

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?  

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;  
   These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
   That so neglected you.  

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!  

Iago. He, he 'tis he.  
   A chair brought in  
   O, that's well said; the chair!  

   o' the air.  
   CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off  
   Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?  
   Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?  
   Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.  
   Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:  
   Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,  
   Though tongues were out of use.  
   
   Enter EMILIA
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

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

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.
Emilia run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.
Will you go on? I pray.
Aside
This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

Exeunt

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Iago. I did.

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

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

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.