

Othello, The Willow Scene, Act IV, sc. 3

First Quarto (1622)

Enter *Othello*, *Desdemona*, *Lodouico*, *Emillia*,
and Attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied. *Ex. Iag. and Rod.*

Lod. I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir: ---O *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith,
dispatch your Attendant there, ---looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismissee you.

Em. Dismissee me?

First Folio (1623)

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Othello*, *Lodouico*, *Desdemona*, *AEmilia*,
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodoui. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your
Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Othello Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be re-
turn'd forthwith: dismissee your Attendant there: look't
be done. *Exit.*

Des. I will my Lord.

AEm. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismissee you.

AEmi. Dismissee me?

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We must not now displeas him.

Em. I would you had neuer scene him.

Des. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornnesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vn-pin me; haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.

Des. All's one good faith: how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheetes.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it, that Song to night,
Will not goe from my mind –

Des. It was his bidding: therefore good *AEmilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displeas him.

AEmil. I, would you had neuer scene him.

Des. So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornnesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

AEmil. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

AEmil. Come, come: you talke.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind:

I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Brabarie*: prythee dispatch.

AEmil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Des. No, vn-pin me here,
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

AEmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speakes well.

AEmil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des.

*The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Wtllough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.*

harke, who's that knocks?

Em. It is the wind.

(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?)

AEmil. It's the wind.

Des.

I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?

Sing Willough, &c.

If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:

Doth that boade weeping?

AEmil, 'Tis neyther heere, nor there.

Des. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!

Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *AEmilia*)

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such grosse kinde?

AEmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

AEmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this Heauenly light.

AEmil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:

I might doo't as well i'th'darke.

Des. Now get thee gone, good night:

Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?

Em. Why would not you.

Des. No, by this heauenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,

I might doe it as well in the darke.

Des. Would thou doe such a thing for all the world?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

Em. By my troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt ring; or for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, or Petticotes, nor Caps, nor any such exhibition; but for the whole world? vds pittie, who would not make her husband a Cuckole, to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such a wrong,
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?

AEmil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

AEmil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

AEmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world;
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

AEmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,
Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?

Des. Good night, good night: God me such vsage send,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend

Exeunt.

I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night:

Heauen me such vses send,

Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Othello, Act V, sc. 3

Enter Othello with a light.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
 It is the cause, yet I'le not shed her blood,
 Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then snow,
 And smooth, as monumentall Alablaster;
 Yet she must die, else shee'll betray more men,
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can againe, thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
 Thou cunning patterne of excellling nature,
 I know not where is that promethian heate,
 That can thy light returne:

when I haue pluckt the rose,

I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
 It must needes wither; I'le smell it on the tree,
 A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
 Iustice her selfe to breake her sword once more,
 Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And loue thee after: once more, and this the last, *Hekisses her.*
 So sweete was ne're so fatall: I must weepe,
 But they are cruell teares; this sorrowes heauenly,
 It strikes when it does loue: she wakes.

Des. Who's there, *Othello*?

Oth. I, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona*?

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
 It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
 Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
 And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:
 Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:
 Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
 I can againe thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
 Thou cunning'st Patterne of excellling Nature,
 I know not where is that *Promethaeon* heate
 That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,

I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
 It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
 Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
 Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.
 So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
 But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
 It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Othel. I *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemon*?

Oth. That handkercher which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gauest to *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soule,
Send for the man and aske him.

Oth. Sweete soule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong conceit,
That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.

Des. The Lord haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say Amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life, --neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrantie of heauen,
As I might loue: I neuer gaue him token.

Oth. By heauen I saw my handkercher in his hand,
O periured woman, thou doest stone thy heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice,
I saw the handkercher.

Des. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,
And let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He has confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. Thar he hath ---vds death.

Des. How, vnlawfully?

Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.

Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him.

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to dye.

Oth. Presently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.

Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.

Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.

Des. He found it then:
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.

Des. How? vnlawfully?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,
Honest *Iago* hath tane order for't.

Des. My feare interprets then, --what is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haires bin liues,
My great reuenge had stomacke for 'em all.

Des. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.

Oth. O strumpet, ---weepest thou for him to my face?

Des. O bannish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, an you striue.

Des. But halfe an houre,

but while I say one prayer.

Oth. Tis too late. *he stifles her.*

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.

Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haires bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.

Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, if you striue.

Des. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. *Smotheres her.*