**Othello - Key Tragic Quotations**

**By Mr Karlsson**

**Ii**

**Roderigo: Tush! …thou, Iago, who hast had my purse / As if the strings**

**were thine (first lines of the play highlight Iago as a puppet master, toying with the lives of others.)**

**Iago: Vents his outrage that he was not chosen for a position of power: One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife; That never set a squadron in the field**

**Iago: O, sir, content you; / I follow him to serve my turn upon him:**

 **(calculated treachery… sociopathic?)**

**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:**

God said to Moses,

"I AM WHO I AM"

**Exodus 3:14**

**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;**

**Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!****Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!**

**Even now, now, very now, an old black ram****Is tupping your white ewe.**

**…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 germans.**

**B****rabantio: O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!****Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds**

**Iii**

**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.**

**OTHELLO** **'Tis better as it is.**

**IAGO** **Nay, but he prated,****And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms****Against your honour**

**Othello** **Let him do his spite:****My services which I have done the signiory****Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,--****Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,****I shall promulgate--I fetch my life and being****From men of royal siege, and my demerits****May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune****As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,****But that I love the gentle Desdemona**

**Othello Not I I must be found:**

**My parts, my title and my perfect soul**

**IAGO** **By Janus, I think no.**

**BRABANTIO**  **O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?****Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;**

 **...Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom****Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.****Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense****That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,**

**Iiii**

**DUKE OF VENICE**  **Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you****Against the general enemy Ottoman.**

**OTHELLO** **Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,****My very noble and approved good masters,****That I have ta'en 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 bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:****… Yet, by your gracious patience,****I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver****Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,****What conjuration and what mighty magic,****For such proceeding I am charged withal,****I won his daughter.**

**DUKE OF VENICE (to Brabantio)** **: To vouch this, is no proof,**

**Othello (on Desdemona) She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,****And I loved her that she did pity them.**

**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 show'd****To you, preferring you before her father,****So much I challenge that I may profess****Due to the Moor my lord.**

**Desdemona (to The Duke) Let me go with him.**

**Duke (to Brabantio) …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.**

**IAGO (to Roderigo) Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus**

**or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which**

**our wills are gardeners:**

**…****the** **blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us****to most preposterous conclusions:**

**Come, be a man!**

**…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.**

**Iago (soliloquy) 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--How, how? Let's see:--**

**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.**

**ACT II - SCENE I. A Sea-port in Cyprus.** *<< observe the setting*

**Third Gentleman News, lads! our wars are done.**

**The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,**

**That their designment halts:**

**MONTANO Pray heavens he be [safe];**

**For I have served him, and the man commands**

**Like a full soldier.**

**CASSIO (to Emilia) Welcome, mistress.**

**…; 'tis my breeding**

**That gives me this bold show of courtesy.**

***Kissing her***

**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** **She that was ever fair and never proud,****Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
…****She was a wight, if ever such wight were,--**

**DESDEMONA** **To do what?**

**IAGO** **To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.**

**DESDEMONA** **O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn****of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say****you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal****counsellor?**

**![C:\Documents and Settings\sk\Local Settings\Temporary Internet Files\Content.IE5\2IO7B070\Spider[1].png]()CASSIO** **He speaks home, madam: You may relish him more in****the soldier than in the scholar.**

**IAGO** **[Aside] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said,** **whisper: with as little a web as this will I
 ensnare as great a fly as Cassio****.**

**IAGO** **(to Roderigo)** **… 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:**

**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**

**IIiii**

**Iago (to Cassio) …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.**

**CASSIO** **Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and****unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish****courtesy would invent some other custom of****entertainment.**

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

**MONTANO And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor**

**Should hazard such a place as his own second**

**With one of an ingraft infirmity**

**IAGO …I do love Cassio well; and would do much**

**To cure him of this evil--But, hark! what noise?**

**IAGO H****old, ho! Lieutenant,--sir--Montano,--gentlemen,--****Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?****Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!**

**OTHELLO** **Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
…****For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
…****Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle****From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?****Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,****Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.**

**Iago …More of this matter cannot I report:**

**But men are men; the best sometimes forget:**

**Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,**

Seemingly virtuous – ironic – self knowing? manipulative

**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.**

**OTHELLO I know, Iago,**

Paradoxical?

Honour bound

**Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,**

**Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee**

**But never more be officer of mine.**

**CASSIO** **Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost****my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of****myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation,****Iago, my reputation!**

Knows the truth yet deliberately subverts

**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**

**Iago …Our general's wife****…is of** **so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition,****she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more****than she is requested: this broken joint between****you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my****fortunes against any lay worth naming, this****crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.**

**CASSIO** **You advise me well.**

**Iago (soliloquy) …whiles this honest fool**

**Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes**

Malicious (evil)

AO4 Links

AO3 Links

**![C:\Documents and Settings\sk\Local Settings\Temp\Temporary Internet Files\Content.IE5\V89JDGCH\alchemy-tree-poison[1].png]()And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,**

**I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,**

**That she repeals him for her body's lust;**

**And by how much she strives to do him good,**

**She shall undo her credit with the Moor.**

**So will I turn her virtue into pitch,**

**And out of her own goodness make the net**

**That shall enmesh them all.**

**Act Three**

**Iago (to Cassio) …I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor****Out of the way, that your converse and business****May be more free.**

**CASSIO** **I humbly thank you for't.**

***Exit IAGO***

**I never knew****A Florentine more kind and honest.**

**IIIiii *The garden of the castle.***

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

**OTHELLO** **What dost thou say?**

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

**OTHELLO** **Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?**

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

**OTHELLO** **I do believe 'twas he.**

**DESDEMONA****[Cassio] hath left part of his grief with me,** **To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.**

**OTHELLO** **Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.**

**…**

**OTHELLO** **Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,****But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,****Chaos is come again.**

**IAGO** **My noble lord--**

**OTHELLO** **What dost thou say, Iago?**

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

**OTHELLO** **O, yes; and went between us very oft.**

**IAGO** **Indeed!**

**OTHELLO** **Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?****Is he not honest?**

**IAGO** **Honest, my lord!**

**OTHELLO** **Honest! ay, honest.**

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

**OTHELLO** **What dost thou think?**

**IAGO** **Think, my lord!**

**OTHELLO** **Think, my lord!****By heaven, he echoes me,****As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.**

Is it a part of human **nature**?

**OTHELLO** **By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.**

**…**

**IAGO** **O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;****It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on****; that cuckold lives in bliss****Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;****But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er****Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!**

**OTHELLO** **O misery!**

**IAGO …Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend**

**From jealousy!**

**I speak not yet of proof.****Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio**

**She did deceive her father, marrying you;**

**Iago I humbly do beseech you of your pardon****For too much loving you.**

**OTHELL****O I am bound to thee for ever.**

**IAGO** **I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.**

**OTHELLO** **Not a jot, not a jot.**

**IAGO** **I' faith, I fear it has.**

**OTHELLO** **Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless****Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.**

**IAGO****[Returning] My lord, I would I might entreat** **your honour****To scan this thing no further…**

**…I once more take my leave. (*exit)***

**OTHELLO** **This fellow's of exceeding honesty,****And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,****Of human dealings.** **…Haply, for I am black****And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have****… I am abused; and my relief****Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,****That we can call these delicate creatures ours,****And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,****And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,****Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses.** **Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;****Prerogatived are they less than the base;****'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:**

Semantic field of monsters, degradation

**DESDEMONA** **Why do you speak so faintly?** **Are you not well?**

**OTHELLO** **I have a pain upon my forehead here.**

**DESDEMONA** **'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:****Let me but bind it hard, within this hour****It will be well.**

**OTHELLO** **Your napkin is too little:**

***[stage direction] He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops***

Accidentally brings tragedy upon himself

Drops – symbol of the tragic fall

**Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.**

**DESDEMONA** **I am very sorry that you are not well.**

***Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA***

**EMILIA** **I am glad I have found this napkin:****This was her first remembrance from the Moor:****My wayward husband hath a hundred times****Woo'd me to steal it;**

**EMILIA** **Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.**

**IAGO** **A thing for me? it is a common thing--**

**EMILIA** **Ha!**

**IAGO** **To have a foolish wife.**

**EMILIA** **…is that all? What will you give me now** **For the same handkerchief?**

**EMILIA** **….If it be not for some purpose of import,****Give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it****.**

**IAGO** **Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.****Go, leave me.**

***Exit EMILIA***

**IagoI will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,****And let him find it. Trifles light as air****Are to the jealous confirmations strong****As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.****The Moor already changes with my poison:**

**Othello Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!** **… O you mortal engines, whose rude throats** **The immortal Jove's dead clamours counterfeit,** **Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!**

Commitment to madness – point of no return

Touches on the truth – adds tragedy (so close to salvation)

**IAGO** **Is't possible, my lord?**

**OTHELLO** **Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,****Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof:
…**

**If thou dost slander her and torture me,****Never pray more**

**IAGO** **O grace! O heaven forgive me!****Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?**

**OTHELLO** **I think my wife be honest and think she is not;****I think that thou art just and think thou art not.****I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh****As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.** **If there be cords, or knives,****Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,****I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!**

**Impatience**

**urgency**

**Iago (lying about Cassio’s sleep talking) In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona**

**Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;'****And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,****Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,****… then laid his leg**

**Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then****Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'**

**OTHELLO** **O monstrous! monstrous!**

**…I'll tear her all to pieces.**

**Iago: …Tell me but this,****Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries** **in your wife's hand?**

**OTHELLO** **I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.**

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

**OTHELLO** **If it be that--**

**IAGO** **If it be that, or any that was hers,****It speaks against her with the other proofs.**

**OTHELLO** **O, blood, blood, blood!**

**…my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,****Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,****Till that a capable and wide revenge****Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,**

***Kneels***

**In the due reverence of a sacred vow****I here engage my words.**

**IAGO** **Do not rise yet.**

***Kneels***

**..Iago doth give up****The execution of his wit, hands, heart,****To wrong'd Othello's service!**

***They rise***

**OTHELLO** **I greet thy love,****Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,****And will upon the instant put thee to't:****Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.**

**OTHELLO** **Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!**

**IIIiv**

**DESDEMONA** **Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?**

**Clown** **I dare not say he lies any where.**

**DESDEMONA** **Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?**

**EMILIA**  **I know not, madam.**

**DESDEMONA** **Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse****Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor****Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are****, it were enough****To put him to ill thinking.**

**Othello What promise, chuck?**

**DESDEMONA I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.**

**OTHELLO I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;**

**Lend me thy handkerchief.**

**DESDEMONA Here, my lord.**

**OTHELLO That which I gave you.**

**DESDEMONA I have it not about me.**

**OTHELLO Not?**

**That handkerchief**

**Did an Egyptian to my mother give;**

**'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:**

**DESDEMONA** **I say, it is not lost.**

**OTHELLO**  **Fetch't, let me see't.**

**DESDEMONA** **Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.****This is a trick to put me from my suit:****Pray you, let Cassio be received again.**

**OTHELLO**  **Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.**

**DESDEMONA** **Come, come;****You'll never meet a more sufficient man.**

**OTHELLO**  **The handkerchief!**

**DESDEMONA**  **pray, talk me of Cassio.**

**OTHELLO** **The handkerchief!**

**![C:\Documents and Settings\sk\Local Settings\Temp\Temporary Internet Files\Content.IE5\RQ46UF01\08-18-10 handkerchief_21104_lg[1].gif]()DESDEMONA** **A man that all his time****Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,****Shared dangers with you,--**

**OTHELLO**  **The handkerchief!**

**DESDEMONA**  **In sooth, you are to blame.**

**OTHELLO**  **Away!**

***Exit***

**EMILIA**  **Is not this man jealous?**

**DESDEMONA**  **I ne'er saw this before.**

**EMILIA** **…****They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;****To eat us hungerly, and when they are full,****They belch us.**

**Desdemona Something … Hath puddled his clear spirit:**

**DESDEMONA**  **Alas the day! I never gave him cause.**

**EMILIA** **But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;****They are not ever jealous for the cause,****But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself****.**

Inevitable tragedy? Are men innately predisposed to this?

**Cassio Sweet Bianca,**

***Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief***

**Take me this work out.**

**BIANCA** **O Cassio, whence came this?****This is some token from a newer friend:**

**CASSIO**  **Go to, woman!**

**Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,****You are jealous now …**

**No, in good troth, Bianca.**

**Act Four**

**OTHELLO** **What? what?**

**IAGO** **Lie--**

**OTHELLO** **With her?**

**IAGO** **With her, on her; what you will.**

**OTHELLO** **Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her, when****they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.****--Handkerchief--confessions--handkerchief!--To****confess, and be hanged for his labour;--first, to be****hanged, and then to confess.--I tremble at it.****Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing****passion without some instruction. It is not words****that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.****--Is't possible?--Confess--handkerchief!--O devil!--**

Epileptic fit?

AO3 links

***Falls in a trance***

**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!**

**CASSIO** **What's the matter?**

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

**…Look he stirs:****Do you withdraw yourself a little while *(Cassio exits)***

* Bestial
* Satanic
* cuckold

**…**

**OTHELLO** **Dost thou mock me?**

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

**OTHELLO** **A horned man's a monster and a beast.**

**Iago: 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***

a tragedy within the tragedy?

**As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;**

**IAGO** **She gives it out that you shall marry hey:****Do you intend it?**

**CASSIO** **Ha, ha, ha!**

**OTHELLO (watching but not hearing)** **Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?**

Links to slavery?

***Enter BIANCA***

**BIANCA** **Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you****mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now?
…****This is some minx's token,**

**OTHELLO** **[Advancing] How shall I murder him, Iago?**

**IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?**

**OTHELLO** **O Iago!**

**OTHELLO** **I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!**

**IAGO** **O, 'tis foul in her.**

Violence

brutality

**… IAGO** **Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even
the bed she hath contaminated****.**

**OTHELLO** **Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.**

**LODOVICO****… they do command him home,****Deputing Cassio in his government.**

**DESDEMONA** **Trust me, I am glad on't.**

**OTHELLO** **Indeed!**

**DESDEMONA** **My lord?**

Staging – high drama

Crossing societal codes / taboos

Evangelical?

**OTHELLO** **I am glad to see you mad.**

**DESDEMONA** **Why, sweet Othello,--**

**OTHELLO** **[Striking her] Devil!**

**DESDEMONA** **I have not deserved this.**

**…**

**Othello** **Out of my sight!**

**DESDEMONA** **I will not stay to offend you.**

**LODOVICO** **Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate****Call all in all sufficient?**

**IAGO** **He is much changed.**

**… Alas, alas!****It is not honesty in me to speak****What I have seen and known...**

**LODOVICO** **I am sorry that I am deceived in him.**

**IVii**

**OTHELLO** **Why, what art thou?**

**DESDEMONA** **Your wife, my lord; your true****And loyal wife.**

**…how am I false?**

**OTHELLO O Desdemona! away! away! away!**

**…Desdemona Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?**

**OTHELLO** **Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,****Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!****Committed! O thou public commoner!**

**…What committed!****Impudent strumpet!**

**EMILIA** **He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink****Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.**

**IAGO** **Why did he so?**

**DESDEMONA** **I do not know; I am sure I am none such.**

**IAGO** **Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!**

**EMILIA** **A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!****Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?****The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,****Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.**

As is she….

Tragic irony

**RODERIGO** **Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona****return again to Venice.**

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

**RODERIGO** **How do you mean, removing of him?**

**IAGO** **Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place;****knocking out his brains.**

**IViii**

**DESDEMONA** **He hath commanded me to go to bed,****And bade me to dismiss you.**

**…EMILIA** **I would you had never seen him!**

**DESDEMONA** **So would not I my love doth so approve him,****That even his stubbornness, his cheques, his frowns…**

**EMILIA**  **I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.**

**DESDEMONA** **All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!****If I do die before thee prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets****.**

**![C:\Documents and Settings\sk\Local Settings\Temp\Temporary Internet Files\Content.IE5\RQ46UF01\willow[1].png]()DESDEMONA** **[Singing] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,****Sing all a green willow:****Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,****Sing willow, willow, willow:**

**DESDEMONA** **O, these men, these men!****Dost thou in conscience think,--tell me, Emilia,--****That there be women do abuse their husbands****In such gross kind?**

**EMILIA** **There be some such, no question.**

**…why, who would****not make her husband a cuckold to make him a****monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.**

**…I do think it is their husbands' faults****If wives do fall:**

**…What is it that they do****When they change us for others? Is it sport?****I think it is: and doth affection breed it?****I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?****It is so too: and have not we affections,****Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?****Then let them use us well: else let them know,****The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.**

**Act Five**

Institutionalised tragedy? …or female power?

**SCENE I. Cyprus. A street.**

***Enter CASSIO***

**RODERIGO I know his gait, 'tis he.--Villain, thou diest!**

***Makes a pass at CASSIO***

**CASSIO *Draws, and wounds RODERIGO***

**RODERIGO** **O, I am slain!**

***IAGO from behind wounds CASSIO in the leg, and exit***

**CASSIO** **I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder!**

***Falls***

***Enter OTHELLO***

**OTHELLO** **The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.**

**O brave Iago, honest and just,****That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!****Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,****And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come.****Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;****Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.**

**IAGO** **Who's there? whose noise is this that ones on murder?**

**CASSIO** **Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!**

**IAGO O murderous slave! O villain!**

***Stabs RODERIGO***

**RODERIGO O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!**

**BIANCA O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!**

**IAGO**  **O notable strumpet!**

**…Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.**

**Look you pale, mistress?****…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?**

**BIANCA** **He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.**

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

**EMILIA** **Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!**

**BIANCA** **I am no strumpet; but of life as honest****As you that thus abuse 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.**

What is “it”? Desdemona?

Desdemona’s actions?

What does it “cause”?

***Aside*** **This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.**

**Vii. A bedchamber in the castle: DESDEMONA in bed asleep;**

**OTHELLO** **It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,--
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!--****It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;****Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,****And smooth as monumental alabaster.****Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.****Put out the light, and then put out the light:****If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,****I can again thy former light restore,****… One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,****But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.**

**DESDEMONA Who's there? Othello?**

**… Talk you of killing?**

**have mercy on me!**

**…I never did****Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio****But with such general warranty of heaven****As I might love: I never gave him token.**

**OTHELLO** **By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.****O perjured woman**

**DESDEMONA Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.**

**OTHELLO Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?**

**DESDEMONA** **O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!**

**OTHELLO** **Down, strumpet!**

**DESDEMONA** **Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!**

**…OTHELLO** **It is too late.**

***He stifles her***

**EMILIA [Within] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!**

**OTHELLO Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.****'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.--****The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?****Still as the grave.**

**…If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:****My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.****O insupportable! O heavy hour!**

Sudden changes in emotion

Loss

**EMILIA** **O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!**

**DESDEMONA O, falsely, falsely murder'd!**

**EMILIA Alas, what cry is that?**

**DESDEMONA** **A guiltless death I die.**

**EMILIA** **O, who hath done this deed?**

**DESDEMONA** **Nobody; I myself. Farewell****Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell!**

***Dies***

**OTHELLO** **Why, how should she be murder'd?**

**EMILIA** **Alas, who knows?**

**OTHELLO** **You heard her say herself, it was not I.**

**EMILIA** **She said so: I must needs report the truth.**

**OTHELLO** **She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:****'Twas I that kill'd her.**

**EMILIA** **O, the more angel she,****And you the blacker devil!**

**OTHELLO** **She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.**

**…EMILIA** **Thou art rash as fire, to say****That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!**

**OTHELLO** **Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.**

**EMILIA** **My husband!**

**EMILIA** **My husband!**

**OTHELLO** **Ay, 'twas he that told me first:****An honest man he is, and hates the slime****That sticks on filthy deeds.**

**EMILIA** **My husband!**

**O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love,****My husband say that she was false!**

**OTHELLO** **He, woman;****I say thy husband: dost understand the word?****My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.**

**EMILIA** **If he say so, may his pernicious soul****Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:****She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.**

**OTHELLO** **Ha!**

**EMILIA**  **… O gull! O dolt!****As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed--****I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,****Though I lost twenty lives.--Help! help, ho! help!****The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!**

**EMILIA** **O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,****That men must lay their murders on your neck.**

**…Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:****He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:****I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:****Speak, for my heart is full.**

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

**EMILIA** **But did you ever tell him she was false?**

**IAGO** **I did.**

**EMILIA** **You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;****Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.****She false with Cassio!--did you say with Cassio?**

**IAGO** **With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.**

**EMILIA** **I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:****My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,--**

**All** **O heavens forfend!**

**EMILIA** **And your reports have set the murder on.**

**kill myself for grief:--****O villany, villany!**

**OT*HELL*O** **O! O! O!**

Anagnorisis ?

***He falls on the bed***

**…I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,****Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:**

**GRATIANO** **Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:**

**OTHELLO** **'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows****That she with Cassio hath the act of shame****…I saw it in his hand:****It was a handkerchief, an antique token****My father gave my mother.**

**EMILIA** **O heaven! O heavenly powers!**

***…IAGO offers to stab EMILIA***

**GRATIANO** **Fie!****Your sword upon a woman?**

**EMILIA** **O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of****I found by fortune and did give my husband;****For often, with a solemn earnestness,****More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,****He begg'd of me to steal it.**

**IAGO** **Villanous whore!**

**EMILIA** **She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,****And I did give't my husband.**

**IAGO** **Filth, thou liest!**

**EMILIA** **By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.****O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool****Do with so good a woman?**

**OTHELLO** **Are there no stones in heaven****But what serve for the thunder?--Precious villain!**

***He runs at IAGO IAGO, from behind, stabs EMILIA, and exit***

**GRATIANO** **The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.**

**MONTANO** **... I'll after that same villain,****For 'tis a damned slave.**

**OTHELLO** **I am not valiant neither,****But ever puny whipster gets my sword:****But why should honour outlive honesty?****Let it go all.**

Suicidal anagnorisis VS

Mortal sin

Invoking further tragedy?

**EMILIA *Singing***

**Willow, willow, willow,--****Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;****…So speaking as I think, I die, I die.**

***Dies***

**OTHELLO****Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;****Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,****And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.****Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;****Man but a rush against Othello's breast,****And he retires. Where should Othello go?****Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!****Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,****This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,****And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!****Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!****Whip me, ye devils,****From the possession of this heavenly sight!****Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!****Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!****O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!****Oh! Oh! Oh!**

**LODOVICO** **Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.**

**OTHELLO** **I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.****If that thou best a devil, I cannot kill thee.**

***Wounds IAGO***

**IAGO** **I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.**

**OTHELLO** **I am not sorry neither: I'ld have thee live;****For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.**

**LODOVICO** **O thou Othello, thou wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practise of a damned slave,****What shall be said to thee?**

**OTHELLO** **Why, any thing:****An honourable murderer, if you will;****For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.**

**LODOVICO** **This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:****Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?**

**OTHELLO** **Ay.**

**CASSIO** **Dear general, I never gave you cause.**

**OTHELLO** **I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.****Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil****Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?**

**IAGO** **Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word****.**

**GRATIANO** **Torments will ope your lips.**

**LODOVICO** **You must forsake this room, and go with us:****Your power and your command is taken off,****And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,****If there be any cunning cruelty****That can torment him much and hold him long,****It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,****Till that the nature of your fault be known****To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.**

**OTHELLO** **Soft you; a word or two before you go.****I have done the state some service, and they know't.****No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,****When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,****Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,****Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak****Of one that loved not wisely but too well;****Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought****Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,****Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away****Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,****Albeit unused to the melting mood,****Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees****Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;****And say besides, that in Aleppo once,****Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk****Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,****I took by the throat the circumcised dog,****And smote him, thus.**

***Stabs himself***

**OTHELLO** **I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this;****Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.**

***falls on the bed, and dies***

**LODOVICO** **[To IAGO] O Spartan dog,****More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!****Look on the tragic loading of this bed;****This is thy work: the object poisons sight;****Let it be hid.** **…To you, lord governor,****Remains the censure of this hellish villain;****The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!****Myself will straight aboard: and to the state****This heavy act with heavy heart relate.**

***Exeunt***