

# УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

THE TRAGEDY OF  
OTHELLO, MOOR OF  
VENICE

**Уильям Шекспир**  
**The Tragedy of Othello,**  
**Moor of Venice**

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The Tragedy of Othello, Moor of Venice:*

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# **William Shakespeare**

## **The Tragedy of Othello, Moor of Venice**

### **Dramatis Personae**

OTHELLO, the Moor, general of the Venetian forces

DESDEMONA, his wife

IAGO, ensign to Othello

EMILIA, his wife, lady-in-waiting to Desdemona

CASSIO, lieutenant to Othello

THE DUKE OF VENICE

BRABANTIO, Venetian Senator, father of Desdemona

GRATIANO, nobleman of Venice, brother of Brabantio

LODOVICO, nobleman of Venice, kinsman of Brabantio

RODERIGO, rejected suitor of Desdemona

BIANCA, mistress of Cassio

MONTANO, a Cypriot official

A Clown in service to Othello

Senators, Sailors, Messengers, Officers, Gentlemen,

Musicians, and Attendants

# SCENE: Venice and Cyprus

## ACT I. SCENE I. Venice. A street

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

RODERIGO. Tush, never tell me! I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

IAGO. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me.  
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. 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 bumbast 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 theoric,  
Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice  
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 belee'd and calm'd  
By debtor and creditor. This counter-caster,  
He, in good time, 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,  
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.

RODERIGO. I would not follow him then.

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 complement 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.

RODERIGO. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,  
If he can carry't thus!

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 color.

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

IAGO. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire

Is spied in populous cities.

RODERIGO. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

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.

BRABANTIO. What is the reason of this terrible summons?

What is the matter there?

RODERIGO. Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO. Are your doors lock'd?

BRABANTIO. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

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 tupping 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!

BRABANTIO. What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO. Most reverend signior, do you know my  
voice?



BRABANTIO. Not I. What are you?

RODERIGO. My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO. The worser welcome.

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come

To start my quiet.

RODERIGO. Sir, sir, sir-

BRABANTIO. But thou must needs be sure

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

RODERIGO. Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO. What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

RODERIGO. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

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 Germans.

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 are a villain.

IAGO. You are- a senator.

BRABANTIO. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

RODERIGO. Sir, I will answer anything. But, I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,

As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,

Transported with no worse nor better guard

But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor-

If this be known to you, and your allowance,

We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;

But if you know not this, my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe

That, from the sense of all civility,

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,

I say again, hath made a gross revolt,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger

Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:

If she be in her chamber or your house,

Let loose on me the justice of the state

For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO. Strike on the tinder, ho!  
Give me a taper! Call up all my people!  
This accident is not unlike my dream;  
Belief of it oppresses me already.  
Light, I say, light! Exit

above.

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 check,  
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stands 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, in his  
nightgown, and Servants with torches**

BRABANTIO. It is too true an evil: gone she is,  
And what's to come of my despised time  
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!  
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!  
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me  
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.  
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

RODERIGO. Truly, I think they are.

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. Is there not charms  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

RODERIGO. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO. Call up my brother. O, would you had had  
her!

Some one way, some another. Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

RODERIGO. I think I can discover him, if you please  
To get good guard and go along with me.

BRABANTIO. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.  
On, good Roderigo, I'll deserve your pains.

Exeunt.

## SCENE II. Another street

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants 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 murther. I lack iniquity  
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yerked 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 honor  
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,  
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  
Will give him cable.

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 honor,  
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,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But, look! What lights come yond?  
IAGO. Those are the raised father and his friends.

You were best go in.

OTHELLO. Not I; I must be found.

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio and certain Officers with torches.

OTHELLO. The servants of the Duke? And my lieutenant?  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

CASSIO. The Duke does greet you, general,  
And he requires your haste-post-haste 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. The galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,  
When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The Senate hath sent about three several quests  
To search you out.

OTHELLO. 'Tis well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house  
And go with you.

Exit.

CASSIO. Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO. Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land carack;  
If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

CASSIO. I do not understand.

IAGO. He's married.

CASSIO. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

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

OTHELLO. Have with you.

CASSIO. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO. It is Brabantio. General, be advised,  
He comes to bad intent.

## **Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons**

OTHELLO. Holla! Stand there!

RODERIGO. Signior, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO. Down with him, thief!

They draw on both

sides.

IAGO. You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.

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 stow'd my  
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd  
The wealthy, curled darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
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 practiced on her with foul charms,  
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
That weaken motion. I'll have't disputed on;  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practicer  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.  
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?

FIRST OFFICER. '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 'twere their own;  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

Exeunt.

**SCENE III. A council chamber.  
The Duke and Senators sitting  
at a table; Officers attending**

DUKE. There is no composition in these news  
That gives them credit.

FIRST SENATOR. Indeed they are disproportion'd;  
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE. And mine, a hundred and forty.

SECOND SENATOR. And mine, two hundred.

But though they jump not on a just account-  
As in these cases, where the aim reports,  
'Tis oft with difference- yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement.

I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

SAILOR. [Within.] What, ho! What, ho! What, ho!

FIRST OFFICER. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter Sailor.

DUKE. Now, what's the business?

SAILOR. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,  
So was I bid report here to the state  
By Signior Angelo.

DUKE. How say you by this change?

FIRST SENATOR. This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,  
And let ourselves again but understand  
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

DUKE. 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 toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injoined them with an after fleet.

FIRST SENATOR. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

MESSENGER. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

DUKE. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

FIRST SENATOR. He's now in Florence.

DUKE. Write from us to him, post-post-haste dispatch.

FIRST SENATOR. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

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

[To Brabantio.] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;  
We lack'd 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, nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

DUKE. Why, what's the matter?

BRABANTIO. My daughter! O, my daughter!

ALL. Dead?

BRABANTIO. Ay, to me.

She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE. 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, yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

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.

ALL. We are very sorry for't.

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

BRABANTIO. Nothing, but this is so.

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 blest with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
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 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.

BRABANTIO. A maiden never bold,  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blush'd at herself; and she- in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, everything-  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!  
It is judgement maim'd and most imperfect,  
That will confess perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

DUKE. To vouch this is no proof,  
Without more certain and more overt test  
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods

Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

FIRST SENATOR. But, Othello, speak.

Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or came it by request, and such fair question

As soul to soul affordeth?

OTHELLO. I do beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,

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. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

Exeunt Iago and

Attendants.

And till she come, as truly as to heaven

I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I'll present

How I did thrive in this fair lady's love

And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO. Her father loved me, oft invited me,

Still question'd me the story of my life

From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days

To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
And portance in my travels' history;  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak- such was the process-  
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;  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'ld 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 dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently. I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her tears  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. 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 wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd 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 spake:  
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
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. I think this tale would win my daughter too.  
Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

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 show'd  
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.

Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs;  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
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;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

DUKE. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence  
Which, as a grise 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.  
What cannot be preserved when Fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;  
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

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;

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.

But words are words; I never yet did hear  
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.  
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes  
for Cyprus.

Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and  
though we have there a substitute of most allowed  
sufficiency,

yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more  
safer

voice on you. You must therefore be content to slubber the  
gloss

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 do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
Due reference of place and exhibition,  
With such accommodation and besort

As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. If you please,

Be't 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,

To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,

And let me find a charter in your voice

To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. 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 honors 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.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not

To please the palate of my appetite,

Nor to comply with heat- the young affects

In me defunct- and proper satisfaction;

But to be free and bounteous to her mind.  
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness  
My speculative and officed instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer't: you must hence tonight.

DESDEMONA. Tonight, my lord?

DUKE. This night.

OTHELLO. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.  
Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you,  
With such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you.

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

DUKE. Let it be so.

Good night to everyone. [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.

Exeunt Duke, Senators, and

Officers.

OTHELLO. My life upon her faith! 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.

Exeunt Othello and

Desdemona.

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 incontinently 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 gardens, to the which 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.

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 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 favor 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 acerb as the 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 be 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.

RODERIGO. Wilt thou be fast 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 retell 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 tomorrow. Adieu.

RODERIGO. Where shall we meet i' 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 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.

Exit.

# **ACT II. SCENE I. A seaport in Cyprus. An open place near the quay**

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

MONTANO. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Nothing at all. It is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

MONTANO. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. A segregation of the Turkish fleet.

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

MONTANO. If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;  
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. News, lads! Our wars are done.  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

MONTANO. How? Is this true?

THIRD GENTLEMAN. The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesa. Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore; the Moor himself at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

MONTANO. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. But this same Cassio, though he  
speak of  
comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

MONTANO. Pray heavens he be,  
For I have served him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue  
An indistinct regard.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. Come, let's do so,

For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

CASSIO. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens  
Give him defense against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

MONTANO. I she well shipp'd?

CASSIO. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approved allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

A cry within, "A sail, a sail, a  
sail!"

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

What noise?

FOURTH GENTLEMAN. The town is empty; on the brow  
o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail!"

CASSIO. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Guns  
heard.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. They do discharge their shot of  
courtesy-

Our friends at least.

CASSIO. I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.  
SECOND GENTLEMAN. I shall.

Exit.

MONTANO. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?  
CASSIO. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid  
That paragon's description and wild fame,  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the  
general.

CASSIO. He has had most favorable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO. What is she?

CASSIO. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts

A se'n'nigh's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.

O, behold,  
The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
Hall to thee, lady! And the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

DESDEMONA. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CASSIO. He is not yet arrived, nor know I aught

But that he's well and will be shortly here.

DESDEMONA. O, but I fear- How lost you company?

CASSIO. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship- But, hark! a sail.

A cry within, "A sail, a sail!" Guns  
heard.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. They give their greeting to the  
citadel;

This likewise is a friend.

CASSIO. See for the news.

Exit



Gentleman.

Good ancient, you are welcome. [To Emilia.] Welcome, mistress.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. Kisses  
her.

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

DESDEMONA. Alas, she has no speech.

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.

EMILIA. You have little cause to say so.

IAGO. Come on, come on. You are pictures out of doors,  
Bells in your parlors, wildcats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

DESDEMONA. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

EMILIA. You shall not write my praise.

IAGO. No, let me not.

DESDEMONA. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou  
shouldst  
praise me?

IAGO. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,

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