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light restore, Should I repent me: but once put out thy light, Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Promethean pluck that can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose, I cannot give it vital growth again. It must needs wither. I'll smell it on the tree. Kiss her. Ah balmy breath, that dost almost persuade justice to break her sword! One more, one more. Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, And love these 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? OTHELLO Ay, Desdemona. DESDEMONA Will you come to bed, my lord? OTHELLO Have you pray'd to-night. Desdemona? DESDEMONA Ay, my lord. OTHELLO If you bethink yourself of any crime Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace, Solicit for it straight. DESDEMONA Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that? OTHELLO Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: I would not kill thy unprepared spirit; No; heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul. DESDEMONA Talk you of killing? OTHELLO Ay, I do. DESDEMONA Then heaven Have mercy on me! OTHELLO Amen, with all my heart! DESDEMONA If you say so, I hope you will not kill me. OTHELLO Hum! DESDEMONA And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not, Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear. OTHELLO Think on thy sins. DESDEMONA They are loves I bear to you. OTHELLO Ay, and for that thou diest. DESDEMONA That death's unnatural that kills for loving. Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip? Some bloody passion shakes your very frame: These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope, They do not point on me. OTHELLO Peace, and be still! DESDEMONA I will so. What's the matter? OTHELLO That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee Thou gavest to Cassio. DESDEMONA No, by my life and soul! Send for the man, and ask him. OTHELLO Sweet soul, take heed, Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed. DESDEMONA Ay, but not yet to die. OTHELLO Yes, presently: Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin; For to deny each article with oath Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception That I do groan withal. Thou art to die. DESDEMONA Then Lord have mercy on me! OTHELLO I say, amen. DESDEMONA And have you mercy too! 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! thou dost stone my heart, And makest me call what I intend to do A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: I saw the handkerchief. DESDEMONA He found it then; I never gave it him: send for him hither; Let him confess a truth. OTHELLO He hath confess'd. DESDEMONA What, my lord? OTHELLO That he hath used thee. DESDEMONA How? unlawfully? OTHELLO Ay. DESDEMONA He will not say so. OTHELLO No, his mouth is stopp'd; Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't. DESDEMONA O! my fear interprets: what, is he dead? OTHELLO Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all. 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 Nay, if you strive-- DESDEMONA But half an hour! OTHELLO Being done, there is no pause. DESDEMONA But while I say one prayer! OTHELLO It is too late. He stifles her EMILIA [Within] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord! OTHELLO What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead? I that am cruel am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain: So, so. EMILIA [Within] What, ho! my lord, my lord! OTHELLO Who's there? 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. Shall she come in? were't good?-- I think she stirs again--no. What's best to do? 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! Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe Should yawn at alteration. EMILIA [Within] I do beseech you That I may speak with you, O, good my lord! OTHELLO I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia; Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw. Where art thou? Unlocks the door Enter EMILIA What's the matter with thee now? EMILIA O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done! OTHELLO What, now? EMILIA But now, my lord. OTHELLO It is the very error of the moon; She comes more nearer earth than she was wont, And makes men mad. EMILIA Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian Call'd Roderigo. OTHELLO Roderigo kill'd! And Cassio kill'd! EMILIA No, Cassio is not kill'd. OTHELLO Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh. DESDEMONA O, falsely, falsely murder'd! EMILIA Alas, what cry is that? OTHELLO That! what? EMILIA Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice. Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again! Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak! DESDEMONA A quillless 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 dost belie her, and thou art a devil. OTHELLO She was false as water. 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. O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell, But that I did proceed upon just grounds To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all. EMILIA My husband! OTHELLO Thy husband. EMILIA That she was false to wedlock? OTHELLO Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true, If heaven would make me such another world Of one entire and Perfect chrysolite, I'd not have sold her for it. 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! OTHELLO What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband. EMILIA O mistress, villainy 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 Do thy worst: This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven Than thou wast worthy her. OTHELLO Peace, you were best. EMILIA Thou hast not half that power to do me harm As I have to be hurt. 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! Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others MONTANO What is the matter? EMILIA O, are you come, Iago? O, falsely, falsely murder'd! EMILIA Alas, what cry is that? OTHELLO That! what? EMILIA Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice. Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again! Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak! DESDEMONA A quillless death I die. EMILIA O, who hath done this deed? DESDEMONA Nobody; I myself. 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He falls on the bed EMILIA Nay, lay thee down and roar; For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent That e'er did lift up eye. OTHELLO [Rising] O, she was foul! I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece, Whose breath, indeed, These hands have newly stopp'd: I know this act shows horrible and grim. GRATIANO Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead: Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now, This sight would make him do a desperate turn, Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation. OTHELLO Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows That she with Cassio hath the act of shame A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it: And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognition and pledge of love Which I first gave her; 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 Come, hold your peace. EMILIA Twill out, 'twill out: I peace! No, I will speak as liberal as the north: Let heaven and men and devils, let them all, All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak. IAGO Be wise, and get you home. EMILIA I will not. 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 gave 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. EMILIA Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side. GRATIANO He's gone, but his wife's kill'd. MONTANO Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon, Which I have here recover'd from the Moor; Come, guard the door without; let him not pass, But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain, For 'tis a damned slave. Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO OTHELLO I am not valiant neither, But ever puny whipster gets my sword: But why should honour outlive honesty? Let it go all. EMILIA What did thy song bode, lady? Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan. And die in music. Singing Willow, willow, willow.-- Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor; So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; So speaking as I think, I die, I die. Dies OTHELLO I have another weapon in this chamber; It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:-- O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth. GRATIANO [Within] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear: Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer. OTHELLO Look in upon me then and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee. Re-enter GRATIANO GRATIANO What is the matter? OTHELLO Behold, I have a weapon; A better never did itself sustain Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day, That, with this little arm and this good sword, I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop; but, O vain boast! Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now. 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-star'd wench! Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt, This look of thine will hurt! 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 steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! Oh! Oh! Oh! Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner LODOVICO Where is this rash and most unfortunate man? OTHELLO That's he that was Othello: here I am. 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 LODOVICO Wrench his sword from him. IAGO I bleed, sir; but not kill'd. OTHELLO I am not sorry neither: I'd 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 that's a fable. If that thou best a devil, I cannot kill thee. Wounds IAGO LODOVICO Wrench his sword from him. IAGO I bleed, sir; but not kill'd. OTHELLO I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live; For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 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