

Othello by William Shakespeare

M/F R&D, Kn, BS, SmS

V, 2

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

Gratiano. What is the matter?

Emilia. 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.

Othello. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gratiano. 'Tis a strange truth.

Montano. O monstrous act!

Emilia. Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon't, I think: I smell't: O villany!—
I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany!

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

Emilia. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Othello. O! O! O!

[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 recognizance 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 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]